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MY NATIVE LAND

Panorama, Reminiscences, Writers and Folklore

by

AGUSTIN EDWARDS

G.B.E., LL.D.

Cari sunt parentes, cari liberi, propinqui familiares; sed omnes omnium caritates patria una complexa est.

CICERO: DE OFFICIIS

Beloved are our parents, beloved our sons, dear our friends and kinsmen; but all the affections of all men are centred in a single fatherland.

CICERO: DE OFFICIIS

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To my Son
in honour of his Mother
and of his
Fatherland

FOREWORD

IN the preparation of this book I owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. E. L. Gill, who has worked with me for so many happy years of my life in England, and to Mr. H. Gordon Ross of the Spanish Translation Service. Their able assistance has been invaluable in overcoming the difficulty of adequately rendering into English certain quaint peculiarities of old Castilian, many Chilean local expressions and various quotations from Spanish poetry—in short, throughout the English version of the work, which is being published in the two greatest living languages.

I also wish to express my deep appreciation of the exquisite taste and art with which Mr. C. Hodgson has executed the etchings, and to thank my son, A. R. Edwards, who has also contributed a number of the drawings.

Finally, I desire to thank Señor Daniel Schweitzer for his great kindness in collecting for me the data for the Bibliographical Index. Owing to my absence from Chile my library is not at present available, and the work of compiling this Index has therefore been particularly difficult.

AGUSTIN EDWARDS.

LONDON, *June* 1928.

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INTRODUCTORY

CHAPTER I

ENVIRONMENT

"From North to South hath Chile vast extent,
Bord'ring the new-discovered Southern Sea;
Tho' at its broadest, East to Occident,
An hundred miles is all that it can be;
Under the South Star lies its Northern bound,
And thence, for seven-and-twenty full degrees,
Southward it runs to where, in narrow Sound,
Ocean and Gulf of Chile blend their frigid seas."
(*La Araucana; Canto the First. Ercilla*, A.D. 1569.)

That one may the better know where Chile lies one should mark the two poles of the heavens, one the North pole-star, the which is a fixed star that is seen in Spain, and is the axis of the sky, and the other the South pole-star that is the axis of this new world, the which has no fixed star but at thirty degrees a constellation of four very beautiful stars in the form of a cross, whereby the sailors steer as in Europe by the North pole-star.
(*Padre Rosales*, A.D. 1535–1652.)

ALONG that part of the coast of America which is washed by the South Pacific, an ocean tranquil enough in the north, but turbulent around the Straits of Magellan and Cape Horn,[1] there has been found, perchance as a result of volcanic upheavals not yet entirely stilled and submarine convulsions such as those of quite recent memory, the narrow, crumpled ribbon of land which the world knows as Chile.

The origin of this name is lost in the unfathomable depths of native life. It is possible that it may be a corruption of the name of a famous cacique, Tili, Lord of the Valley of Aconcagua when the Inca captains first arrived there on conquest bent; but more probably

[1] The coast of Chile begins at 17° 10′ and ends at 56° Latitude South. Its length is therefore 2,800 miles, a distance equal to that between the southern shores of Norway and the Gulf of Aden in the Red Sea. Its area is 289,810 square miles, or nearly six times that of the United Kingdom, more than twice that of Italy and half as great again as that of France or Germany.

it comes from the Quichua word *Chili*, signifying "earth's best." This is the origin attributed to it by Father Rosales, who came to Chile about the year 1629, and also wrote the first and most picturesque chronicles of the Kingdom of Chile. The words "the earth's best" applied in this work to the Valley of Aconcagua can be well understood from its astounding fertility, encountered after crossing vast tracts of desert land. According to another monk, however, the Dominican Gregorio Garcia, the name "Chile" came from the word "*Killing*" or "*Kildinghe*," the Flemish for "cold." Since, he says, it was not the Spanish in the sixteenth century, but the Frisians,[1] in the eleventh, who first discovered Chile. In support of this new and original theory he refers to the Spaniards having found among the Araucanian Indians the common Frisian emblem, the two-headed Eagle; and he cites Ercilla's poem, in which Glauca figures as the daughter of a Frisian prince, proud of the ancient Frisian blood which runs in her veins.[2]

Hemmed between the cyclopean wall of the Andine Range and the vast sea that spreads its waters over all the latitudes of the globe, touching regions inhabited by all the races known to ethnology, the Chilean people have grown up with their eyes set on the obstacles which separate them from other peoples, and with the conviction that it is within themselves that they must look for the means and the strength to exist and progress.

Their geographical situation gave them, on the one hand, a certain natural protection against aggression, and on the other it isolated them from enforced contact and left them open only to associations laboriously sought and dearly won.

When the Spaniards arrived there, they were surprised to find only one language spoken by the natives throughout the country between the 25th and 44th

[1] The Frisians were a group of tribes which, in the middle ages, inhabited the Riparian belt of the North Sea from the Rhine Delta to near the mouth of the Elbe.

[2] J. T. Medina: *Anales de la Universidad*, Vol. XXVI, 68th year.

parallels, S. latitude, which showed that it had not suffered invasion nor conquest by any other race. The earlier inhabitants, coming possibly from the Gran Chaco or being an offshoot from the Quichuas or Aymaras, had penetrated peacefully, and had thus acquired the unity of language which so nearly approaches unity of race. The bulwark of their independence was the isolation imposed on them by Nature. First, the armies of the Incas, and, afterwards, the Spanish forces, caused them to retire in the former case as far as the River Maule and, in the latter, to the Bio-Bio, but never defeated them. Independence was, with them, a natural effect of isolation, an adventurous spirit innate in settlers who had come from the burning deserts of the North and the swampy forests of the South, simply impelled to do so by the urge of adventure. Such is the material from which the Chilean race was moulded. It has never been trampled under the foot of an invader.

The Pacific Ocean lay at that time between peoples who were passing slowly into the dusk of bygone greatness as in distant Asia, and peoples who, like those of Oceania and the Western Coast of America, had as yet scarcely descried the first flush of a dawn now beginning to be tinted by a resplendent sun. It was not, in the first four centuries of Chile's existence, the highway of a great commercial traffic such as it is to-day, and will continue to be, thanks to that magnificent American undertaking, the Panama Canal.[1] Lethargic and lonely,

[1] This was opened to international traffic in 1914, since when the shipping movement has been as follows:

1914–15 . .	1,075	vessels	with an	aggregate	tonnage of	3,792,572
1916 . . .	758	,,	,,	,,	,,	2,396,162
1917 . . .	1,803	,,	,,	,,	,,	5,798,557
1918 . . .	2,069	,,	,,	,,	,,	6,574,073
1919 . . .	2,024	,,	,,	,,	,,	6,124,990
1920 . . .	2,478	,,	,,	,,	,,	8,546,044
1921 . . .	2,892	,,	,,	,,	,,	11,415,876
1922 . . .	2,736	,,	,,	,,	,,	11,417,459
1923 . . .	3,967	,,	,,	,,	,,	18,605,786
1924 . . .	5,230	,,	,,	,,	,,	26,148,878
1925 . . .	4,673	,,	,,	,,	,,	22,855,151
1926 . . .	5,197	,,	,,	,,	,,	24,774,591
1927 . . .	5,475	,,	,,	,,	,,	26,227,815

the South Pacific knew but the keels of barques that pursued a modest, incipient occasional trade. The Chileans regarded it, almost from the moment they opened their eyes, as the obstacle which they had to overcome before they might have dealings with other folk; though at the same time as the surest hope of a fuller life.

Turning our eyes now to the opposite side, the vision of the infinite sea is changed to a superb panorama of snow-covered peaks, of gigantic rocks that seem to pierce a blue sky flecked with wisps of filmy white clouds and to bury themselves in the earth with spreading granite roots; of grey and reddish massifs, bare and arid in the North and in the central zone, but in the South thickly covered with timber; of deep ravines defended against impetuous torrents by an armour of rocks and boulders and pebbles burnished by the scouring of sand and water; of valleys clothed—in the south—with pines and araucarias, oaks and larches and *coihues*, which offer glimpses of their fertile, smiling lands through gorges and between hills, as though to show that Nature does not always refuse to reward human effort and would prove to man that she can be fruitful as well as beautiful. In the southern zone, there is no rising ground which is not covered with a rich abundance of foliage, no dip which has not drawn down to it, majestic, calm and crystalline, the melted snows from the great American mountain range, no hollow which does not resound with the splash and gurgling of a waterfall, not an inch of soil which the centuries have not covered with a thick carpet of leaves ground into finest powder to fertilise vegetation, and to show the eternal resurrection of Nature from its own dead remains.

And where the land ends in the awesome deserts of Cape Horn, sea and wind mingle their forces in the furious battle, the thunder and howling of which re-echoes throughout space, and sends the whales plunging to the safe glacial depths, and the penguins to fold their wings and take refuge in the crevices of the rocks.

This narrow belt of land, scorched by the sun at one extremity, and lashed by the waters at the other, is guarded by the elements as an arena of combat.

The immense granitic rampart of the Andes in the background, the bold and stubborn central hills running parallel thereto, like a geological miniature of the great range, the mountains along the sea's edge, the chains of heights that spread rib-like from the Andes to the Pacific, these are the obstacles that ever confront the Chilean ; and, regarding them, he dreams always of the treasure that may be hidden in the mysterious bosoms of those mute sphinxes that challenge his spirit of adventure, his pertinacity and the strength of his arm.

And in that contemplation of Nature you have the whole secret and psychology of the Chilean mind.

A sailor since the time when bedaubed and half-naked he drifted on the lonely seas in a boat made from sea-calf hides or with logs ; a miner from the days when he rendered tribute of gold and silver to the Incas of Peru in order to preserve his freedom ; an adventurer like his rivers which overflow and change their course ; rugged as his precipitous mountain range ; rough as the struggle he has sustained to overcome Nature and defeat mankind ; honest from the distant times when he paid punctually to Peru in precious metals the sums which Almagro, the discoverer of Chile, viewed with astonished eyes when he met the caravans in which they were brought to him—the Chilean began his ascent towards the summit of progress without hereditary wealth, without support from other peoples : Nature hid her treasures from him to awaken his curiosity, and denied him gifts to strengthen his character. "Fortes fortuna adjuvat" says an old Latin proverb. "Fortune favours the bold."

FIRST PART

FERTILE SOLITUDES

CHAPTER II

THE DESERT

I. Arica and Tacna—II. Tarapacá—III. Antofagasta.

"Aloof, remote, wide-spread 'twixt tropic sea
And mighty Andes, desolate, immense,
Void Atacama, all sterility,
Gives a rich province name and affluence.

There grows no kindly plant to cheer the way
In all that solitude of seared grey soil;
There falls no shade to temper heat of day;
There flows no spring to ease the traveller's toil.

There nothing but the sun in cloudless skies,
Scorched rocks and endless plains the eye can see;
Naught breaks the awesome stillness that o'erlies
Desert's dead bosom, big with mystery."
(*El Proscrito: Carlos Walker Martinez.*)

I

ARICA AND TACNA

HOW infinite is the variety of scene, clime and product offered by this strip of land within the frame of sea and mountain that encloses it from North to South!

Where it touches the confines of Peru and Bolivia in the province of Tacna—which for so many years has poisoned the relations between sister-nations racially, geographically and historically intended to live in peace and to progress together—the panorama of Chile displays itself, to the voyager on board ship, majestically desolate and richly arid. From the Sama Pass—the frontier of Peru—almost as far as Valparaiso, there rises over the coast an uninterrupted chain of hills of strikingly fantastic shapes; infinitely varied in colour though bare of any vegetation. These hills stand guard over the

immense mineral wealth of Chile which the desert holds. Strange that it should be principally stored in this region, which at first sight seems to be one of Nature's outcasts. Its fame for treasure of metals is centuries old. The historian Oviedo, referring to the mines which Diego de Almagro found there on the first Spanish expedition to Chile, says that "They were as well worked as if Spaniards had had to do with them."

The outlines and proportions of the hills—grey in the morning, light reddish at dusk—that reflect their bold contours in a sea profoundly blue and peaceful, have all the grandeur of giants sleeping the eternal sleep. Their rocky ridges and sandy, wind-combed slopes glint with metallic, variegated hues that clothe the nakedness in which the absence of all vegetation has left them.

The bay of Arica (a name derived from the Aymará *ari*—something new, and *ca*—opening) is the first break in the chain of coastal heights in the northernmost part of Chile, disclosing the Valleys of Azapa and Lluta, whose verdure compensates for a certain scantiness by the vivid colours of the foliage, the perfume of the flowers and the richness of the fruits. Its flat-topped Morro, which rises abruptly, southwards of the bay and almost at the sea's edge, to a height of 500 feet, has witnessed heroic deeds and seen its soil watered with the blood of brother nations. In the war with Peru and Bolivia the Chileans' army took it by assault on the morning of June 7th, 1880.

A precipitous barrier of rocks and sands abruptly intercepts the valley a short distance from the ravine in which it begins and which, narrowing as it goes, makes its way inland up to the Bolivian plateaux.

The District of Arica, as the Spanish conquistadores called it, the Provinces of Tacna and Arica, as the Peruvians afterwards named this district, the Province of Tacna as we Chileans say, has been since the very earliest times torn both by the attacks of Nature and the quarrels of men.

Ever coveted by the dwellers on the Table-land, it has belonged, successively, to Peru and to Chile. This bay of Arica, with its Morro, a flat-topped eminence shaped like a badly risen loaf, protected from the South winds by the Island of Alacrán, the refuge of sea-gulls and the source of acrid odours which spread and penetrate over the whole harbour, has resounded with the cannonades of Sir Francis Drake, the famous British corsair, in 1579, of John Watling in 1681, and the Chilean Army of Baquedano, which on June 7th, 1880, under the immediate command of Colonel Lagos, captured the Morro fortress formerly regarded as impregnable, by a bayonet assault, scaling it in less than fifty-five minutes. A convulsion of Nature mercilessly overwhelmed it on May 9th, 1877, when a tidal wave swept away this small town and its inhabitants, already decimated by the malaria, and carried with it an American man-of-war which had been anchored in the bay to a distance of nearly 900 yards from the shore. The "Wateree" which had been lying in the roads was, thanks to a flat bottom, borne with all her crew on the crest of the gigantic wave amid a terrific noise over the burning desert sands to where the remains of her boilers can still be seen covered with mould; a relic of the most extraordinary voyage a ship ever made. The rusty iron boilers look rather like two antediluvian animals stretched on the sand and engaged in conversation. Near this place can be seen deep crevices into which, according to the Captain of that ship, fell, horses and all, the unhappy people who were flying with their families for safety to the heights beyond.

In recent times, Arica was heard of throughout the world in connection with a plebiscite to decide its definitive nationality. It was left unsettled after eleven months of laborious enquiry which caused considerable excitement in America and awakened general interest in Europe.[1]

[1] For further details, reference may be made to the "Memoria del Miembro—Representante de Chile en la comision Plebiscitaria—Arbitrage Tacna y Arica," Santiago, July 1926. Imprenta Universo.

Gazing on that sky, ever blue, on that sea which swells but never breaks, those silent sands, those mountains abandoned alike by vegetation and by man, it seems inconceivable that here the earth should have trembled and people should have risen maddened by rage ; here where everything appears to contradict the very idea of upheaval. Nor could it be imagined that this vehemently disputed district contains no more natural wealth than its 20,000 acres of cultivated valleys and sulphur deposits. It has barely 35,000 inhabitants, mostly illiterate Indians. These were the people called upon to vote their own definitive nationality. Round this slight nucleus has grown the great diplomatic controversy which has re-echoed through Government Houses, through International Congresses and through the Press of the five Continents.

A line of railway, built in 1854, and possessing a rickety and dirty rolling stock which probably came into existence at that date, winds along the coast, climbing toilsomely among sandhills, jagged rocks and rachitic undergrowth, until after covering thirty-eight miles it reaches the smiling little valley in which the city of Tacna is set like a jewel in a ring. Another, solidly constructed line, splendidly equipped, the result of the Treaty of Peace made with Bolivia in 1904, starts from Arica and ends in that Republic. It is the life and soul of the port, become, thanks to this line, a formidable competitor of Mollendo and Antofagasta, the termini of two other important lines. The shorter distance between the productive regions of the southern part of Bolivia and the sea constitutes an insuperable advantage for transit trade.

Thanks to this line the wharves of Arica are always overladen with merchandise to the value of millions (of pesos) and many of the old ruined houses of Peruvian days have been replaced by magnificent cement buildings. The fertile lands of the Tacna Valley yield as much as they are enabled to give by the meagre flow of the

Utchusuma, which descends from the mountains through a canal, begun in 1832 and finished in 1856, after twenty-four years of work, and trickles along a bed of porous sandstone laid in the sun-baked soil. In the background, emerging from the great Andes range, the peak of Tacora rises to an altitude of 13,770 feet proudly and ostentatiously. Although time has quenched its fires, its name signifies in the native language, unrest and tumult. Its eternal snowcap marks where the convulsions of Nature have left but the outcrops of sulphur which constitute one of the few resources of this poor and hopeless region. To the north-west of Tacna the strange height recalls the victory of Chilean arms on May 26th, 1880, in the first encounter in this province between them and the forces of Peru and Bolivia ; and bleached bones and other relics of that great battle can even now be seen.

Along the Chilean coast, at the very edge of the Pacific, mountain succeeds mountain in a serried file that opens only to permit the egress of ravines so dry and bare that they seem to have been carved out of touchwood that has hardened into granite. Or here and there the mountains fall back, leaving inlets where the enterprise of man has created towns that serve as mouths to feed those who seek in the deserts of the hinterland the hidden wealth of the mines and the half-concealed deposits of the nitrate grounds.

II

TARAPACA

SEVENTY miles south of Arica is the nitrate port of Pisagua, a town which since 1836 has reclined in orderly quadrangles at the foot of blue-and-green hills that protect from view plateaux as rich in nitrate as they are poor and arid in appearance. There, zig-zagging wearily up steep slopes, a railway line climbs to the summit. From a distance it looks like a scratch

made by the hand of Hercules on the unfeeling flesh of the mountains' giant frames.

Thirty-eight miles further south the line of mountains falls farther back again inland and leaves a level, sandy space where Iquique sits in state. Iquique is a name meaning, according to the chroniclers, "fallen asleep by the way," which suggests that in the dark ages it may have been a camping-ground for Inca caravans wending their way to the more hospitable regions of the south of Chile in search of treasure and arable land.

This roadstead, for many years head and centre of the nitrate trade's most intense activity, evokes vivid memories and some paradoxical reflections. An Indian encampment in the far-off days of the Inca Empire; long afterwards a refuge where the adventurers seeking the desert track leading to the fabulously romantic wealth of Huantajaya, discovered in 1556 (from which a nugget of almost pure silver weighing 800 lb. was extracted and sent to Madrid in 1758), rested their tired bodies; later the centre of supply of the nitrate industry in its infancy in 1836 and later still renowned as the scene of the most glorious naval combat recorded in the annals of Chile, Iquique, through the mists of morning, reflects the poverty-stricken life of the silent Indians who camped on its shores and gathered their sustenance from the lavish bounty of the sea, and the days of anguish aggravated by privation of those who roamed the desert led onward by the lure of the golden fleece. And in its glorious afternoons when the sun has swept aside the veil that hides him from sea and mountain, his two rivals in grandeur, Nature seems to raise a hymn of triumph for having won for Mother Earth from the desert the magic philtre of perpetual youth sought in vain by men.

But everything in Iquique strikes one as being topsy-turvy. That the sea, replete with bass, congers, crabs, shrimps, mussels, sea-eggs and tunny, and not the soil, should be the only certain source of food; that the

aridity, not the fertility of the region should be its guarantee of wealth [1] (for a regular rainfall would mean the end of the nitrate deposits); that nitrate of soda, itself the product of a soil in which no life-sustaining plant grows, should constitute the most powerful known agent for sustaining human life, by instilling vigour into the sickly growths of other countries' impoverished fields, and be at the same time the origin and essence of the most destructive explosives that chemical science has invented: for nitric acid which it generates is the active base of gun-cotton, dynamite, T.N.T. and picric acid or lyddite; that the city's flimsy wooden buildings should house many of the strongest industrial and commercial enterprises of the country; that, finally, the roadstead whither came men of all races and all countries, incited by cupidity, should have witnessed one of the sublimest examples of abnegation and of self-sacrifice, performed with the object of keeping pure all that is spiritual and divine in human nature: all this makes one realise the infinite harmony of compensations that forms the very structure of Creation.

And truly the battle of Iquique is a striking example of the highest heroism. On May 21st, 1879, Arturo Prat, a young man of thirty-one, was blockading the port of Iquique with two obsolete ships, the corvette *Esmeralda* and the small *Covadonga* when the Peruvian ironclads *Huascar* and *Independencia* appeared on the scene. On that very old *Esmeralda*, Prat had first put to sea as a midshipman, and on her he was now to end gloriously his naval career after having left the navy the year before, attracted to the study of the law, and rejoined at the outbreak of war. He rose to the occasion, performing, with the sacrifice of his life, the greatest deed of heroism in Chilean naval history. The London *Times*, voicing the feelings of the most maritime people

[1] The last rains occurred in the middle of the eighteenth century, but in 1852, 1859, 1868, 1878 and 1884 there were floods. (*Astaburuaga's Diccionario Geográfico.*)

in the world, referred to it as one of the most glorious battles which have ever taken place. And, indeed, it shines in the annals of Chile with a brilliance that can never be effaced. No moment of overwhelming excitement impelled him. Only a cold consideration of his duty moved him. Therefore is his glory more sublime.

The morning was misty. The lookout from the masthead of the little *Covadonga* shouted at dawn, "Smoke to nor'ard." Prat and his gallant comrade Condell knew, from that moment, that their fate was sealed. Not one second did they hesitate. The *Huascar* and the *Independencia* could in a moment shatter to pieces their two old hulks. Prat knew that the flag of the solitary star had never, and could never be hauled down. Turning out his men he harangued them from the bridge:

"Men," he said, "the odds are unequal. Our flag has never yet been hauled down before an enemy, and I hope that it will not be to-day. Whilst I live that flag shall fly and if I die my officers will do their duty." And, taking off his cap—Bulnes relates [1]—he threw it in the air, shouting "Viva Chile!" He shouted to Condell, through a speaking trumpet, to let the men have breakfast and to charge their guns. And Condell, perhaps remembering Cochrane, the founder of the Chilean Navy, called back in English, "All right!"

The *Covadonga*, as fragile as a nut-shell, is swept from stem to stern by a broadside from the *Huascar* and makes off in a southerly direction at the rate of four miles an hour. She is followed closely by the *Independencia*, which looks like a steel whale. The *Esmeralda* endeavours unsuccessfully to get up steam in her rusty worn-out boilers and fires her obsolete guns, the shots from which drop harmlessly on the armour plating of the *Huascar*. No weapons remain but bravery and enthusiasm. Prat from the bridge orders the bugle to

[1] Gonzalo Bulnes: *Guerra del Pacifico* (The War in the Pacific), Vol. I, p. 290.

sound the attack. The *Esmeralda*, rotted by time and sea-water, her bottom clogged with barnacles, seems to regain her lost youth as she bedecks herself with her Country's flags at the peak, the main and foremasts. As for a festival! Those on shore gaze in amazement at a handful of poor wretches whose souls seem filled with the joy of sacrifice. A volley from the *Huascar* falls on the deck, killing and wounding. Prat orders the course to be altered, but the ship, heavy and unmanageable, moves with difficulty towards the spot where now she lies entombed under the waters of the bay. Another volley springs a leak and starts a fire. What efforts to stop the one and put out the other!

After three hours of fighting, the Peruvian Admiral Grau, worthy antagonist of Prat, wishes to finish this superhuman resistance at one blow. He steers straight to ram the *Esmeralda* amidships and orders his guns to be fired point-blank. Prat contrives to evade the shock but his crew is decimated. The flags still fly, amidst the smoke, the blood, the thunder of the guns and the explosions, when the *Huascar*, again turning her bows towards the *Esmeralda's* side, converts a naval battle into a bodily struggle between the two ships. Prat, sword in hand, leaps on to the deck of the *Huascar* crying, "Board her, boys!" The crash prevents all but two men from hearing and following him. If the *Esmeralda* could not beat the *Huascar*, could not a Chilean crew conquer a Peruvian one? The deck of the *Huascar* was empty and cleared for action. The enemy, protected by their turrets, saw Prat and his two men. They could see no one. The *Huascar* drew away from the Esmeralda's side, while the three heroes advanced towards the conning tower. One shot causes Prat to fall, another kills him. His two companions also fall; but the flags still fly at the mast-heads. Prat dies, but his officers know their duty. Luis Uribe takes over the command. He is of the same mettle as Prat. The *Huascar* rams again. The carnage is terrible. Another Chilean sailor,

Lieutenant Serrano, emulates Prat and, shouting "Boarders!" jumps on to the deck of the *Huascar* followed by a squad of men armed with rifle and cutlass. They also die, but sell their lives dearly. The *Esmeralda* is now a mere misshapen mass of wood grooved by shots and stained with blood. But the flags still fly. When one bugler falls another takes his place still sounding the attack. A third ramming by the *Huascar* and the glorious wreck begins to sink. There is still one gun left above water. A boy hero, the Midshipman Riquelme, fires it and the whole broken mass of obsolete guns, mutilated bodies, men drunk with glory, buries itself in the depths. The flag at the mainmast is the last thing to disappear.

Meanwhile, the little *Covadonga* tries to make her escape, sailing near to the shallows and reefs along the coast: and Condell shows so much cunning and dexterity that the *Independencia* in her haste to follow runs aground and strikes her flag. Chile has lost one derelict ship, Peru an ironclad. So much for the material point of view. In a higher realm, the hand of Prat traced the future course of Chile at war. To die? Perhaps!—but never to surrender! A British man-of-war, the frigate *Turquoise*, performs a touching act of homage to the heroes of Iquique. Her divers rescue a piece of timber from the *Esmeralda*. A cross is made and sent to the brave Commander Condell "From British sailors in admiration of the glorious prowess of the *Esmeralda* and the *Covadonga* unequalled in naval history." They had searched for the spot where the *Esmeralda* had sunk in order that "they might there find some relic to offer to the comrade of the heroic Prat."

Iquique has, therefore, the greatest and most beautiful memorial possessed by Chile. The tomb of a hero and the cradle of a victory.

Let us now see Iquique from another point of view.

To the slopes of the hills clings the railroad of the "Nitrate Railways" that toils up to the Pampa del

Tamarugal, an immense sea of nitrate overlaid with a grey-white crust of stones and sand and dotted with feeble shrubs (classified by Darwin as belonging to the genus *Cladonia*) with lank, withered branches that droop above sands hot as fire at noon, and horribly cold at night, seeking, in their instinct to live, to absorb into their anæmic tissues even the dewdrops left by the fog, known as the camanchaca, that often covers the pampa in the evenings. Lost in these solitudes stand a few tall stragglers from a long-vanished army of trees, the *tamarugales*, indigenous trees similar to the *algarrobo* (carob), which sometimes attain a height of 60 feet and a diameter of 40 inches, and which, according to Paz Soldan, a distinguished Peruvian writer, formed a great forest in prehistoric days. These trees gave their name to the district, and survive because their tap-roots suck the moisture rising from subterranean streams.

This desert plain, shut in between the coastal range and the great Andes cordillera, extends from Pisagua to the river Loa, a distance of 180 miles. Everywhere it is the same rich nitrate deposit, and here and there amongst the smooth undulations of its surface, which looks like the bed of a sea dried by volcanic agency, rise the black, reeking chimneys of *Oficinas* surrounded by a swarm of mean, frail dwelling-places which roast in the sun by day and which at nightfall are cooled by the charitable breeze that brings a little refreshing moisture from the sea.

These huts are grouped around the house—usually painted green in remembrance of more fertile regions—wherein lives the chief of the immense caravan. (For every Oficina is a caravan, though it remain on one site for several years.) The greater the prosperity of the concern the larger and more comfortable are the huts, which shelter some of the best specimens, physically speaking, of the Chilean race—men who appear to have been cast in bronze or beaten out on the anvil.

Wherever one turns one's eyes in the heat and light

of day one sees wreaths of smoke from the chimneys, puffs of yellowish-grey dust raised by the handling and crushing of the caliche—name by which the mineral containing nitrates is known—clouds of débris sent up by explosions which rend the earth and disclose the riches carried for centuries in its womb; while in the air float glinting metallic particles that dance in waves over the vast plain.

At nightfall, when work ceases and pitying Nature spreads a dark mantle as if to hide, though it be for a few hours, all that is sordid and ugly, leaving only the stars glittering in the infinite vault of the sky—then all that the eye perceives in the blackness of the plain are twinkling necklaces of lights that proclaim man's domination of the desert, bearing witness to the ceaseless effort to wrench from the reluctant soil that for which other soils in the other hemisphere, old and exhausted, are waiting in order that they may renew their fruitful youth.

Inland, fifty-four miles from the coast, Pica, a green oasis that recalls the Promised Land, sits and smiles at the parched oficinas, enticing them with her orchards and vineyards and gardens. The nitrate men have found in Pica the source of a pure, crystal-clear water without which life would become impossible, and they frequently go there to pick the fruit and flowers that give the place its name (the Quichua word signifying fruit and flowers).

The streams which might have watered an abundant vegetation run underground, beginning in the clefts of the Andes foothills and flowing, brackish and furtive, into the Pacific. They come to the surface only in the form of slender threads of water giving life to shrubs and small trees in a few isolated places such as La Tirana, Iluga and La Soledad, or making possible the modest alfalfa meadows of Challa, La Guaica and Cumiñalla.

III

ANTOFAGASTA

THE Pampa del Tamarugal ends in another valley still more arid (if there be degrees of dryness in the desert), and as soon as the brackish Loa—all but spent with its long journey of 240 miles across the desert, from near the Miño volcano in the Cordillera to the Pacific—changes the name of the plain, leaving its nature unaltered, there begins what from time immemorial has been known as the Desert of Atacama. But it is not there that the province of this name commences. Political divisions are one thing; those which the hand of Nature has traced are often far different.

The Atacama Desert! How the imagination is stirred by the remembrance of the feats of those Spanish conquerors who crossed the immense sandy plain stretching between the mighty cordillera and the vasty sea—at once a challenge to the audacity of man and an enigmatical sneer at his cupidity.

Vaguely known and delimited during the Spanish domination—and owing to this circumstance the subject of a long dispute and the origin of the war of 1879 against Peru and Bolivia—what was known from time immemorial as the Atacama Desert forms to-day two Chilean provinces. One, the northerly, Antofagasta, has during the last few years become the richest and most productive of the provinces of Chile. The other, to the south, was the nation's economic nerve-centre from 1832, when the rich silver-mine of Chañarcillo was discovered, to about the end of the nineteenth century, when mining in that province began to decline. Together they constitute the unbroken panorama of the Atacama Desert[1]—an

[1] Antofagasta begins at the River Loa (21° 12′ Lat. S.) and ends at an imaginary line that touches the coast at parallel 26°. Chile has maintained since the time of Bulnes, the first Chilean President to trouble about fixing the frontier between his country and Bolivia in the Atacama Desert in 1842 and 1843, that her territory extended as far as parallel

ancient sea-bed lifted up by the convulsions of Nature and left to dry and parch under a blazing sun, scourged by implacable winds that ceaselessly worry at its vast slopes of reddish sand, quartz, feldspath and mica. Here one sees sandhills encrusted with petrified shells; sea-creatures pulverised and converted by the passage of the centuries into soft rock; stone lizards and fishes and molluscs; crystalline trachytes forming lofty eminences that, seen against the sky-line, resemble lordly old castles when the shades of night begin to blur the outlines of reality; masses of pumice that the earth has cast up in its volcanic spasms; rocks spattered with stains of iron and copper, great depressions, created by seismic disturbances, filled with salt gleaming white in the dazzlingly clear light of day. But what one does not see are the mineral riches which the desert hides like a miser: gold, silver, copper, iron, nickel, cobalt, antimony, lead, mercury, nitrate, borates, and marble of all the calcareous gradations, from common soft gypsum to the magnificent onyx.

The lovely, luminous valleys of the desert are haunted by mirages of promised lands that evade attainment like the visions of fabulous wealth cherished by the miners who prospect there. Nature takes pleasure in showing them a malicious parody of their own frailties and, not content with concealing in the depths of the hills the treasures which the geological strata have slowly and avariciously accumulated, has done her best to withhold from their view the few specimens of the animal kingdom that inhabit the region. At the bottom of the valleys, burrowing in the ground, live the chinchillas[1] of the coveted fluffy, silky grey pelt, which from the time of

23°. The Bolivian littoral consisted accordingly—until the Treaty of Peace of 1904—of nothing more than the strip of coast lying between parallel 23° and the River Loa.

[1] A rodent of the size of a squirrel, which the efforts of the trappers would long since have rendered extinct were it not that the prodigious fecundity of the female preserves the species. They litter twice a year, giving birth to five or six young each time.

the Incas have yielded their lives to satisfy the craving for luxury of the great ones of the earth, and which avenge themselves on their persecutors by leaving an apparently solid surface that caves in under the feet of their mounts. In the recesses and among the foothills of the Andes shapely, supple llamas and huanacos[1] thrust out their long necks from behind rocks and boulders and regard the visitor with an uneasy, curious gaze. Up in the heights, among the towering pinnacles of the range, the condor[2] makes its nest in rocky hollows, changing its colour as it grows older from the chestnut brown of its eaglet days to the raven black of the years when it can spread its wings above the clouds and defy the hurricane.

Along the coast of the Atacama Desert the panorama shows no variation. There are still vestiges of that fabulous spirit of enterprise of the prospectors for fertilisers, and around and above the wave-lapped rocks and brown or reddish islets that stand out massively a short distance from the beach wheels and circles a multitude of clamorous white sea-birds, descendants of those which, in the course of centuries, have formed the guano deposits.

None of the cities of the north of Chile can dispute, to-day, Antofagasta's position as metropolis of the Great Atacama Desert. It is the Capital of the province of that name and, besides being the most important copper and nitrate port, a centre of trade for the whole of south and central Bolivia. According to the census of 1920 it has 51,531 inhabitants and it provides the State with about one-fourth of its customs revenue. Yet fifty-seven

[1] A sort of camel, dun-coloured, that wanders in herds fleeing from the puma (the Chilean lion). Extraordinarily timid creatures, they have the peculiar habit, when not hunted, of selecting their dying-place.

[2] The condor is the eagle of the Andes and is perhaps the largest of the birds of prey. It begins to fly only when about two years old, and lays its eggs at altitudes of between 10,000 and 16,000 feet. Humboldt saw condors flying over Chimborazo, at a height of 23,000 feet. Its flight resembles more than any other bird's that of an aeroplane, as it does not flap its wings.

years ago this port so full of activity, this city that bears in its streets and squares every indication of prosperity, was nothing but a poor fishing inlet. It really began to take shape in 1870, about the time when the Caracoles silver-mine was discovered.

Lying at the feet of immense hills whose slopes have suffered the monstrous indignity of being scored with gigantic letters vulgarly advertising all manner of commodities, Antofagasta never ceases to grow. The dangerous sandbank created by the sea between half-submerged rocks does not prevent it from bearing away the palm from other and more hospitable ports and inlets; and as modern engineering science overcomes everything, the port of Antofagasta has, thanks to almost completed works, become one of the best on the coast.

In the distance, to the south, rises the massive silhouette of El Coloso, a mountain well worthy of its name. Under its lee the hardy pioneers who established in the Aguas Blancas district a nitrate centre have brought to the coast a railway to serve as an outlet for their products.

Somewhat nearer, standing high on the foreshore, a cluster of vast ruins having the appearance of remains of a Roman amphitheatre strikes the eye. Ruins they are in good sooth, but of fortunes hard-won from the desert and of dreams of wealth that never came true. They are all that remains of the Playa Blanca smelting works, which failed after millions of pesos had been sunk in them.

In the very heart of the city are the headquarters of the two enterprises which, in the Antofagasta region, have given life to the Atacama Desert: the nitrate company, founded by Chileans in 1871, which formerly was called "of Antofagasta" but which now bears the name of the native hero, Lautaro; and the railway which bears the city's name, and which in 1888 passed into English hands and became known as the Antofagasta and Bolivia Railway Company.

Let us traverse, with the locomotive's aid, the districts which feed this strange port that never falters in its fight for development against the obstacles that Nature throws in its way.

No part of the Atacama Desert shows more clearly that it has been the bed of furious torrents which in remote ages hurled themselves towards the Pacific than the defile through which the narrow-gauge Antofagasta railway mounts up to the pampa (reminding one, by the narrowness of its gauge, in comparison with other big railways, of the shrunken skulls produced by the savage tribes of the American forests !).[1]

Those boulders and sands have, beyond all doubt, been tossed about by the action of the water. There, too, are the winding channels such as are seen on the bed of a river gone dry after floods. For many miles the line runs through forsaken lands which the strong clear light of day shows up in all their horrible nakedness. Here and there the skeleton of a mule or some empty, rust-eaten tins testify mutely to fruitless past explorations and to the inclemency of the elements.

And suddenly there loom on the horizon the chimneys and the wooden or iron structures of the oficinas, and the traveller begins to perceive the sources of the interminable stream of bags of nitrate, symmetrically piled in trucks, that flows sinuously towards the sea and is there swallowed up by steamships and sailing-vessels. Deep excavations in the ground ; endless stacks of lumps of caliche ; ruts left by heavy-laden carts ; mean wooden crosses from which hang old paper wreaths, bleached by the sunlight and tattered by the wind, but sublime inasmuch as each is a monument raised by poverty to a loving memory ; abandoned hovels with walls of clay ; in brief, a battle-ground where man has fought Nature in her most crafty and rebellious mood : such is the deceptive appearance of a fabulously rich plain. Around this vast steppe rise the mountains, always

[1] This narrow gauge is now being transformed into a 1 metre gauge.

majestic, tiptoeing higher and higher the farther the sea is left behind, until they mingle with the summits of the Llullaillaco massif, covered with perpetual snow under the sovereignty of the volcano of this name; a giant rising 21,800 feet above sea level, but which has shown no signs of life since 1868.

The only break in the aridity of the plain is the meadows formed by the river Loa at Calama, a kind of oasis 142 miles north-east of Antofagasta, which allow of the cultivation of alfalfa and fatten the cattle that come from the other side of the cordillera to feed the human beehives of the nitrate pampas.

A few miles north of Calama rises the mass of copper ore which American genius has converted into what is perhaps the largest mine in the world. In Chile it preserves its native name—Chuquicamata, but in the land of its owners and masters this knot of mountains is known by the dignified and yet truly commercial style of "The Chile Copper Company." For centuries it was enwrapped in a mysterious halo of immense wealth, which only awaited the arrival of a magician to awake into being, and the magician was the eminent American engineer, E. A. Cappelen Smith.

Thanks to his chemical processes and mechanical methods until lately unknown, the whole of this cupriferous massif has been put into currency, and its erstwhile solitudes swarm now with workmen, while day and night the mountains echo with the roar of blasting operations that bring down hundreds of thousands of tons of ore, with the shrieks of locomotives that haul innumerable long trains over its slopes, with the gnashing of teeth of gigantic steam-shovels that set their steel jaws into the mountain and tear out a dozen tons at a bite: in short, with the myriad sounds of a cyclopean industry that is levelling a mountain range and filling a valley with the débris.[1]

Further inland, on the confines of Bolivia, the dried-

[1] The production during 1927 was 109,800 tons of electrolitic copper.

up lake of Ascotan, a deep pit of borax surrounded by the heights of the Andes and dominated by the Ollagua volcano, 19,800 feet above sea-level, constitutes another centre of enterprise and provides the world with a substance without the aid of which it would be difficult to fix colours on china or manufacture enamels or solder metals.

Such is the amazing fertility of a desert, scarcely touched by the hand of man, which pours out its produce through the gate of Antofagasta.

Further south another port, Taltal, founded in 1858, serves the same purpose for another zone of the Atacama Desert. It takes its name from a certain bird which Padre Rosales describes in his *History*, and of which he states that "when it finds no carrion in the fields it looks around for lambs and kids separated from their mothers, quickly plucks out their eyes and then kills them for its food." It is difficult to imagine what lambs and kids could have provided it with sustenance in these oven-like wastes and still more difficult to perceive why this particular place and not a more sheltered and hospitable locality should have taken the name of so pantagruelian a bird.

CHAPTER III

THE VALLEY OF COPIAPO[1]

IN these regions, the first in Chile to be visited by the Spanish conquistadores after their terrible journey over the Andes by the San Francisco Pass, over which came the Adelantado Don Diego de Almagro in 1536, on his march from Cuzco to the Valley of Aconcagua, by way of Jujuy, the Atacama Desert begins to lose its terrors and to show what its plains would be if only they had water in abundance.

Of all the Chilean valleys that of Copiapó, perhaps, enshrines the oldest and most romantic memories, and when visiting it in its present—and doubtless only temporary—state of poverty, one's thoughts travel back to the first dealings of the Spaniards with the natives. Full of illusions, avid for the country abounding with gold, of which the Cuzco Indians had told them, Almagro's troops reached Copiapó in 1536 to find a region where "there was not enough to eat for fifty men" as they themselves said. Four years later, in 1540, the real founder of Chile, Don Pedro de Valdivia, arrived at the same spot and camped there with his army for two months, recovering from the fatigue of his heroic feat of crossing the deserts of Tacna, Tarapacá and Antofagasta without losing a single man. Copiapó he called Valle de la Posesión, having, as a soldier and a servant of the King of Spain, added it to His Majesty's dominions.

This place, then, is the poor and humble beginning

[1] Copayapó, in the vernacular. To the south of Taltal is the port of Chañaral, on the coast, and the Finca (plantation) de Chañaral, in the interior. This latter is an oasis of some size which began to be cultivated in 1678, and from which the port took its name. (*Astaburuaga's Diccionario Geográfico.*)

of a series of valleys that grow richer and richer in vegetation as they stretch southwards, until the impenetrable forests of the southern zone of Chile are reached.

The banks of the river Copiapó are continually absorbing, in an agriculture as intensive as the area under cultivation is small, the scanty waters of its tributaries; and the hills around them, arid as those of the heart of the Atacama Desert, cherish in their stony bosoms, veined with outcrops of copper and iron, refreshing patches of woodland, meadowland and vegetable gardens. In its eagerness to yield up all its moisture for the sustenance of this vegetation the Copiapó, like nearly all its brothers of the north of Chile, brings no watery tribute to the Pacific after its journey of 180 miles.

A railway, the oldest in South America, starting from the port of Caldera, stretches out branch lines to points which at one time were mining centres with names renowned in the world's marts.

Seventy-nine years ago, on September 20th, 1849, the magnates of the time met together to hear the account which William Wheelwright was to give of the explorations he had just made in order to prove the practicability of the construction of a railroad which should unite the coast and the mining centres of the interior. In the previous year (1848) the Chilean Government had granted a concession to a certain Don Juan Mouat, for the carrying out of this work, and he, because of his lack of means and of technical knowledge, had only been able to make an imperfect sketch of the proposed line. No one was inclined to risk capital on so slight a foundation. In all South America no one had been bold enough to give a trial to so novel a means of locomotion; and in Europe, railways had only begun to develop in densely populated and congested areas containing large factories. In Copiapó, it was a question of running through semi-desert parts in order to serve only one or two great productive centres. Chañarcillo, the richest silver-mine discovered in Chile, was the chief

of these latter. Tres Puntas was another, Puquios a third. Others had made beginnings of development and later might feed the railway with their products. Wheelwright, the Apostle of the railway and of the telegraph, had a magnetic and powerful personality. He was heard with interest, and his hearers followed his account with enthusiasm. Eleven persons subscribed the capital of 700,000 pesos of that time (£140,000) which Wheelwright deemed necessary. Don Agustín Edwards,[1] an industrial pioneer and merchant of great enterprise who had already made his fortune and in whom the others had great confidence, firmly supported the scheme. He, Doña Candelaria Goyenechea de Gallo, a lady of great wealth, and Don Diego Carvallo, each subscribed 100,000 pesos (£20,000). Wheelwright, himself, Don Matias Cousiño, Don Vicente Subercaseaux, Don Blas Ossa and others completed the capital. There and then, a Directorate was formed, composed of Don Agustín Edwards, William Wheelwright and Don José Joaquin Vallejo, better known by his pseudonym of Jotabeche, under which he had gained fame as a satirical writer. Twenty months afterwards, on December 25th, 1851, the first whistle of the first locomotive of South America resounded from the sandy tracts which separated the port of Caldera (a poor village with a splendid bay, made ready for trade nine years previously, 1842), from the city of Copiapó, which then was proud of having more than 12,000 inhabitants and which since then has declined, a victim of the exhaustion of many great mines and of the earthquake which, in 1922, destroyed a great part of it. Along its route the holes pierced in the flanks of the hills, the dribble of débris from the pit mouths, the wooden shaft-buildings and the living-huts built of lumps of ore bear witness to the feverish activity of the inhabitants of the vicinity—miners every one, and each of them convinced that one of these days fortune will come to him out of the boulders of some

[1] Don Agustín Edwards, the grandfather of the author.

gully or other; perhaps in the same manner as it came —so the legend narrates—to Juan Godoy the woodcutter and muleteer at Chañarcillo in 1832, when he lay down to rest with a rock rich in silver for a pillow. A half-breed, the son of an Indian woman, Flora Normilla, Godoy worked in a plant for treating ores belonging to a certain Don Santiago Melendez and owed his employer, for advances, 170 pesos. Looking for water to give his mule a drink, he arrived tired out at the place where now is Chañarcillo. He laid his head upon a rocky pillow, which he wanted to move into a more comfortable position. Its weight was so great, however, that he, strong and muscular as he was, could not lift it. His expert eye soon perceived that all around him was a large argentiferous outcrop. The debtor of 170 pesos saw himself very soon able to pay his debt. For all that, mines are not among those things which make fortunes for their discoverers: and Juan Godoy, who had just found a silver-mine, which in the early years of its exploitation produced £6,000,000, and until 1881, when it became exhausted, £30,000,000, died in poverty. Chañarcillo is not the only mine which has falsified dreams of fabulous wealth. Not far from it is the Bandurrias mine, famous in Copiapó's days of greatness for its argentiferous veins and arsenical cobalt. The Tres Puntas mine is near by; it takes its name from the three cones which stand up out of the massive rock where another muleteer, named Osorio, made its discovery in 1848. Nothing now remains of the copper or silver which gave a total yield worth £4,000,000. The same kind of thing has happened to Lomas Bayas and its deposits of silver chlorides and of raw silver. Of the Buena Esperanza mine with its chlorides and chloro-bromides nothing remains but the "Rosicler" stones, preserved carefully in the chief mineralogical museums of the world—a crystallisation of raw silver peculiar to that region—looking like enormous rubies. Kept in the dark, they maintain their pigeon's-blood colour, but

exposed to the light they turn the colour of tarnished steel.

Very few workings are in full swing to-day. For over half a century an economic anæmia has been sapping the resources of the miners, who now have nothing left but an abiding faith in their lucky star. The prosperity they enjoyed in the nineteenth century—Copiapó's great epoch—has moved further north, thus fulfilling Vicuña Mackenna's[1] prophecy that the golden age of the conquistadores and the silver age of the Criollos would be succeeded by the age of copper (at one time so abundant that it was worth only a third of the price of the iron imported from Biscay) and later by the age of nitrate. Nowadays, Antofagasta holds the sceptre of nitrate and of copper as well; the two products which Chile exports in such large quantities.

In a region generous enough to reward effort a hundredfold, neither man nor elements have been merciful. Earthquakes have laid it waste on several occasions; and of the carob forests that induced President Manso de Velasco, when founding the city of Copiapó on September 8th, 1744, to christen it Saint Francis of the Forest there is not even a trace. The vegetation now so scarce must once have been abundant. Darwin narrates in his book[2] how he found in the Copiapó Valley a cylindrical, petrified tree-trunk measuring 15 feet in circumference. The cataclysm that brought about so profound a desolation is an unrevealed secret of Nature, but the depredations which uprooted the trees were the work of man, encouraged, sad to say, by governments which on other notable accounts deservedly enjoyed public confidence and general praise. In his anxiety to promote mining, Don Francisco Garcia de Huidobro obtained in 1754 for the Kingdom of Chile

[1] Benjamin Vicuña Mackenna, a notable Chilean publicist, was born in Santiago de Chile on August 25th, 1831, and died at his Hacienda de Colmo on January 25th, 1886.

[2] *Narrative of the Surveying Voyages of His Majesty's Ships "Adventure" and "Beagle" between the years* 1826 *and* 1836.

new ordinances whereby the miners were granted "free use and benefit of the timber and uncultivated trees they might need for their work"; and not long after (1793) Don Ambrosio O'Higgins[1] laying down regulations for the mining community of St. Francis of the Forest (Copiapó), ordained that "no miner should be hindered from using the firewood necessary for the treatment of metals in general."

The "Turquoise-bed"—Padre Alonso Ovalle's translation of the Quichua name which the natives gave to the region because they there gathered bluish and green stones—lives nowadays on its past fame and its hopes for the future rather than on its present realities. To see its valleys pillaged of their trees, despoiled of the easy riches that with such docility yielded themselves to the first blows of the pick, shaken by the convulsions of earth-masses that even yet have not found their level, haunted by prospectors watching and hoping for the dawn of another age of gold, is to recall Chile as the first white men saw her, and then the great Chile of our grandsires, who found the treasures that converted the most backward and poverty-stricken of the Spanish colonies into one of the wealthiest, most prosperous and most progressive of the American Republics. A fame four centuries old cannot have been extinguished; Copiapó may be only sleeping, recovering its spent energy in order to present Chile with yet another period of bonanza.

[1] Father of Don Bernardo O'Higgins, Supreme Director of Independent Chile.

SECOND PART

THE CRADLE OF CHILE

CHAPTER IV

COQUIMBO

I. Attractive Abundance—II. Mining Traditions—III. Andacollo.

I

ATTRACTIVE ABUNDANCE

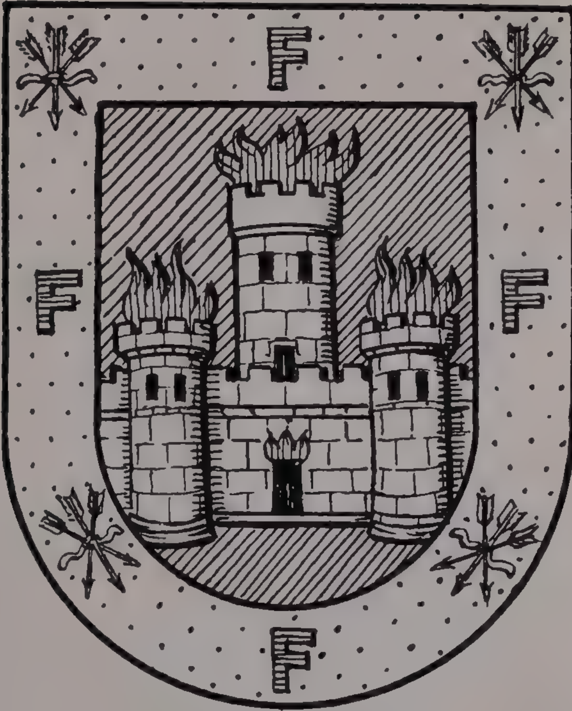
THE more southerly the latitude in Chile the more luxuriant the vegetation; in Coquimbo the wealth of her fields begins to mingle with her inexhaustible mineral resources.

The province of Coquimbo is the outpost of Chilean agriculture, just as in the early years of the Conquest and of Spanish domination La Serena, its capital, was the detached fort on the highroad from Cuzco and Lima, erected to defend the lines of communication with the Viceroyalty of Perú. Its capital, La Serena, was the second city established in Chile. Juan Bohón, a lieutenant of Pedro de Valdivia, christened it in 1544 with the name of San Bartolomé de la Serena; and four years afterwards, in 1548, it was destroyed by an Indian rising, during which Bohón was killed and his body left naked save for a cross on his breast. Padre Rosales, with the poetic mysticism which emanates from every page of his beautiful *Chronicle of the Kingdom of Chile* (1629–1674), says that the Indians hanged Bohón and after his death there could be seen impressed upon his breast and other parts of his body the sign of the Holy Cross.

Rains, though very infrequent, do sometimes occur in Coquimbo, and, as Darwin remarks in his book, *Voyages of the "Adventure" and "Beagle,"* one shower on this thirsty soil gives more result than many downpours on the already moist lands further south. The

scenery of the region is a symphony in contrasts: a multi-coloured aridity on the heights and upper slopes of the mountains, a green exuberance in the valleys through which the rivers rush, wasting their substance of melted snow in riotous behaviour and arriving well-nigh spent at the places which they really could fertilise. A level line drawn along the mountain-slopes, and seeming to rise as the valley deepens and broadens, separates, with an abruptness and rigid symmetry that do violence to the eye, the verdant lands which give their fruits on the surface, at contact with the fecundating waters, from the brick-red or drab soils that carry their treasures in their womb and yield them not to caresses but to blows of the pick. Through the valley flows the canal that, upstream, takes possession of the river's waters before they can waste themselves entirely on the sterile heights.

On the hill-sides one sees the tall black stems of an almost leafless plant, the *oxalis giganteo*, which attain a height of over 6 feet, and around them the soil has a charred appearance; or the borings of prospectors who, through the centuries, have sought first the gold, then the silver, then the copper and lastly the iron contained in the protuberances full of minerals thrown off by the tortured earth. Some of these protuberances, pierced pitilessly through and through so that they look like ant-hills of the Age of Giants, have their page in the history of mining discoveries. Many of these borings hold a tradition or a legend of which the origin is lost in the misty labyrinth of Mapuche mentality. Most of the shafts and "chiflones," as some special workings of the mines are called, are abandoned, but the fabulous riches that have poured from their mouths are not forgotten. Nor is the still greater marvel of these mines—the superb physique and incredible strength of the "apires" who used to clamber up vertical ladders, and even "patillas" (wooden wedges simply hammered into the walls of the shaft),



"... IN THE EARLY YEARS OF THE CONQUEST AND OF SPANISH DOMINATION LA SERENA WAS THE DETACHED FORT ON THE HIGHROAD FROM CUZCO AND LIMA ..." (page 39).

ANCIENT ARMS OF THE CITY.

with loads of ore weighing 180 lb., and who, panting and sweating, would repeat the feat a dozen times a day, as is recounted by Darwin, who saw the feat performed. The Aymará name given to so tiring an occupation means "he who carries." No one did ever beat them at this; for they climb from the very bottom of the mine, often many hundred feet below the earth, bearing weights which a strong man could with difficulty carry on level ground.

The principal rivers, Elqui, Coquimbo, Combarbalá, Limarí, Illapel and Choapa flow through fertile valleys and make one forget all the rigours of the desert. The halcyon climate, the gentle change of seasons, the prodigious fecundity of the soil, the abundance and variety of the food—all these invite to a life of ease if not of sloth; and this fertility has not been brought about by agricultural labour. It is indigenous and at one time formed an inconvenient store of food because it attracted to Coquimbo the grim, unpleasant and dangerous pirates who roamed hungrily over the waters of the Pacific Ocean far from their bases of operation. One of these, Bartholomew Sharpe, found out in 1680 that the district of La Serena was "well provided with all kinds of produce to be found in England and quantities of wheat, wine, oil and copper besides." Another, Basil Ringrose, speaks of having found there strawberries as big as walnuts. Yet for many years the population has remained almost stationary. It may be that the development of agriculture has not been sufficient to compensate for the decadence of gold, silver and copper-mining which has depopulated important mining centres.

Temperate, peaceful and flower-bedecked, the valleys of the province of Coquimbo will as time goes on attract all who seek solace, comfortable warmth, bright sunlight and an air as sweet as the fruits of their soil. During thirty years of meteorological observation, the temperature has never risen higher than 79° Fahr., nor fallen below 38° Fahr. Their inhabitants know no

privations, though many live in poverty, dreaming—not a few of them—of the age of gold or silver, or of some mineral elixir that will concentrate the strength of the anæmic, if abundant, copper ore.

In the shade of the fig-trees, at the feet of the *chirimoyos*,[1] *lúcumos*,[2] pomegranates and olives, poverty is lightly borne in the valleys; and at the sea's edge the abundance of fish and shell-fish is such that no one need perish of starvation.

Coquimbo is enchanting from the moment one arrives at Coquimbo Bay, with its smooth, tranquil waters enclosed by Teatinos Point to the north and to the south by the Pelícanos, whose red rocks and headlands, eternally surrounded by aerial navies of white and clamorous sea-gulls, conceal from view the Guayacan highroad. But when the great copper-smelting works which for years have been in operation there are in full swing the thick smoke of their chimneys shows where, behind the rocks, another bay opens; and on clear evenings there is not a colour on Nature's palette unrepresented in the lovely picture that meets one's gaze. The black, grey, yellow and white of the smoke and the vapours; the porphyry red of the Point; the white and turquoise of the surf from the breakers; the intense blue of the sky; the refulgent, fiery furnace of the sun setting on the far horizon in an orgy of crimson light; the white, smooth foreshore speckled with pearl-shell; the dark-green of the elms that line a countryside melancholy rather than smiling; and at the other extreme, set on an upland with its steeples and groves, La Serena, the oldest city of Chile after Santiago, the city which, according to legend, was not destroyed by the Indians in 1548 nor rebuilt by Francisco de Aguirre in 1549, but is the same original town under the power of enchantment and only visible, like all enchanted places, on Good Friday!

[1] The tree which bears the custard apple.

[2] *Lucuma oboviata.*

Seriously, however, when the sun sets with all the magnificence that attends it in these latitudes, little La Serena—named after the town of Costueras in La Serena de Extremadura, whence one day its lord and master, Don Pedro de Valdivia, had set out—seems to be enwrapped, if not in the mysterious veil of legend, at least in the attractive garb of tradition. Its multiplicity of churches and convents explains the saying that it is only to be seen on Good Friday. The Franciscans have a convent here and a church begun in 1627, the Dominicans a convent and a church built in 1775, the Mercedarios a convent and a church begun in 1709, and the Augustine monks, who were visited in violent fashion by the pirate Sharpe in 1680, also have one.

But this part of Chile must have been inviting since earlier days, else it would not have been visited time after time by marauders of the sea like Sir Francis Drake (the most assiduous and terrible of the harriers of the Chilean coast) in the sixteenth century, by Richard Hawkins in 1594, by Bartholomew Sharpe in 1680 and by Edward Davis six years later.

A century and a half after Davis the illustrious Darwin came to Coquimbo, and heard from the lips of an old lady some of the stories inspired by the daring deeds of his compatriots.[1]

II

MINING TRADITIONS

APART from the anxieties created now and again by the somewhat aggressive and covetous maritime enterprise of the boldest adventurers of England and Holland, existence in this region of Chile,

[1] He tells how, when dining at the house of Mr. Edwards, founder of the Chilean family of that name, an old lady told him that one of the British buccaneers had carried away an image of the Virgin, and that in the following year he had repeated the sacrilege by returning for St. Joseph, saying it was a pity that Our Lady should be separated from her husband! Both images were of solid silver, otherwise it would be difficult to account for so great a devotion to the saints.

now the province of Coquimbo, was dull and somnolent enough up to 1825, when the discovery of the famous Arqueros silver-mine brought animation and importance to the place. Like all the other great mining discoveries it was the outcome of accident.

A colonel of the National Militia, Don Ramon Varela, who had built a stone corral for his cows, was the instrument selected by Fate to convert the quiet life of the district into a fever of activity.

Pedro Cuellar, a muleteer, took up his quarters in the corral and for his protection against the cold one night lit a fire, surrounding it with stones from the wall. On one of them, blackened by the flames, his little boy scraped with his knife, and behold! before his astonished eyes gleamed a streak of horn silver![1]

The stones had come from the hill of Arqueros, situated about thirty-six miles north-east of the city of Serena, which subsequently yielded quantities (estimated by some at 600 tons) of this curious kind of silver, so different from the other known varieties, that geologists know by the name of "arquerías," given it by Professor Domeyko after the name of the mine.

By a strange coincidence the Royal Warrant which, three centuries earlier, had granted La Serena her coat-of-arms seems to have foreseen her history, for on the shield is blazoned "a castle on a field of silver with four watch-towers spouting flames" and other heraldic symbols such as four double-F's for border and for supporters two griffons clutching a shackle. As a matter of fact it was on a field of silver that the city throve, while more than once its church-towers flamed in the sackings and burnings it suffered at the hands of the pirates.

The discovery of Arqueros was only the beginning of an age of great mineral predominance in the region. Nine years later the celebrated Tamaya mine, known in its best days as the "Chañarcillo of copper," first came to light. It is not too much to say that Arqueros

[1] Vicuña Mackenna: *El Libro de la Plata.*

and Tamaya were the two pillars of precious metal that, during the nineteenth century, sustained the mining renown of Coquimbo at the height of its glory. But there were other mines scarcely less famous: first of all, El Brillador (the hill situated on the bank of the river Coquimbo, which separates it from the city of La Serena and to which, according to Vicuña Mackenna, the Spaniards gave this name when they saw its summit illuminated by the fires of the fleeing Indians who had killed Juan Bohón), and then Panulcillo and La Higuera, with their rich lodes of copper; Punitaqui, with its veins of silver and mercury discovered in 1875; Agua Amarilla, with its beds of lapis-lazuli; and Andacollo, most renowned and romantic of them all, "one of the world's rivers of gold,"[1] as President García Ramon told the King of Spain in 1607.

III

ANDACOLLO

THIS name symbolises one of the oldest and most attractive traditions of this province with the miner's soul. Penned within an angle of mountains between La Serena and Ovalle, some thirty-three miles from the former, the hill of Andacollo, now converted into little but a centre of religious pilgrimage, was from time immemorial a prodigious source of wealth. The most ancient chronicles tell how "the heathen" mined this hill. Here, especially after the great rains, native gold used to be found interspersed with a reddish clay, and for many years it supplied Chile, through the mint at Santiago, with gold coin. Hundreds of contracts and deeds in the mint speak of "the good gold of Andacollo."[2]

And to-day Andacollo is rich only in legends and tradition, in superstition and fanaticism. As the gold disap-

[1] *La Edad del Oro:* Vicuña Mackenna. [2] Ibid.

peared there grew in the popular imagination the fables and phantasies inspired by ignorance and preserved and magnified from year to year by the cult of the marvellous.

Once a year, a few days before December 26th, the district shakes off its somnolence. Up the long hill that leads to the Sanctuary of Andacollo comes thronging a strange crowd of pilgrims who have left their work in the fields and the mines in order to abandon themselves, with a fervour that has much in common with the old heathen rites, to the adoration of an image of the Virgin of the Rosary. This is the image which, says legend, was taken from the roots of a withered tree by the Indian woodcutter Collo, following a vision in which a celestial figure had appeared to him and told him: "*Anda, Collo!*" "Go, Collo! Search in the hills; wealth and happiness await thee. Seek!"[1] And in point of fact it was shortly after Collo's sacred find that it began to be noticed that the sands of the hill-clefts contained gold in abundance.

The probability is that the image had been buried by the Spaniards who founded La Serena when they fled from the Indian rising in 1549. The Spaniards always carried sacred images about with them. The only two Spaniards who escaped from the destruction of La Serena were Miguel de Candia and Pedro Zisternas. It does not seem unlikely that one of them hid the image.

In a depression which the *promeseros*[2] do not perceive until they arrive, panting and perspiring, at the threshold, is the Sanctuary, known and famed in all the neighbouring Republics of America. It has two temples: one vast, modern edifice, erected with the offerings of the pilgrims, and a small building of colonial times, built certainly before 1668, the date of the first items in the parochial registers.

[1] The data in this chapter concerning the history and the pilgrims' shrine of Andacollo are taken from the noteworthy article by Mr. R. E. Latcham published in the *Anales de la Universidad*, Vol. XXVI.

[2] People who have made vows, or promises.

". . . THEY ADORE THAT IMAGE OF THE VIRGIN OF THE ROSARY, IN THE SANCTUARY OF ANDACOLLO . . ." (page 46).

The decadence and the melancholy of the place are dissipated when trains, carts, horses and asses begin to bring to the foot of the hill the vast and variegated throng of men and women, with children in arms or dandled in cradles slung from the girths of pack-mules, laden with untidy parcels of provender and with sheep-skins and goatskins of doubtful cleanliness that will serve them as beds during the pilgrimage. And such is the fanaticism animating them that they ascend bare-foot, and sometimes even on their knees, the steep, dusty slope that leads to the Sanctuary, where the Virgin awaits them in her voluminous robes of rich silk brocade and her crown of gold and emeralds, erect on her pedestal and platform of solid silver—a life-like image glittering with all the precious metals to be found in this mining province. A native family whose head is known by the name of " Pichinga Barrera " has charge to this day of the Virgin of Andacollo. The Sanctuary itself, littered with the strangest offerings, is an illustrated record of the afflictions and difficulties of all the believers of the district. Here may be seen, for example, a gold sword in miniature, a heart, a pair of silver spurs, silver *bombillas*,[1] flags, underlinen for the Virgin. Yet there is nothing ridiculous about this medley of queer objects, for each represents the ingenuous, large-hearted gesture of one who, in a moment of anguish, gives the best and most valuable of the contents of a humble home. A gold eye is the testimony of some poor fellow who had lost his sight and believes that he recovered it by the intercession of the Virgin of Andacollo.

To these people the Virgin is all-powerful, and accepts all because she gives all. The thousands of lighted candles around the image are the source of a remedy unsuspected by the profane. The spermaceti or tallow or wax from which they are made are what the faithful call " Virgin's ointment," and are used to cure certain

[1] Tube used for drinking " mate " ; yerba-mate is a herb from which a beverage that takes the place of tea is made and called " mate."

maladies. It is difficult to discern where faith ends and superstition begins.

Every year on December 26th the well-nigh uninhabited mountains resound with a deafening uproar composed of prayers, music and dancing, fireworks and the pealing of the pilgrims' bell. The instruments that play the monotonous airs, and to whose sound the faithful dance, are as primitive as they are varied: tambourines, fifes, guitars, accordions, cymbals, triangles, cornets.

In the intense light of a blazing sun the garments of the thousands of dancers glitter and sparkle with metal buttons, cheap gold lace, glass beads and fragments of looking-glass. Heads are adorned with cardboard helmets covered with bright-hued cloth and square or hexagonal in shape, according to the caprice of the wearer. For a whole hour the congregation is given over to a frenzied and violent dance consisting of uncouth caperings from one foot to the other, with no more cadency than is required to preserve equilibrium and no other suggestion of religion than a rhythmical bowing of the head.

The "music" of this religious dance is the flat monotone, rather like the cackling of geese, emitted by "flutes" a yard long made of reeds joined by coloured ribbons and played with as much skill as discord by the "chinos," who constitute at one and the same time the orchestra and the principal *corps de ballet* in this species of mystic carnival. The costume of the "chinos" is no less weird and original than the garb of the main body of dancers. This word "chino" has no reference to the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire; it comes from the Quichua word *China*, meaning "animal of the female sex," by which the conquistadores used to designate the native girls whom they took into their service. It was afterwards applied, by analogy, to male servants.[1] Their jerseys, wide, short trousers, blue or white woollen stockings, their *ojotas* and the tanned goatskin which

[1] *Lenz's Diccionario Etimologico.*

hangs from their waists like an apron worn at the back, would recall vividly the costume of the old miners were it not for their peaked caps surmounted with tassels and for the fact that each individual garment is stiff with glittering garniture in the shape of embroidery and buttons and bits of glass, while to complete this strange apparel they wear a kind of leather sash, ornamented like the rest and divided into three panels over the breast in the manner of a badge of office or a high priest's vestment.

On the morning of December 27th, a little before the hill returns to its habitual lethargy, the immense crowd files in front of the image, placing its offerings, which often amount to 20,000 pesos on each occasion, before it and addressing to it, with groans and sobs, the everlasting petition of men of all ages and all races: the prayer for health and life. At the feet of the mute, impassive image fall the odd gifts, and from the lips of the faithful falls the simple doggerel in which they express all the tenderness and all the feeling of their passionate, uncultured souls.

And as the caravan disappears down the long, steep hill-side, the mountain still re-echoes with the strophe sung by thousands of men and women:

> "*Adios, Virgen de Andacollo,*
> *Adios, hermoso lucero!*
> *Volveremos a tu templo*
> *Para el año venidero.*
>
> *Madre Virgen, de su gracia*
> *Dadnos todos el consuelo*
> *De volvernos a tu fiesta,*
> *Nuestro único anhelo.*"

To return is to be alive, and all desire to live. . . .

CHAPTER V

ACONCAGUA[1]

I. "Flower and Cream of the Soil"—II. The Cordillera—III. Birds and Plants—IV. A Little History.

I

"FLOWER AND CREAM OF THE SOIL"

THE Choapa, a comparatively small river which has forced its way through rocks, separates the province of Coquimbo from the fertile lands that since the first days of the conquest have constituted the flower and cream of Chile's agricultural region. In this fruitful valley before the conquest, lived the *curaca* to whom the Incas of Perú had delegated the exercise of their authority and—what was still more important—the lucrative if delicate task of collecting and remitting

[1] Recently (December, 1927), the political and administrative division has been modified from Aconcagua southward as follows:—*Province of Aconcagua:* Capital Valparaiso. Departments Ligua, San Felipe, Los Andes, Quillota and Valparaiso. *Province of Santiago:* Capital Santiago. Departments Santiago, Melipilla and Maipo. *Province of Colchagua:* Capital Rancagua. Departments Rancagua, Cachapoal, Caupolican, San Fernando and Santa Cruz. *Province of Talca:* Capital Talca. Departments Curicó, Mataquito, Lontué and Talca. *Province of Maule:* Capital Linares. Departments Loncomilla, Linares, Parral, Constitucion and Cauquenes. *Province of Ñuble:* Capital Chillán. Departments San Carlos, Chillán and Itata. *Province of Concepcion:* Capital Concepcion. Departments Tomé, Concepcion, Tucapel, Coronel and Lebu. *Province of Bio-Bio:* Capital Los Angeles. Departments Laja, Mulchen, Angol and Collipulli. *Province of Cautin:* Capital Temuco. Departments Traiguen, Victoria, Lautaro, Temuco, Imperial and Villarrica. *Province of Valdivia:* Capital Valdivia. Departments Valdivia, Union and Osorno. *Province of Chiloé:* Capital Puerto Montt. Departments Llanquihue, Ancud and Castro. *Territory of Aysen* (contains no Departments. Is divided into the following Communes: Yelcho, Aysen, Lago Buenos Aires and Baker). *Territory of Magallanes:* Capital Magallanes (Punta Arenas). Departments Natales, Magallanes and Porvenir.

to Cuzco the Chilean Indians' tribute of precious metal. To reward them for the "quantities of gold and of feathers and other products of the soil" which they sent to the Incas, as Garcilaso says in his *Comentarios Reales*, "the Inca sent them much rich apparel and jewels from his own person." There he was found by Don Diego de Almagro, the first of the Spanish conquerors to reach Chile, in 1536, governing the natives with the assistance of a Spaniard whose ears Don Francisco de Pizarro—as cruel as he was brave and so ignorant that, according to some historians, he was totally illiterate and only learned to read at the time when his dignity and duties forced him to do so—had had cut off as a punishment for a theft committed while in his service. This man—Pedro Calvo Barrientos as some say, or Gonzalo Calvo de Barrientos according to others—was beyond doubt the first Spaniard to set foot in Chile, and the degrading mutilation which he had suffered, while impelling him to cover the enormous distance of 1,380 miles between Cuzco and the Aconcagua Valley, did not deprive him either of his good sense or of his affection for the land of his birth. It is probable that Calvo Barrientos performed the journey on foot through Upper Perú and Argentine, crossing the Andes cordillera by what is now the Uspallata pass. The *curaca* trusted him and the people loved him, and it was consequently easy for him to persuade them to welcome Almagro and his soldiers as friends and protectors instead of vainly opposing the invasion.

It is in this region of Chile that agriculture begins to take precedence of mining, although in the eighteenth century a mine in Aconcagua which still preserves its fame and maintains its output supplied Perú and Spain with a great quantity of copper extracted from its violet and silvered bronze ores, which were smelted with wood-fuel from the neighbouring forests of Panquehue and San Roque. These have now vanished and on the hill-slopes and in the valleys under irrigation vineyards

and alfalfa fields take their place, while above the water dykes hawthorns (*acacia caviena*), brush and *quiscos* are spread thinly over the ground. Nor are these the only forests which have disappeared from Aconcagua. Not many years ago, a pass in the transverse mountain range over which runs the road to La Ligua and known by the name of the Slope of El Melon was a dense wood into which the sun's rays only penetrated here and there. For those who climb it nowadays the only shade is that cast by its desolation on the memory of men who could thus ruthlessly destroy the product of centuries of growth.

Aconcagua's panorama is one of the loveliest in the country, and of all the changing scenes produced by the succession of latitudes in the long strip of land which is Chile this province is perhaps the richest in local colour.

Towards the end of autumn, in mid-winter and while spring is beginning, the Aconcagua valleys lie splendidly and exuberantly green at the feet of the spurs of the snow-covered Cordillera massif, penetrating into the interstices of the great range until they resemble girdles of emeralds set with diamonds and spreading along the banks of torrents which later are to assume the dimensions of deep and turbulent rivers. From the Choapa to the Ligua, from the Ligua to the Aconcagua, they cover with lush alfalfa[1] fields and rectilinear *alamedas*[2] the soil which their waters, muddy as those of the Nile and, like them, laden with fertilising sediments, enrich day after day during the six months of the dry season, which usually lasts from September to March.

At the end of spring, in the summer months and

[1] A name of Arabic origin denoting the leguminous *medicago sativa* which the Spaniards brought to the New World in the sixteenth century, and which to-day is the best fodder known. In England and Europe it is called lucerne. Aconcagua province produces about 80,000 tons of alfalfa and dry fodder annually.

[2] Avenues of poplars (*populus fastigiata*), apparently a native of Persia and brought from that country to Southern Europe. It was known in Chile as the " Italian poplar."

the beginning of autumn, the Cordillera, its snows melted and gone to swell the rivers just when the soil is most in need of water, stands out rocky and naked except for the white crests on its highest peaks. Amongst these, and soaring majestically above them, are Aconcagua[1] (on the farther side of the Argentine frontier), the highest mountain in the world after Everest, Mercedario, and on the Chilean side Juncal, 19,050 feet—three giants looking out over smiling valleys which in the heat of midsummer display their fields of golden corn, yielding some 50,266 tons of wheat, annually, their fruit-laden vineyards, their plantations of tall maize standing up like a regiment on parade, their great hemp fields which from time immemorial have supplied raw material for rope-making, the oldest industry in the province and probably in all Chile, since Padre Ovalle states that it already existed in 1640. The trees are weighed down with quinces, pears, peaches, plums, cherries, figs, *chirimoyas* (*Anona cherimolia*), and *lúcumas* (*Lucuma obovata*) ; the vegetable gardens overflow with crops of beans (the food *par excellence* of the labouring classes), potatoes, cultivated here since the time of the Incas, according to the naturalist Frezier, onions, pumpkins, tomatoes, cabbages, melons and water-melons ; the skirts of the hills and the banks of the dykes are thickly clothed with *higuerillas* (*Ricinus communis*, from which castor oil is extracted) and *higos chumbos* (prickly pears). The dusty roads are marked out either by coniform elms of a deep green, showing here and there, as if for ornament, bunches of the pretty little red flowers of the sap-sucking parasite *quintral*,[2] or else by immense blackberry-bushes,

[1] 23,080 feet above sea-level, according to Fitzgerald. Pissis makes it 22,419 feet, and Güssfeldt 22,862 feet. The first man to reach its summit was Fitzgerald's Swiss guide, Mathieu Zurbriggen, who performed the feat on January 14th, 1898, at a time when English and German mountaineers were vying with each other for the honour of the first ascent.

[2] The flowers of the *quintral* are used for dyeing, and a sticky substance is also extracted from them which answers the purposes of birdlime. The name *quintral* is of Mapuche origin. According to *Lenz's Diccionario*

which drive the country people to desperation as they spread their tangled untidiness, with amazing rapidity, over the cultivable fields. For the land in this region fetches nowadays prices never dreamed of in colonial times, when on July 26th, 1740, Don Francisco García Huidobro, founder of the illustrious Chilean family of that name, purchased from Philip V of Spain the entire "corregimiento" of Aconcagua for the modest sum of 1,000 pesos.[1]

II

THE CORDILLERA

IN Aconcagua begins what in early colonial days was the centre of Chile's feudal domains, which for many years did not extend beyond the river Maipo, a little south of Santiago.

It was certainly not its agricultural value that led Don Francisco García Huidobro to purchase the Aconcagua valley for 1,000 pesos but the importance, then as now, of the Uspallata pass, which from the point of view of a miner and trader such as he was, signified communication with the River Plate. That, the only road worthy of the name in Chile before 1790, rises to a height of 12,900 feet above sea-level. It was called Uspallata from the silver-mines discovered in its neighbourhood.

Until 1778 it was not in reality an inter-colonial

Etimológico it comes from *cunthal*, a corruption of *cunchan*, which signifies to fit or match with another; and this is what the *quintral* does with the poplar.

[1] Amunátegui Solar's *Mayorazgos y Titulos de Castilla*, Vol. II. The price of good irrigated land in Aconcagua nowadays is between 6,000 and 8,000 pesos per square *cuadra* (37 acres). As the irrigated area is 137,498 acres, this alone, without reckoning the vineyards (which are worth far more) or the urban property in the cities, has a value at the lowest estimate of 333,870,000 pesos, or, at an exchange of 40 pesos to the pound sterling, about £8,346,750. Towards the end of the eighteenth century land in Aconcagua was worth from 12 to 16 pesos the *cuadra*, and from 20 to 25 pesos when very good. The last assessment of real estate in Aconcagua was 180 millions of pesos.

highway but the road between the province of Cuyo (now divided into three Argentine provinces—Mendoza, San Juan and San Luis) and the other provinces which were dependencies of the Captaincy-General of Chile. Ecclesiastical jurisdiction over those territories, which nowadays are Argentine's, remained dependent upon Chile up to 1810. The traveller crossing the Andes by the railway can see from the windows of his carriage the remains of the stone huts which, by order of Captain-General Don Manuel de Amat, were built between 1760 and 1765 by Don Ambrosio O'Higgins, who came to Chile as engineers' draughtsman, for the protection of wayfarers and their mules from the inclemency of the Andes and for the maintenance, in all seasons, of rapid communication with Buenos Aires. It was this work which brought to light the personal qualities of the man who, in 1788, became President and Captain-General of Chile, and in 1795 Viceroy of Perú.

Magnificent is the scene through which the Transandine Railway passes. Its rails are laid on the bank of the river Aconcagua, which is one long and tortuous torrent from its source to its mouth in the Bay of Concon, a distance of 105 miles. As the line climbs upwards the river's bed becomes narrower and rockier; what the valley loses in breadth is made up by the loftiness of the mountains; the vegetation grows less luxuriant as the peaks grow bolder. The air grows ever thinner and clearer; listening to the laboured respiration of the engine as it toils up the heights, digging its teeth into the track, one would imagine it to be a live animal with lungs overtaxed by the rarefaction of the atmosphere. All around appears diaphanous; everything stands out with an extraordinary vividness of outline and colour. And when the train stops one hears the dashing of the river's waters against its granite bed and feels the fluttering of the wind, the eternal breeze of the Andes, that blows stronger and colder as one mounts higher. Peaks and boulders assume gigantic proportions; some

of the great stones, balancing themselves on ridiculously inadequate-looking bases, overhang the abyss and seem to be performing some trick of equilibrium.

In the heart of the mountains two rivers, well and truly named the Rio Blanco and the Rio Colorado, mingle streams of silver and copper colour to form the Aconcagua, which descends to the valleys carrying the burden of rich silt that its parent streams have brought down in their riotous career. The steep slopes begin here to be streaked with great white stripes as though a mighty hand had stanched the blood from wounds in the mountain's sides with the purest of lint. There is scarcely an hour in the day when one side of a mountain is not deep in shadow while the other glows in bright sunlight. Suddenly, round a bend in the line, a steel-coloured sheet of water comes into view: the fathomless Lake of the Inca, a mirror which Nature has set amid the mountains so that the snowy peaks may admire their own grandeur. And at the highest point, out of sight, on the divisory line that separates Chile from Argentina, the colossal statue of Christ the Redeemer stretches forth its arms and blesses two brother-nations in whom Christian feeling has conquered angry passions and whose high-minded sincere patriotism, fruit of a clear comprehension of their permanent interests, is proof against outbursts of that chauvinism which, like the will-o'-the wisp, derives its fire from the dregs of death. There, in the midst of Creation's splendours, it was placed by tender-hearted women of the two nations, and there for ages to come it will speak for their nobility of mind and sympathy of heart and will proclaim the greatness and the blessedness of peace. At its foot an inscription reveals the intensity of feeling that inspired its erection: *Sooner shall these mountains crumble than Chileans and Argentines engage in fratricidal strife.*

The Uspallata pass has historical traditions of the utmost importance for Chile. It was through Valle Hermoso, near-by, that the Army of Liberation of San

Martin and O'Higgins passed in January, 1817, on its way to redress on the slopes of Chacabuco[1] the disaster of Rancagua.[2] Chileans and Argentines, shoulder to shoulder, shed their blood in Chacabuco in the common cause of liberty. It must have been a splendid sight, the passage of this army over the mountains. Climbing to a height of over 10,000 feet, with 3,000 infantry, 970 cavalry, a large number of field guns, 1,600 horses and 9,000 mules carrying ammunition and stores, San Martin, with the able support of O'Higgins, showed how human greatness can rival that of the elements.

Though in the height of summer, the cold was intense, snow fell heavily, and the troops suffered great hardship from the bitter weather, and the peculiar and painful sickness experienced at great heights attacked them with great severity. This sickness is felt more acutely on the Andes than at other equal altitudes, as Darwin proved when he crossed the Pass of the Portillo to Mendoza at a height of more than 13,123 feet above sea-level, and found that "the effort of walking was very great and respiration deep and difficult." The worst thing was that the mules which carried the rations, ammunition and stores fell sick and impeded the campaign. It then became well known that the best thing to counteract the effects of this terrible mountain sickness is garlic, and the Liberator Army carried large quantities of this vegetable. It was chiefly used by the troops to rub frequently against their teeth, on the nostrils of the mules, and by chewing.

The boundary between Chile and the Argentine

[1] A transverse Andean ridge dividing the Aconcagua and Santiago provinces. Here was fought on February 12th, 1817, the famous battle of Chacabuco, in which the patriots defeated the Spaniards and regained and consolidated Chile's independence.

[2] A battle fought on October 1st and 2nd, 1816, in the city of Rancagua between General O'Higgins's forces and the Royalist troops under Colonel Osorio, who had disembarked in Talcahuano and was marching on Santiago at the order of Don José Fernando de Abascal, Viceroy of Perú. In this engagement the patriot army lost very heavily.

Republic passes through the middle of the narrow gap of Valle Hermoso, and there, to the south-east, rises the angular scarped peak of the immense and almost inaccessible Aconcagua. Hurricanes shriek as they rush between its ridges and plunge into its icy hollows; whirlwinds rage and bury themselves in unfathomable depths coloured pink at dawn and silvery on moonlight nights; Aconcagua remains impassive. When some bold tourist reaches the Sierra del Penitente he finds, as Güssfeldt found in February, 1883, and Fitzgerald fifteen years later, the erect corpse of an unknown explorer who lost his way and his life in the attempt to climb the height. Preserved by the cold, his body mounts an eerie and eternal guard.

In these regions the seismic movements are on a par with the vast bulk of the mountains. In 1843 an earthquake threw one of the peaks down into a valley, filling it with débris "for a space of more than three square leagues."[1]

Above 7,200 feet there is no vegetation. From that level upwards all is stratified rock showing every imaginable colour, according to the season of the year and the position of the sun. Swift torrents, some crystal clear, others so turbid as to resemble streams of red clay, rush down the mountain sides gathering volume from springs that well up in great jets from crevasses and cavities barely visible. Higher still, at 17,000 or 18,000 feet, there is nothing but the everlasting snow.

Among the mountains accidents of Nature have produced phenomena which have engendered in the popular imagination legends that pass as historical facts. There is the Inca's bridge, for instance, which was never built by any Inca but is only an immense transom, as it were, of rock and earth left suspended over an abyss by a torrent which has perforated the mountain. And on the Chilean side, on reaching Santa Rosa de los Andes, one can see an immense cleft, many hundreds of

[1] A. Fitzgerald: *The Highest Andes.*

feet in depth, dividing two flat-topped hills—a chasm which, according to legend, was cleared by a trooper and which has been given the name of Soldier's Leap.

III

BIRDS AND PLANTS

IN the ravines which open on the foot-hills of the Andes cordillera in Aconcagua one may admire the wonderful Chilean native vegetation, of which Pissis[1] says that, without reckoning the plants of an inferior order, such as mosses, fungi and lichens, there are 2,770 species belonging to 130 distinct families. Here are *boldos* (*Boldoa fragrans*), a tree whose leaves have certain medicinal properties and are used in the treatment of diseases of the liver, scented laurels (*Laurellia aromatica*), *molles* (*Litrea mollis*) (a true Aconcagua tree), *litres* (*Litrea venenosa*) that sting like nettles, *maitenes* (*Maytenus boaria*) with their light, crimped leaves, and *peumos* bespattered with fruit as red as cochineal hanging from its branches as though a coral necklace had been flung over them. And on the higher slopes of the ravines there are the remarkable cacti popularly called "Flower of the Night," because their petals open at dusk and fold close at dawn.

There too are the *quillayes* (*Quillaja saponaria*), much in request among the country people because their bark is better than soap for washing the hair, and shrubs and woodland flowers of all kinds and colours.

The desert ends, beyond any doubt, on the banks of the Choapa, and both vegetable and animal life assume such an intensity that it would seem that the Creator wished to balance the sterility of fifteen geographical degrees by the fertility of two.

In midsummer, in the heat of the day, the fields are

[1] A French geologist and physicist who wrote *La Géographie Physique de la République du Chili.*

full of the buzzing of great flies and dragon-flies, and on calm nights, when the earth is cooling so as to face with greater freshness the rays of the morrow's sun, nocturnal tranquillity is disturbed by the chirping of the cicadas and the gargling noise made by the toads. From time to time the silence is broken by the *chunchos*, which, according to the country-folk, "sing of death" or "sing of a wedding." Popular imagination invests the *chunchos's* song with different portents according to the time and the position in which it sings. The superstition is a native one, for amongst the oldest of the old saws is that which says:

El chuncho canta	The *chuncho* sings,
El indio muere	The Indian dies;
No será cierto	It can't be true
Pero sucede.[1]	And yet it happens.

And in the mornings the sun-steeped ravines of Aconcagua, fragrant with *peumos* and scented laurels, are noisy with the song of *chincoles*, the birds which naturalists have named *Fringilla matutina*, of *jilgueros* of the genus *chrysomitris*, *diucas* (*Fringilla diuca*), *tencas* (*Mimus thenca*), *chirihues* (*Sicalis arvensis*), and *pitigües* (*Colaptes pitius*), all native names imitative of their warblings. In the deepest clefts of the hills, where the leaf-mould reaches incredible depths, are the nests of partridges (*Nothoprocta perdicaria*) of a kind somewhat different from the European, quails (*Lophortyx californica*), grey plovers (*Phegornis mitchelli*), and wood-pigeons which bear the truly Chilean technical name of "Araucanian dove."

In the higher levels, where the mountain begins to take on the proportions of a range, the birds likewise increase in size. Here live the *tucúqueres* (*Babo virginianus nacurutu*), the black *jotes* (*Cathartes aura*), the *cernícalos* (*Cerchneis sparveria cinnamomina*), and the ravens (*Phalacrocorax vigua*). And higher yet, among the inaccessible peaks, is the crowned king of the bird-

[1] Laval's *Oraciones Populares.*

" . . . THE REMARKABLE CACTI POPULARLY CALLED 'FLOWER OF THE NIGHT' . . ." (page 59).

life of Aconcagua, and, for the matter of that, of all Chile—the superb condor (*Sacrorhamphus gryphus*), which never descends from the lonely splendour of its eyrie except to satisfy by an act of rapine the appetite acquired in the altitudes in which it reigns.

As a contrast to these birds of prey—cold in their cruelty as the snows in which they are born, hard in their ways as the rocks on which they poise for flight—the Aconcagua valleys have a bird which the Indians call *lloica* and the Spaniards " red-breast " in reference to the rich scarlet jacket in which it struts,[1] and to which it doubtless owes the name of *Trupialis militaris* that some naturalists have given it. Then there are the *pidenes* (*Pardivallus rytirynchus*), the *picaflores* (*Eustophanus galoritus*), which as their name indicates flit from flower to flower, and, on the margins of creeks and marshes, the *taguas* (*Fulica s.p.*), and *queltehues* (*Belonopterus cayennensis chilensis*). Aconcagua is as rich in bird-life of all sizes and colours as are the more northerly Chilean provinces in minerals of every kind.

IV

A LITTLE HISTORY

THE cities and towns of the province are of little architectural interest but they preserve a certain air of colonial times and many of them are repositories of interesting historical memories.

Among the almost bare hills on the coast of Petorca, one of the Departments of the Province, where between 1740 and 1745 the gold mines were discovered which gave rise to the town of the same name, and which subsequently fell into decay together with it, lies the town of Los Vilos (a name derived from *Vilu*, a native word meaning " place of snakes "), which in all probability

[1] Don Miguel Luis Amunátegui's definition. The technical name of the *lloica* is, according to some, *Leistes americanus*, and according to others *Trupialis militaris*.

was the first in Chile to see a Spanish ship cast anchor. Thither in May, 1536, came Ruy Diaz, who had distinguished himself in the conquest of Guatemala, bringing, in vessels built in that country, for Don Diego de Almagro and his worn-out men, munitions of war, provisions, clothing and other necessaries, which were to enable them to make the long return journey to Perú shortly afterwards. The importance of Los Vilos in those first days of the conquest has not since been maintained, and although it shares with Papudo the virtual monopoly of the outlet to the sea for the abundant produce of Aconcagua its existence is one of languor varied with spells of activity.

To the south of Petorca and Los Vilos is the Department of La Ligua, which also has interesting historical traditions. Near the town of that name, in a place called "El Rayado," Don Diego Portales lived on retiring from public affairs towards the end of 1834. Don Diego was the most notable statesman Chile ever possessed, for after several years of anarchy and army mutinies he secured and consolidated order in the country by establishing the supremacy and authority of the civil over the military power.

In this same district, some two centuries earlier, lived a strange woman of infamous memory. She was a product of several races, for in her veins flowed Spanish, German and Indian blood; and the history of Chile marks her as the cruellest of the *encomenderos*[1] of the seventeenth century. Descendant in direct line of one Blumenthal (a German who translated his name into Spanish and called himself Flores), and of Elvira de Talagante, a daughter of the cacique Bartolomé, Lord of Ilave, Doña Catalina de los Rios de Lisperguer, nick-

[1] The *encomiendas de indios* were grants of land and of a certain number of natives whereby the Spanish conquerors, and later the Kings of Spain, rewarded the soldiers who most distinguished themselves, giving them at one and the same time estates and the means of cultivating the land and working the mines.

named "La Quintrala," was accused of having poisoned her father, of causing the death of a priest of the Order of St. John with whom she had maintained amorous relations, and of several other murders. For these crimes she was tried by the Royal Audience, but suffered no severer a sentence than temporary relegation to her estates in La Ligua, where, giving a loose rein to her passions, she tortured and killed her slaves and servants as she pleased, far from the feeble vigilance of the colonial authorities, amongst whom she had influential friends and complacent protectors. In that distant and unknown part of the world, then, lived a fervid disciple of the Marquis de Sade, so terribly infamous in France; and it is strange that, amongst men so bigotedly Catholic as the colonial Governors of Chile, this woman, charged with the most atrocious crimes, should on January 16th, 1665, have been buried in the church of San Agustin de Santiago, after a life which even to-day is remembered with horror.

The capital of the province of Aconcagua is the city of San Felipe, founded on August 3rd, 1740, with the high-sounding name of Villa de San Felipe el Real, by President Don José Antonio Manso de Velasco, who, after attaining the highest honours of his epoch, as he was made Viceroy of Perú and received the title of Conde de Superunda, died in Granada in disgrace, it having fallen to his lot to take an accidental part, on his return voyage from Chile to Spain, in the surrender of Havana to the British forces under Albemarle. A different fate was reserved for the city he had founded, upon which was conferred, on December 19th, 1818, the title of "Ever Heroic" in recognition of the patriotism it had shown in the war of emancipation from Spain.

It is said that in San Felipe a brother of the celebrated Robespierre, named Fédérique, lived alone and in retirement, and that he used to give as a reason for his flight to this corner of Chile the horror which his name inspired in the France of those days. In answer to all questions

Robespierre would reply that he was paying "a debt of blood"; and that when the townspeople saw him pass every day riding a donkey, on his way to the market to purchase provisions, they would exclaim, "Here comes the great Frederick riding an ass!"[1] It is difficult to say whether truth or imagination has thus connected one of the foremost figures of the French Revolution with the Villa de San Felipe de Aconcagua.

[1] Chouteau: *La France au Chili.*

CHAPTER VI

VALPARAISO

I. The Valley of Quillota—II. The "Valley of Penco" of Don Pedro de Valdivia—III. The "Puerto de Santiago" of Colonial Days—IV. The Ship with all Sails Set—V. The British Seal on the City of To-day.

I

THE VALLEY OF QUILLOTA

THE province takes its name from the port that to-day ranks second in importance on the Pacific Coast of the American continent. In Spain there are several Valparaisos: a locality in the north of the province of Zamora, a farming district in the province of Seville, a stream in Jaen, a patch of pasture land in Toledo and two towns in Cuenca province.[1] Mariño de Lobera, in his *Crónica del Reino de Chile* (written between 1550 and 1594 and published in 1865) says that Valparaiso owes its name to one of Almagro's captains, Juan de Saavedra, who thus baptised it in memory of his native land in the year 1536.

Its climate and products differ little from those of the province of Aconcagua. The fertility of its soils diminishes in proportion to their distance from the river Aconcagua, which justly enjoys the title of "The Chilean Nile." The valleys through which it flows are amazingly productive, especially the valley of Quillota,[2] wherein lies the old city of that name, founded on November 11th, 1717, on what was formerly an Indian encampment, by Don Martin de Santiago Concha, Judge

[1] Madoz: *Diccionario Geográfico Estadístico de España.*

[2] According to *Astaburuaga's Diccionario Geográfico*, the name is not Araucanian, but comes from the Aymará word *quilluta*, meaning "to swagger about." As the climate is very bracing, the etymology seems *ben trovato.*

5

of the Royal Court of Lima, and on that account called "San Martin de la Concha" until, in 1822, it was given the appellation it bears to-day. Irrigated lands here fetch higher prices than anywhere else in central Chile. Vineyards and alfalfa fields, market gardens and walnut groves, orchards and cornfields vie with one another in exuberance all along the railway from Llay-Llay.[1]

Llay-Llay is a junction, a draughty, smoky station that becomes thronged with people when the trains from the capital to the bay meet those which come down from Santa Rosa de los Andes to connect with the international line that crawls across the Cordillera and creeps away over the Argentine pampas. Female hawkers clamorously offer fruits that speak eloquently of the fertility of the local soil, goat's-milk cheeses from which it is possible to deduce the fact that the valley is hemmed in by high mountains and precipitous slopes, pasties that testify to the vicinity's abundance of flour and poultry, nosegays sweetly perfumed though the flowers be small, uncultivated and ill-matched as to colour; newspaper-sellers bawl the names of journals and reviews; the crowd bustles about; trunks, baskets, packages, bales covered and sewn with the hemp grown in the district, are hauled hither and thither; engine-bells clang; guards clap their hands to indicate to the passengers the imminence of departure. Such is the scene and such the tumult that greets the traveller who arrives at this vertebra of the iron backbone joining Santiago, the political capital, and Valparaiso, the commercial metropolis.

Hardly is Llay-Llay left behind when the eye dwells with pleasure on the gentle, vine-clad slopes of Pachacama, where in pre-conquest times there was probably an Inca temple such as that which Padre Rosales says

[1] A native name, according to Astaburuaga a doublet of *llagh*, meaning "pieces" or "halves." Here the etymology is obscure, unless it were intended to indicate the junction of the two valleys, Aconcagua and Quillota.

existed in Colina,[1] dedicated to the Peruvian god Pachacámac. A short distance away is Ocoa, with its great groves of giant palms (*Micrococus chilensis*), natives of Chile, which yield large bunches of miniature coconuts and whose sap, a syrup that pours out of the smallest incision, is the basis of a confection much appreciated by epicures and of quite a lucrative trade. Its commercial name is "Palm-Honey." A good trunk of this tree, large in the centre but thin at the base and at the top, may yield ninety gallons of syrup.

Eight or nine miles further on towards Valparaiso is La Calera, another junction, perhaps more important than Llay-Llay, whence the Northern Longitudinal railway starts on its long course to Iquique, covering a distance of 1,056 miles and traversing the whole Chilean desert. Spread out at the feet of the great chalk hills from which it takes its name, and lying along the banks of the Aconcagua—which at flood-time looks like a chocolate-coloured arm of the sea and at the end of the dry season might be an alluvion of water-worn stones—La Calera is gradually being converted into an industrial centre. Already it possesses large cement factories, two important mills and many smaller industries.

Another few miles and Quillota is reached, a village—and yet a city—that sprawls over an immense area. It is impossible to speak of Quillota without recalling that the real discoverer of Chile, Pedro de Valdivia, chose this site for his haciendas when he had at his disposal the whole extent of a country six times as large as the United Kingdom. It was in Quillota, too, that the cultivation of cereals was first begun in Chile; after the storming and destruction of Santiago by the Indians in 1541, when but two *almuerzas*[2] of corn were saved, these were carefully sown in plots at Quillota and in the following summer yielded the twelve *fanegas* from which the cultivation of this crop was to develop. A

[1] A village some eighteen miles north of Santiago.

[2] A Spanish measure of the epoch—a "double-handful."

development which, to-day, has reached such vast proportions.

The hill of Mayaca, a promontory of scanty circumference, is rightly Quillota's outpost, because its name, derived from the Quichua word *muya*, signifying "orchard," is an indication that it stands in the middle of the real fruit-garden of central Chile. Here, in villas encircled by bleached walls from many of which the facing has peeled off, grows every fruit that the palate can desire; to these rough and grimy stone fences cling creepers heavily laden with the blossoms of the passion-flower, which bears in its corolla the attributes of Christ's Calvary, or with jasmine that sweetens the evening air. On the box-bordered lawns grow fuchsias, and mignonette and roses mingle their rich scents. Among the trees the *chirimoyo* (*Anona cherimolia*, Gay), which gives the "cool round fruit"[1] so suggestively indicated by its Quichua name, overtops the rest; but in all the temperate or the cold zone there is no fruit that this greatly blessed land does not produce in abundance and to perfection.

On the hill of Mayaca already mentioned and on many of the promontories deriving from the foothills of the central range in this exuberant valley of Quillota can be seen the May Crosses which the rustic piety of the peasantry has erected, and which are merely the remnants of the feast of the same kind still observed in the Basque provinces of Spain, the cradle of so many Chilean families. On the first day of May every little Basque boy joins a supplicatory procession to Mount Urkabe carrying a twig of flowering whitethorn. With bunches of these twigs, when the procession is over, they make crosses which they place on the window frames as a protection against lightning. In these provinces there are pilgrimages to the mountains to visit the cross on the summit, and there they dance to the sound of timbrel

[1] *Chiri*, "cold," *muyu*, "circle" or "wheel." *Lenz's Diccionario Etimológico.*

". . . IS OCOA, WITH ITS GREAT GROVES OF GIANT PALMS (MICROCOCUS CHILENSIS), NATIVES OF CHILE . . ." (page 67).

and accordion.[1] This latter is the form which the feast has taken amongst the Chilean peasantry, and which has been so general in the valley of Quillota.

A little distance from the village-city rises the Cerro de la Campana, whose graceful outlines are visible from the sea. This height was climbed in August, 1834, by the illustrious Darwin,[2] who stayed for some time at the hacienda San Isidro, which lies at its foot, and which, like so many of the most fertile estates in Chile, belonged to the Jesuits until their expulsion in 1767. Here, a league from the city of Quillota, Darwin wrote some of the most delightful pages of his record of travels.

The Quillota valley opens on to the Pacific where the river Aconcagua flows into it, dividing the roadstead of Concón from Quintero Bay. This last is perhaps the best natural harbour in the whole of the central zone of Chile for the anchorage of ships, and apart from its abundance of fish and shell-fish, which led the Dutch corsair Joris Spilbergen to mark it in his map "*portus hic nullus fecundus*," it has interesting historical associations. It was discovered by Don Alonso de Quintero, an inveterate gambler, who gave it his name. Gonzalo Fernandez de Oviedo, in his *Historia General y Natural de las Indias*, says that he knew him well and that he was a skilled navigator, not sailing by the quadrant, but finding his own routes and trusting to his own common sense, and more devoted to the pack of cards than anyone else; but of the astrolabe he knew nothing. Later it was the site of Lord Cochrane's hacienda. Here, in 1822, he was visited by the English traveller and author Mary Graham, who wrote one of the most illuminating books on life in Chile at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

[1] Annual Report of the *Sociedad Eusko-Folklore*, Spain, 1922.

[2] The famous zoologist and botanist Charles Darwin, who, describing the Quillota valley, says, "The country was exceedingly pleasant: just such as poets would call pastoral." "Whoever called Valparaiso the 'Valley of Paradise,'" he adds, "must have been thinking of Quillota."

On the confines of Quillota, and separating it from the Department of Valparaiso, is the Department of Limache, which began to be populated when gold mines —worked out centuries ago—were discovered there. To-day it is essentially agricultural, its rich lands watered by irrigation canals from the Aconcagua. On the hill-side near the railway one sees the rectangular plots of one of the most renowned vineyards in Chile, laid out in the middle of the nineteenth century by the copper-magnate Don José Tomás Urmeneta, who had made his fortune in the Tamaya mine, and who combined with a Basque origin the temperament and education of a great British nobleman.

About the year 1550, shortly after the discovery of Chile, this district was called San Pedro de Limache, and in 1636, when it still formed part of Renca (one of the parishes of Santiago), it acquired a certain degree of fame through the finding of an image of Christ which drew pilgrimages from all over Chile, at a time when religious fanaticism led to a love of the supernatural. This image, so the legend[1] runs, emerged, like that of Andacollo, from the trunk of a bay-tree which an Indian was cutting down for building timber. The shape of the cross was perfect, and although the face of the image was disfigured by a blow from the axe, its arms, chest and sides were as if carved by an artist. It seems, however, as though a good deal of religious faith were necessary to appreciate the sculptured form of this vegetable prodigy, for the historian Padre Alonso Ovalle,[2] who saw the so-called Crucifix of Limache, says:

"I must confess that when, from the porch of the church, I saw this prodigy of a *tree* and the celestial figure of the crucifix appeared to me *all confused* I was inwardly moved."[3]

[1] The story of the Christ of Limache is related with abundance of details in Eyzaguirre's *Historia Eclesiástica de Chile*, Vol. II, pp. 417 *et seq.*

[2] A Jesuit born in Chile in 1601, who published in Italy in 1646 a History of Chile, ill-documentated but of great interest.

[3] The Author's italics.

"TO-DAY LIMACHE IS ESSENTIALLY AGRICULTURAL, ITS RICH LANDS WATERED BY IRRIGATION CANALS FROM THE ACONCAGUA" (page 70).

It would be difficult to-day to conjecture what degree of fact there was about the discovery, for the celebrated crucifix that lent so much fame to Limache some three hundred years ago was burned in the middle of the nineteenth century in the fire that occurred in the church at Renca, whither the priest of that parish had removed it.

Nowadays the life of the District is concentred in the new town which, under the name of San Francisco de Limache, has grown up along the railway to Valparaiso, and which in the midst of country houses and productive haciendas possesses one of the best and most important breweries in Chile.

The little valley of Limache ends at the feet of the granite, flat-topped, smooth-sloped mountains that frame the bay of Valparaiso. In winter and at the beginning of spring their sides are clothed with a cloak of emerald-green sprinkled with small wild flowers, yellow and blue; but in summer and autumn they take on an unpleasing drab hue, and of the mid-year's vegetation, all that remains is in the depths of the *quebradas*—myrtles and cinnamons and the *culen*, all natives of the region, with here and there a magnificent specimen of those royal palms (*Tubea expectabilis*) that clash their green fans together with a dry rattling sound like the shuffling of a pack of cards when the wind stirs their branches.

The train traverses this cluster of hills by narrow defiles and bridges thrown across deep ravines, wriggling round cliff-faces in daring curves. It passes through Marga-Marga, famous at one time for the rich gold placers found there by the Spaniards and later on because, in the middle of the nineteenth century, Monvoisin, a notable French artist who came to Chile in 1843, had a country house there. Monvoisin deserves to be remembered as one of the founders of Chilean art.[1] It

[1] Raymond Monvoisin, 1793–1870; was awarded the Prix d'Honneur for his *Orestes et Philades.*

may be that the great painter was charmed by the wonderful clearness of the atmosphere hereabouts, which on most days is surprising.

II

THE "VALLEY OF PENCO" OF DON PEDRO DE VALDIVIA

AT last, through forests of eucalyptus, the train reaches Viña del Mar, the aristocratic suburb, and the garden, of Chile's commercial capital. Here nothing is indigenous, and one would seek in vain for memories of the past.

Everything dates from the day before yesterday. Linked to Valparaiso, six miles distant, by triple bonds of railroad, electric tramway and a magnificent "speedway" specially built for motor-cars, Viña del Mar, with its 50,000 inhabitants, its race tracks, polo grounds, golf links and tennis courts, its splendid social club and its gay dwelling-houses, takes on during the summer months (from January to March) all the liveliness of one of the great seaside resorts of the Old Continent. The fruitfulness of the soil and the benignity of a climate in which the mean temperature is 57.3° Fahr. have attracted to Viña del Mar all those upon whom fortune has smiled, and morning and evening, in the clear, flower-scented air of the place, they seek compensation for the heavy atmosphere, the crowded streets and the feverish competition of life in Valparaiso.

Viña del Mar was originally known as the Valley of Penco, and bore this name when, in 1556, Pedro de Valdivia made grants of land there to two of his friends, Don Francisco de Riveros and Don Juan Dávalos Jufré. A vineyard which Don Alonso de Riveros, one of the sons of Don Francisco, had on the north bank of the Marga-Marga somewhat later, gave it in 1586 the name it bears to-day. And so unimportant was the Viña del Mar of that epoch, that the widow of the other grantee

sold her portion to Riveros for 150 pesos in good gold, and Riveros, having with another 200 pesos bought Reñaca, the northern part of the commune of Viña del Mar, in 1660, became thereby sole owner of what to-day is worth certainly not less than 200,000,000 pesos![1] Until 1840 Viña del Mar was but a wretched village surrounded by excellent farmland and isolated from Valparaiso (which before the nineteenth century was not in much better case itself) by precipitous hills and bold cliffs which have had to be dynamited to make way for the means of communication and to establish the close contact in which the business centre and the garden city live nowadays.

III

THE "PUERTO DE SANTIAGO" OF COLONIAL DAYS

THE city of Valparaiso, says Vicuña Mackenna,[2] is the legitimate daughter of the Independence; and he speaks truth, for during the colonial period (1544–1810) the "Port of Santiago," as it was then called, had only a secondary importance. In spite of its relative proximity to the capital of the Kingdom, the favoured ports were Coquimbo in the North and Penco in the South. Chile's first Spanish Governor of note, Don Garcia Hurtado de Mendoza (1556–1571) disembarked in Coquimbo and went overland to Concepción in order to continue the interrupted and ill-fated war of conquest in indomitable Arauco. Until the end of the sixteenth century the proud and prosperous city of Valparaiso was no more than a collection of hovels flung together in the shelter of a redoubt guarded by a few

[1] Santiago Marín Vicuña, in his *Valorización Territorial de la República*, published in 1918, puts the value of Viña del Mar property at $196,776,000.

[2] *Historia de Valparaiso*, by Benjamin Vicuña Mackenna.

soldiers. The Chango Indians,[1] fishers and farmers, held in their languid, humble hands the sceptre of all the district's business, tilling their plots of maize, from which they prepared a concoction called *humintas* (a pap made of maize and wrapped in maize leaves) and putting out to sea in their seal-skin covered coracles to fish in waters teeming with food.

During the first century of its existence the city of Valparaiso knew only the petty ups and downs of a township in its first beginnings, poor to the verge of misery. Its chief afflictions, apart from the terrors of the earthquakes, were the sackings and burnings of the filibusters, who destroyed their few buildings and cleared their bay of the barques that from time to time cast anchor there, bringing modest cargoes from Perú and waiting for the wheat, *charqui* (sun-dried meat), tallow and negroes (these last brought from Africa, either over the Andes or round by the Straits, in transit for Perú) which that centre of all the Pacific Coast activities of colonial Spain demanded for its sustenance and development.

"Beauty and booty" was what the British corsairs sought in the poverty-stricken bay of Valparaiso of the sixteenth century. On the 4th of December, 1578, Sir Francis Drake arrived there with the splendid squadron which had sailed from Plymouth the previous year, equipped with great luxury for the epoch: silver table-service, chamber musickers, gorgeous furniture—everything, in short, that would enable the inhabitants of the countries marked out for his maraudings to admire the civilisation and the magnificence of his native land, as he himself said, according to Vaux. On the humble shores of Valparaiso he found only victuals, "a certain amount of fine gold and a great gold cross encrusted with emeralds on which a god of the same metal was nailed," as Burney tells us. A few years later another British

[1] In the book, *My Native Land—Peoples of Old*, by the same author, a fuller account is given of the primitive inhabitants of this region.

"'BEAUTY AND BOOTY' WAS WHAT THE BRITISH CORSAIRS, SUCH AS SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, SOUGHT IN THE POVERTY-STRICKEN BAY OF VALPARAISO OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY" (page 74).

privateer, Richard Hawkins, threw into the sea from his brig *Dainty* another crucifix, much to the horror of the few but fanatical inhabitants of the embryo city. No less implacable towards Valparaiso were the Dutch corsairs, who set out to intercept at their source the gold and treasure which Philip II was receiving from America and by means of which he kept the Low Countries under his heel. In 1598 Dirick Gerritz arrived at Valparaiso in the *Cerf Volant*, fitted out by a rich merchant of Rotterdam, and in the same year came Pieter de Verhaven to " exploit " Spanish America ; in 1600 the ferocious Oliveiro de Noort put to the sword the crews of the three small ships anchored in the bay, and in 1615 Joris Spilbergen bombarded without ruth and without success the wretched little village, which defended itself as best it could.

No one who sees modern Valparaiso's trade and shipping movement[1] can imagine the languor and the solitude of the bay up to the eighteenth century, a solitude only broken on those rare and fearful occasions when the corsairs hove in sight or when small convoys were organised in combination with the system of fleets and galleons directed by the Cádiz Monopolists Company, which had cornered the trade of the colonial dominions of the Spanish Crown. Every four or five years it was announced in Cádiz, Lima, Veracruz and Acapulco[2] that a fleet was to be made up, and in Cádiz and Callao the vessels that were to compose it—most of them old galleys—duly made rendezvous. Those at Cádiz loaded European goods: cloth, silkstuffs, iron from Vizcaya ; the Callao fleet took on principally gold and silver, thereby arousing the cupidity of the pirates and privateers who roved those seas to waylay these expeditions.

[1] In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the movement of the port was just beginning. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, the shipping traffic amounted to 30,000 or 40,000 tons a year, almost equally divided between English and American vessels. In 1925, the latest statistics to hand show that the movement at Valparaiso was of 2,776 ships and 5,966,353 tons.

[2] Spain and her two great American viceroyalties Perú and México.

The Cádiz fleet made for Cartagena de Indias, in the Atlantic, and the Callao squadron for Panamá. As soon as each was informed of the arrival of the other the Great Fair of Portobello was organised, at which the exchange of cargoes was effected in the midst of tremendous orgies. The crossing of the Isthmus of Panamá was done on mule-back, and the single small vessel that sailed for Chile took the little that could be transported in this way. With good fortune it would reach its destination every five or six years; in time of war ten and even fifteen years would pass without fleet or communications. The vessels were so unseaworthy that one out of every five was wrecked.

In such obscurity, poverty and neglect lived the commercial capital of Chile up to the eighteenth century, when, thanks to the close alliance which the War of Succession created between the Kings of France and Spain, French navigators began to arrive in the Pacific via Cape Horn. The first French vessel to reach Valparaiso was the *Aurora* frigate in 1701. Eleven years later came another carrying aboard her the famous French naturalist, Frézier, sent out by Louis XIV to study the flora and fauna of Virgin America. His name deserves to be remembered if only because it was he who introduced into Europe a Chilean fruit of much renown —none other than the strawberry.[1] Many Chilean families of to-day who bear French names are descendants of voyagers who went to Chile in the course of the eighteenth century: Morandé (a corruption of Morandais), Fabres, Letelier, Pradel, Lois, Montané.

[1] *Fragaria chilensis.* See p. 70 of *Rélation du Voyage de la Mer du Sud*, par M. Frézier, Ingénieur ordinaire du Roy; fait pendant les années 1712, 1713 et 1714.

IV

THE SHIP WITH ALL SAILS SET

WITH the end of the eighteenth century Valparaiso derived much encouragement from the high road to Santiago which Don Ambrosio O'Higgins, the most illustrious and progressive of Chile's colonial Governors, had had constructed in 1791, recovering its cost by levying a toll of four reals for each cart and half a real for every mule.

By 1795 the aspect of Valparaiso was beginning to change. The famous English navigator, George Vancouver, who arrived there in March of that year, thus describes in his book his first impressions :

" In the bay and near to the shore rode several sail of merchant ships engaged in their respective occupations ; to and from which boats were passing and repassing to the shore, where a very lively scene was exhibited of men and cattle ; the whole exhibiting that sort of commercial intercourse between distant countries, that the arts and civilisation can alone carry into effect."[1]

And further on (page 403) he adds :

" A ship that had been seen in the offing in the morning anchored soon after us, and, together with the *Discovery* and *Chatham*, made ten sail of vessels riding in the bay."

This was certainly progress compared with the times of the pirates and the trade galleon that arrived every five years or so, and it foreshadowed the extraordinary development that Valparaiso was to achieve in the nineteenth century.

When in 1791 the illustrious Don Ambrosio O'Higgins installed the first Cabildo or town corporation Valparaiso boasted four thousand inhabitants, according to Blanchard Chessi, and although it had not lost its

[1] *A Voyage of Discovery round the World,* Vol. III, chap. v, p. 389. Published in London in 1798 by G. G. & J. Robinson, Paternoster Row, and J. Edwards, Pall Mall.

quality of fortified town, given to it in 1682, it had begun to take on the first visible attributes of a commercial emporium. In 1789 a Royal Warrant granted it the title of "Most Noble and Loyal" and by Royal Decree of March 9th, 1802, it was invested with cityship and awarded its arms, which consisted of

"An image of the Virgin of Puerto Claro, upright upon a Castle, in sign of the patron saint which the town has adopted and of the quality of fortified place which attaches to Valparaiso, the whole crowned by an Imperial Eagle with wings spread."

After the Independence, Valparaiso's coat-of-arms, like those of many other Chilean cities, was replaced by one on which is blazoned a ship with sails spread and a lone star—undoubtedly a more appropriate device than the mystic-military symbol of a Valparaiso "half Convent, half ruined fortress," as Vicuña Mackenna puts it, which disappeared for ever with the Colony.

The "ship with all sails set" is, in fact, an emblem which embraces the whole history of Valparaiso from the arrival there on the good ship *San Pedro*, of which he was the owner, in August of the year 1544, of its first Governor, the illustrious mariner, Don Juan Bautista Pastene (born at Genoa in 1508 and in the service of Pizarro from 1540), sent from Perú by Vaca de Castro,[1] with the title of "First General of the South Sea" in search of Chile's *conquistador*, Don Pedro de Valdivia, of whom nothing had been heard for two years. Valdivia, much taken with Pastene's good qualities and with his seamanship, confirmed his title and fixed his jurisdiction as "from the valley of Copayapó, which I called Possession, because I took it there in the name of His Majesty, to the Strait of Magallanes that I hear of," as is recited in a document issued by Valdivia in 1544. From Valparaiso, then, on September 4th, 1544, sailed the first squadron under the command of Pastene, to

[1] Cristóbal Vaca de Castro, a magistrate sent out to Perú by the Emperor Carlos V in 1540 to restore order after the execution of Almagro.

take possession of the two hundred leagues of coast which the King of Spain had assigned to Pedro de Valdivia as the extension of the Kingdom of La Nueva Extremadura. On his voyage he baptised many of the coastal places with names which, after nearly four centuries, they still bear.

From Valparaiso, too, on March 17th, 1817, sailed the *Aguila* brig, of 220 tons register, the first vessel to hoist the flag of Independent Chile. Her Captain, the Irish-born Raymond Morris, heads the brilliant list of British names connected with the creation of the Chilean Navy.[1] Valparaiso, on April 27th, 1818, was the scene of the engagement between the *Lautaro* frigate (purchased with money partly belonging to the State and partly subscribed by British merchants of Valparaiso), commanded by O'Brien, another Chilean sailor of Irish origin, and the Spanish frigate *Esmeralda*, on whose deck O'Brien fell when boarding her. Sixty-one years later, on May 21st, 1879, the Captain of another Chilean *Esmeralda* perished in like manner on the deck of the Peruvian monitor *Huascar* in Iquique roadstead.

From Valparaiso, again, on October 9th, 1818, sailed the First National Squadron, commanded by Don Manuel Blanco Encalada and composed of the line-of-battle ship *San Martin*, the *Lautaro* frigate, the *Chacabuco* sloop and the *Araucano* brig. It carried in all 1,109 men—a formidable force for Chile in those days—and 142 guns, and on November 16th returned triumphant from the capture, off Quiriquina,[2] of the *Reina Maria Isabel* frigate, the most powerful of the vessels sent by Spain to the Pacific to crush the revolt of the American patriots. A few days later (November 28th) Lord Cochrane arrived at Valparaiso on the English frigate *Rose* to assume command of the Chilean Squadron with the rank of Admiral. It is but just that one of Val-

[1] Luis Uribe's *Nuestra Marina Nacional.*

[2] An Island to the west of Talcahuano Bay in the Province of Concepción.

paraiso's streets should bear Lord Cochrane's name and that Chilean gratitude should have erected a monument to his memory in one of the city's squares.

It was from Valparaiso, too, that on August 20th, 1820, the Perú Liberation Expedition under General San Martin sailed in a squadron commanded by Lord Cochrane—the strongest fleet that South Pacific waters had ever seen. The "Port of Santiago," as it had been styled during the Colonial era, was thus beginning to be the centre of all Independent Chile's maritime activities.

In Valparaiso, on July 6th, 1822, Lord Cochrane took through her trials *La Estrella Naciente*, the first steam-boat to sail the Pacific. This vessel was built on the Thames in 1818, under Lord Cochrane's own eye, by order of Don José Antonio Alvarez Condarco, then the Chilean Government's Diplomatic Agent in London. It thus fell to Chile to experiment with steamboats thirty years before they came into common use. On the trial trip to Quintero, with Captain Spencer of H.M.S. *Alacrity* and the before-mentioned Miss Mary Graham as passengers, the new departure developed a speed of four knots.

Throughout the nineteenth century, convoys and squadrons and naval divisions put out from Valparaiso: in 1838 and 1879 bearing the arms of Chile to fight for her national existence, in 1891 carrying the representatives of Congress in the civil war which ended that year in the establishment of the parliamentary régime.

V

THE BRITISH SEAL ON THE CITY OF TO-DAY

IT would seem as though during her century of independence Valparaiso desired to make up in activity and importance the time lost in three centuries of colonial inertia. And her transformation has been the more complete since the earthquake of

"IT WAS FROM VALPARAISO THAT ON AUGUST 20TH, 1820, THE PERÚ LIBERATION EXPEDITION UNDER GENERAL SAN MARTIN SAILED IN A SQUADRON COMMANDED BY LORD COCHRANE . . ." (page 80).

August 16th, 1906, in which 3,000 people were killed and over 20,000 injured. This cataclysm wrought its greatest destruction in the district called the Almendral.

The earthquake of 1906 is not the only calamity that has visited this part of modern Valparaiso. In 1647, in 1730 and again in 1751 immense tidal waves destroyed its little woods and its market gardens—now broad streets and spacious avenues.

Pedro Montt Avenue, so named in memory of the Chilean President who was the prime mover in the rebuilding of the city after the earthquake of 1906, the main artery of the district in question, was for centuries used by the mule-drivers as a race track.

Hemmed in between the mountains and the sea, the city of Valparaiso is, like the country itself, long and narrow, and hence it is that urban property has increased in value more rapidly, and to a greater extent, than in any other Chilean city, including the capital itself, and that in spite of earthquakes the demand for accommodation keeps rents at a high figure. This is especially the case in the quarter in which the principal banks are situated. There was a time, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the British warships in the bay of Valparaiso were veritable floating banks, receiving deposits of bar-silver at an interest of as much as 2 per cent. Chilean, English, American and German credit institutions, all founded in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, have to-day their palatial premises in the Calle Prat. This, until the beginning of the nineteenth century, was a district of *adobe*-walled,[1] tile-roofed warehouses belonging to three powerful families of the epoch, the Iñiguez, the Manterola and the Varela families; and the Calle Cochrane, which runs parallel to the Calle Prat and ranks next to it in importance, was no more than a row of enclosures for the mules that fetched and carried in large bags the modest commerce of a port still in swaddling-clothes.

[1] Mud-bricks.

The Calle Esmeralda, thus christened to commemorate a name trebly glorious in the naval history of Chile,[1] but until lately known as the Calle del Cabo, is to-day the centre of high-class shops. A century ago no one would venture into it unarmed. At its back rise the steep sides of the Cerro de la Concepción, which a progressive resident of British nationality, Mr. Searle (founder of the Chilean family of that name) suggested to Portales[2] should be levelled by dynamite and its material used for reclaiming land from the sea. To-day this and the other hills which surround the city are, as it were, stuck full of buildings, some good, some bad, representing a value that would make it impossible to apply to any one of them Mr. Searle's daring project. The latest assessment to hand places the value of urban property in Valparaiso at $502,025,064. Along the bed of each of the quebradas that separate these hills, avenues and streets have been formed that twist and turn in sharp contortions and sinuosities. Here is agglomerated no small proportion of the population, for whom is provided close and easy contact with the foreshore in the shape of a large number of elevators, which climb and descend the precipitous hillsides at all hours of the day and night.

At the two extremities of this human beehive, on the flat summits of two hills that mark pretty accurately the city's urban bounds, are two buildings that symbolise the history of old Valparaiso, half convent, half fort. At the southern end is the Naval School, which has already celebrated its centenary, it having been founded in 1818 by a decree signed by O'Higgins and Zenteno, a white, modern edifice that announces its character with a flagstaff erected on a terrace overlooking the

[1] The fight between the *Lautaro* and the *Esmeralda* of April 27th, 1818; the capture of *La Esmeralda* by Lord Cochrane in Callao, November 5th, 1820; the engagement between the *Esmeralda* and the *Huascar* in Iquique roadstead, May 21st, 1879.

[2] The great Minister who assumed the reins of Government, April 6th, 1830.

sea; at the northern extreme are the church and convent of the Franciscans, built in 1670, with the name of San Antonio de Puerto Claro, to serve as a hospice for monks who arrived there to await ships that were to carry them to Spain or to Perú.[1] And this was not the only religious order that maintained in Valparaiso a centre of communication with the outside world. The majority of the convents in Santiago had warehouses in which they deposited the produce of their huge estates, and in place of the British, American, German, Italian and French firms that now announce their commercial activities on great signs, the little religio-military redoubt of colonial times knew only the *Bodega de las Clarisas*, the *Bodega de las Agustinas* and such like, whose thick walls protected the grain, the tallow and the jerked beef that vessels bearing names such as "Our Lady of Pain," "The Holy Christ of Lero" and "The Great Might of God" were to carry to Perú or to Panamá, the central emporium.

Modern Valparaiso bears on its buildings and in the customs of its inhabitants the indelible impress of that British influence which roused it from its colonial somnolence. The founders of its important trade were Britishers who became Chileans, took an active part in the chances and perils of the Independence and of the Republic's first years, and left behind them families who have followed their footsteps. Amongst them must be mentioned, in the first place, Joshua Waddington, a man as enterprising as he was high-minded; Grosvenor Bunster; the two brothers Cood, natives of Donegal, Ireland; the Scot MacFarlane, who was Lord Cochrane's factor; Caldeleugh, who wrote an excellent account of the Chile of his time; Robert Budge, who was a midshipman aboard the *Bellerophon* when that vessel carried Napoleon the Great, and who died in his adopted city; and finally William Bateman and John Martin, who

[1] *Historia de las Misiones del Colegio de Chillán*, by Padre Roberto Lagos.

brought about the transformation of Valparaiso's hills and the sanitation of its streets.

The depredations of Drake and Hawkins in Valparaiso's rudimentary epoch were requited over and over again by a few men of the same race, who not only placed in the city's hands the sceptre of trade in the South Pacific, but also set that standard of honour and fair dealing which is the finest tradition of Chile's commercial capital.

From the first days of the Independence the British have shown in Valparaiso a desire to observe towards Chile the respect and, one might say, the affection they feel for her; they have above all *played fair* with the Chileans. On September 9th, 1827, Lieutenant Fullerton of the British Navy, while at the theatre had an altercation with a Chilean sergeant, one José Maria Muñoz, who was on guard there, and in an access of fury pistolled him to death. *El Mercurio*, a newspaper whose first number appeared three days later, on September 12th, 1827, began its journalistic life with a leading article in which it protested, in the high-flown language then usual, against the outrage, raising the question whether, as the British Navy was concerned in it, the national honour was or was not at stake. Admiral Sinclair, who commanded the naval division to which Fullerton belonged, delivered up the culprit to be judged by a court-martial of Chilean general officers, notwithstanding that His Britannic Majesty's Government had not then recognised Chile's independence. Great Britain recognised the independence of Chile in October of that same year.

In so doing Admiral Sinclair only followed the example of George Vancouver, who in 1795, having at the request of the Governor of Valparaiso sent a detachment ashore to guard a tent erected in the "village of the Almendral" for the purpose of carrying out certain repairs to the rigging of his ship, proceeded as indicated in the account of his voyages:

"PEDRO MONTT AVENUE, THE MAIN ARTERY . . ., WAS FOR CENTURIES USED BY THE MULE-DRIVERS AS A RACE-TRACK" (page 81).

"The Marines however were landed with a serjeant and planted as centinels, with positive orders from me on no account to hurt any of the inhabitants, even though they should be detected in the very act of thieving; but to secure their persons, that they might be dealt with according to their own laws."

Noblesse oblige.

. . . . . .

On hot summer nights one sees from the height of Viña del Mar the distant flashing of the lighthouse at Punta de Curaumilla, the advance-guard, as it were, of a regiment of lights that twinkle on the hillsides and mark out with close-ranked points of brilliance the city's twisted avenues and streets. On the deep waters of the bay and on the contours of the mountains that frame it this bright multitude sheds a thin, diaphanous luminosity that shows them raven-black, insensibly recalling by the thought of the gloomy past and the present brilliance of Chile's chief port, Goethe's words:

"It is where there is much light that the shadows are deepest."

CHAPTER VII

SANTIAGO

"This Countrie hath but four months of Winter, during the which, except as the moon be at the Quarter, when it rains a day or two, the Sun shines soe fair that none needs stand by the fire. The Summer is soe tempered and the aires soe pleasunt that a man may walk all day in the Sun and it shall not vex him."

(*Don Pedro de Valdivia's first letter to the Emperor Charles V after the founding of Santiago.*)

I. At the Foot of Huelen and on the Banks of the Camaleon—II. Churches and Buildings—III. The Mint—IV. Squares—V. Streets and Houses—VI. Earthquakes—VII. Horse-racing—VIII. The Lion with Sword Unsheathed.

I

AT THE FOOT OF HUELEN AND ON THE BANKS OF THE CAMALEON

THE river Mapocho,[1] a bully that brawls in winter and hides in summer, runs between two hills: one which the Spaniards for many years called "The Great Hill that is on the other side of the river," but to which they gave later its present name of San Cristóbal, and another smaller one which was called Huelen in honour of the cacique Huelen-Huala, sometime lord of the surrounding district, but is now known as the Cerro Santa Lucía. On reaching the banks of the Mapocho, Don Pedro de Valdivia fulfilled, on December 13th, 1540,[2] the solemn vow he had made in the Cathedral at Cuzco, before setting out on his rash

[1] From the Quichua *mapu*, "earth," and *chong*, signifying extinction; hence "river which buries itself in the earth." (Thayer Ojeda.)

[2] This is the date given by Vicuña Mackenna in his *Historia de Santiago*. It probably corresponds to the day when Valdivia arrived at the Mapocho, and as that is Santa Lucia's day, he gave her name to the hill of Huelen. The Deed of Foundation which Valdivia ordered to be drawn up bears date the 12th of February, 1541.

expedition, to found a city that should bear the name of the apostle of the Spanish knights. A good son of the Extremadura, he called what is to-day the capital of the Republic of Chile, "Santiago del Nuevo Extremo."

For nearly four centuries it has preserved the plan —a very usual one in South America—set as a standard for the Spanish conquistadores by the Emperor Carlos V in his *Ordenanza* of 1523, which bade them:

"When they make the plan of the place, let them divide it by line and rule into its squares, streets and house plots, beginning with the great square and leading the streets out of them to the gates and high roads, and leaving so much open space that even though the population should multiply greatly the plan can be pursued and extended in the same manner."

Valdivia made admirable choice of site for the future city, albeit it was not his idea that Santiago should be the chief city of the kingdom. His intention was rather that the capital should be further south, and with this in mind he founded the city of Imperial in 1551 with eighty inhabitants, and Valdivia in 1552 with one hundred, whereas to Santiago he assigned only eighty, and to Concepción (founded in 1550) no more than forty.

The natural grandeur of the panorama that surrounds Santiago is, and has always been, its great attraction. However much its buildings may progress, however much its squares and streets may be beautified and its parks increased in number, nothing will surpass the magnificence of the Cordillera, with its peaks of eternal snow or the exuberance and fertility of the valley that fades out on the distant horizon, where the hills of the Central Chain raise their blue and rosy crests. Centuries ago, in 1647, Alonso Ovalle, a Chilean-born Jesuit, published in Rome an *Historical Account of the Kingdom of Chile*,[1]

[1] A street in Santiago, in which are situated the present convent and college of the Jesuits, bears the name of the author of this chronicle, in which descriptive power is combined with strong affection for his native country.

in which he described in the following terms the view of the Andes cordillera from Santiago:

"Then, when the sun is shining on that immensity of snow and on the steep slopes and white sides and ridges of those far-spread mountains, it is a sight that even to us who were born here and are accustomed to it is wonderful, and gives cause to render praise to the Maker who could create so much beauty."

Among those mountains, which for nearly four centuries have watched Santiago grow until she extends to their very feet, is the San José de Maipo volcano,[1] and somewhat farther away, hidden from the sight of the inhabitants of the capital by interposing heights, stands the still loftier Tupungato, 21,230 feet above sea-level.

Even before the conquest the valley in which Santiago lies was the most populous in Chile. Its lands were fruitful, its climate favourable and all the water needed for cultivation could be drawn from the Mapocho, which one of the best of the Spanish chroniclers, Don José Perez Garcia, 1726–1814, alludes to as "the Chameleon"—a good name for a river whose waters are crystal clear in winter, mud-coloured in summer and yellow when stained by the sediment known as *polcura*.[2] Some 8,000 Indians[3] were living there in huts when Valdivia and his daring fellow-adventurers arrived to build a fortified city for the Spanish Crown, and the impression made upon Valdivia by that unexpected throng of natives must have been profound, for in a letter to Carlos V he told the monarch that the place was "a veritable town, and tilled land, and a gold mine, and there is no room for more people unless the houses be set one atop of the other."

[1] This volcano, 20,120 feet in height, erupted in 1822. It was climbed to its summit for the first time by H. Gewinner, of Valparaiso, in 1920.—Dr. Brüggen: *Revista Chilena de Historia Natural.*

[2] According to Domeyko (a Chilean scientist of Polish origin, 1802–1889), "polcura" is a borophosphate of magnesia and alumina.

[3] This is the figure which Vicuña Mackenna—repudiating the estimate of 80,000 made by the first Spanish chroniclers—gives in his *Historia de Santiago.*

From the strategical standpoint the site chosen was excellent. The river Mapocho, which for three centuries —until in fact it was enclosed in its present channel of rock[1]—ever and anon harassed Santiago by leaving its bed and sweeping away the barriers constructed, with more enthusiasm than foresight, by colonial Governors, forked at the place now called Cajitas de Agua and left the Cerro de Huelen and a large strip of land surrounded by a wide moat and secure against surprise attacks by the natives. Nor was the selection less happy from another point of view, seeing how necessary it was for Valdivia's 160 men to have assistance in building the city planned. Six thousand natives took part in the work of foundation, and continued to live in the valley. In 1613, seventy-two years later, a census taken by Judge Hernando de Machado revealed that Santiago possessed a population of 1,717 Spaniards or whites and 8,600 Indians, and later on, in the eighteenth century, the Spanish and white population was still far fewer than the native or half-breed element. The French naturalist Frézier, who was in Santiago in 1712, says that the Chilean capital could put 2,000 white men under arms and had three times as many half-breed inhabitants.

In 1808 the foreigners numbered only thirty-eight, of whom thirteen were Italians, eight French, six Portuguese and five North Americans, Germany, Austria, Denmark and Sweden having one representative each. Even now the proportion of aliens is insignificant, for out of the 507,296 inhabitants assigned to Santiago by the census of 1920 it did not amount to 4 per cent. The city's eminently national character, therefore, began with its beginning; so, too, did its psychology and mentality, wherein it differs vastly from Valparaiso, notwithstanding the short distance that separates them and the hourly contact in which they live.

The work of founding the city was begun with all the pomp and solemnity with which the conquistadores

[1] The Mapocho was canalised in 1887.

were wont to invest their public acts, both in homage to the majesty of their King and by reason of the necessity for impressing the natives with their power and greatness.

On February 12th, 1541, ninety of the 160 companions of Valdivia signed the Act of Foundation of Santiago, which is thus set forth in the *Calfskin Book*, the minute book of the Corporation of Santiago.

"At noon on the twelfth day of the month of February in the year Fifteen hundred and forty and one, this city was founded in the name of God, and of His blessed Mother, and of the Apostle Saint James, by the Most Magnificent Pedro de Valdivia, Lieutenant-Governor and Captain General under the Most Illustrious Francisco Pizarro, His Majesty's Governor and Captain General in the Provinces of Perú. And he named it the city of Santiago del Nuevo Extremo, and this province and its vicinage and whatever territory His Majesty may deem proper to be a government he named the Province of the New Extremadura!"

The large proportionate number of those who signed this minute shows that, in contrast with other conquistadores of America, these were, relatively, cultured. It is probable that after this first ceremony the *alarife*,[1] Pedro de Gamboa, proceeded to mark out the city, and that on February 24th—the date which Valdivia himself indicates, in his letters to Charles V of September 4th, 1545, and October 15th, 1550, as the day of foundation—the Lieutenant-Governor, with his own hands, set up in the middle of the square the "justice-tree" and, placing his right hand upon the cross of his sword, took solemn oath as a knight to hold the city in the name of the King.[2]

In spite of the documentary splendour attending its

[1] A word derived from the Arabic, signifying "master builder" or "architect." Gamboa, though he knew how to plan a city, could not write.

[2] Tomas Thayer Ojeda.

". . . THE MOST MAGNIFICENT PEDRO DE VALDIVIA, LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR AND CAPTAIN-GENERAL UNDER THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS FRANCISCO PIZARRO, HIS MAJESTY'S GOVERNOR AND CAPTAIN-GENERAL IN THE PROVINCES OF PERÚ . . ." (page 90).

birth, Santiago's first buildings and fortifications must have been of a very flimsy nature, for a few months later—September 11th, 1541—insurgent Indians demolished them all. They were only driven off when a Spanish lady, Doña Inés de Suarez, the first white woman to reach Chile, succeeded in persuading the defenders of the town to cut off the heads of seven caciques whom they were holding as hostages and throw them to the besiegers to demoralise them.

Thus the work of building the capital of the embryo city had to begin again. Certain of the numerous leafy woods near-by, of which not a trace remains to-day, furnished the necessary timber. The "cinnamons" of the "Paddock Wood" provided a timber that could not be bettered for beams and girders, and a little further away, on the Melipilla side,[1] the woods of San Francisco del Monte abounded with trees of other species no less useful for the purpose.

II

CHURCHES AND BUILDINGS

IN the year following the destruction of Santiago, Don Pedro de Valdivia began the construction of the first house the capital ever possessed. In May, 1542, on a site which perhaps is that now occupied in the Plaza de Armas by the Consistory, Valdivia showed by the tangible fact of building a residence his firm resolve to settle in the Kingdom he had just conquered.[2] And afterwards, as became a knight and a good Christian, he fulfilled the solemn vow which he had taken in the cathedral at Cuzco, and lifted with his own hands and carried upon his own shoulders the corner-stone of a

[1] Department of the province of Santiago; the name comes from the native word *melipyl*, signifying "a square space," such as is formed by the hills that surround the valley.

[2] This house was sold by Valdivia in 1552 to the Royal Treasury as a counting-house.

church dedicated to the Virgin, to be erected on the very spot where Santiago Cathedral[1] stands to-day. On the high altar of the Church of San Francisco, founded in 1572, is still preserved the image of the Virgen del Socorro which Valdivia carried at his saddle-bow to the conquest of Chile.

With these two buildings there began to be outlined the square that, unlike other city squares of Spanish colonial construction called "Plaza del Rey," was to bear to this day the name of Plaza de Armas—which did not always accurately describe it—and to be the centre of the city's animation. For many years it remained unpaved, even, for it served as a bull-ring (bull-fights were abolished over a century ago) and for the tourneys which were held on days when the oaths of allegiance to the King were taken, or when new Captains-General arrived, or on other important occasions. It was in tilting at the ring in his lady love's honour at one of these tourneys, on the day of the Apostle Saint James in 1733, that Captain-General Gabriel Cano de Aponte suffered a mortal fall. Of him a historian says delicately:

"His dominating passion was the passion that fascinates almost every man, and is of so ancient an origin that it traces its beginning and its sway to the time of Adam and Eve, and will endure so long as there shall be men and women."

It is possibly owing to a sort of atavism that the Plaza de Armas is still the birthplace of many idylls. It should be mentioned, however, in order to show the catholicity of its uses—ranging from Quijote down to Sancho Panza—that in the period in question it was also a provision market.

Four churches in succession, built to replace edifices destroyed not so much by the violence of earthquakes as by their own constructional debility, have occupied the site on which stands the present Cathedral, of which the

[1] Vicuña Mackenna's *Historia de Santiago*.

first stone was laid by Bishop Juan Gonzalez Marmolejo on the first day of July, 1748, and which was not finished before 1830. In 1551 the second principal church stood there (not a very substantial building, probably, since it only cost $9,000, according to the contract), and there in 1561 Don Garcia Hurtado de Mendoza erected the first Cathedral, overthrown afterwards by the earthquake of March 13th, 1647. This was perhaps not so beautiful as it appeared to Camp-Commander Don Pedro de Córdoba y Figueroa, who in his history of Chile, 1739–1751, describes it as having "three naves, and a roof of polished wood, with two orders of arches of fine stone masonry."

The present Cathedral has two fronts and two doorways, and though the main front is that facing the Plaza de Armas, the other, which gives on to the Plazuela del Congreso, is no less important and shows that Don Garcia Hurtado de Mendoza's old Cathedral, which was rebuilt in 1647 by Bishop Villaroel, stood for many years after the construction of the new one was commenced.

At the beginning of this century the old stonework was hidden beneath an artificial plaster which has deprived it of its original severity; and of the period round about 1748 there remains no trace but a small niche wherein, day and night, the feeble rays of an oil-lamp illumine an ancient image of Christ. The curious who stop to look may read at its foot these lines:

"Tú que pasas, mírame;
Cuenta si puedes mis llagas,
Hijo! Qué mal me pagas
La sangre que derramé."

("Behold me, thou who passest by; count thou my wounds if thou canst. Son! how meanly thou dost repay the blood I poured out!")

It is a venerable relic of colonial Santiago, recalling, amid the uproar of electric trams and motor car traffic, the Processions of the Holy Blood which for several centuries used to pass that way.

The Cathedral building of to-day is due largely to the

piety of Bishop Alday (1712–1788), who during his episcopacy devoted to the work some 250,000 pesos (then worth about £50,000), contributing thereto one-third of his personal fortune, which amounted to 70,000 pesos.[1] So proud was the holy man of his achievement that in a letter written to Pope Clement XIII in 1762 he told him with manifest exaggeration :

" The work of this temple is so imposing and majestic that hardly shall one find in all this America another to equal it."

Joaquin Toesca, an Italian architect, born in Rome, designed the building, and it is not unlikely that some day some pious hand, with an artist's feeling, may bring once more to light the austere lines of the original, which was truly typical of its epoch. The expulsion of the Jesuits in 1767 enriched the Cathedral with all the ornaments, sacred vessels, works of art and sculptures of their churches. A Royal Order of Carlos III commanded that this should be so, and, thanks thereto, one may admire there to-day a superb silver frontal, the monstrance of the High Altar, the splendid ambries in the sacristy and a chalice of considerable value.

The whole of one side of the Plaza de Armas is occupied by the Fernandez Concha Arcade, at one time called the Portal de Sierra Bella. It is tangible testimony to the power of tradition in Santiago, for the masonry of this modern construction is but a replica on a larger scale of the cruder stone-work of a building erected on the same site in 1577 by one Pedro de Armenta in accordance with a concession which he obtained from the Santiago Corporation.

The Plaza de Armas, the old Cañada (now the Alameda de las Delicias) and the Cerro Santa Lucía are central points which, through all the transformations which Santiago has undergone or may undergo, have remained and will remain unmoved. It is they which

[1] José Ignacio Victor Eyzaguirre's *Historia Eclesiástica, Politica y Literaria de Chile*, Vol. V, p. 364.

give the city the unique and peculiar character remarked by all who visit it. As Santiago has prospered, so have these places been embellished and enriched out of all recognition, but there they stay, mounting guard like so many monuments of an age that is past. Look at the Alameda de las Delicias, with its trees and its statues, one end of it opening into the Plaza Argentina, where the Central Station of the State Railways stands, the other on the Plaza Italia, out of which two great avenues lead almost at right angles (Providencia, ending in open fields, and Vicuña Mackenna, with its sumptuous buildings); who seeing this present Alameda, would believe that it was the dried-up bed of a branch of the Mapocho, and that in 1556 one Francisco Martinez offered to sell to the Corporation of Santiago a *chacra*[1] situated there for the sum of 100 pesos?[2]

In the Alameda de las Delicias, on the site of the present hospital of San Juan de Dios, Pedro de Valdivia founded in 1552 Santiago's first institution for the care of the sick, commending it to the advocacy of that Virgen del Socorro whose image he had carried at his saddle-bow. There the patients were visited, twice a day at least, by the first doctor to practise in Santiago—or rather the first but one. In accordance with contract he forfeited two gold pesos for each failure to attend, and received as remuneration provisions for his household to the value of 230 pesos a year. Don Alonso del Castillo—for such was his name—used to refuse to attend Indians, preferring to render himself liable to the fine: the natives, he alleged, "only died when they wanted to."

A little distance away the tower of one of Santiago's oldest churches pierces the blue. Begun in 1572, and finished forty-six years later, the church of San Francisco was partly destroyed in the earthquake of 1647.

[1] A Quichua word meaning a small country estate.

[2] Thayer Ojeda's *Santiago durante el Siglo XVI*. In 1918 the urban property of Santiago was assessed for taxation at $1,218,400,000.

The tower crashed down upon the choir-place, but an image of San Saturnino standing there was not even scratched. On this account the lucky saint was appointed as the city's "intercessor against earthquakes." For, as will appear later, Santiago has suffered very heavily in its time from these cataclysms.

The genius of Vicuña Mackenna converted the Cerro Santa Lucía into one of the most picturesque of Santiago's *paseos;* but he was succeeded by other city fathers, less artistic in taste, who have smothered it with cement and plaster folderols that conceal its former beauty. Separated from the hill by a plaza bearing the name of the illustrious writer mentioned is the new building of the National Library,[1] constructed on the site formerly occupied by the Monastery of Nuestra Señora de la Victoria. The National Library, which is perhaps the finest of Santiago's modern edifices and is designed to hold over 300,000 volumes and to allow of 700 readers consulting them at a time, is in a way an expiatory monument commemorating one of the tragi-comic incidents that reveal the ignorance and fanaticism in which the seventeenth century Santiago vegetated.

The Monastery of Nuestra Señora de la Victoria which stood there was besieged and assaulted by three companies of militia under Camp-Commander Don Antonio Calero, accompanied by Padre Alonso Cordero, Provincial of the Franciscans, and by numerous other priests of that Order. These operations were occasioned by the fact that the nuns of the Monastery had refused to recognise the Provincial's jurisdiction over them. Bishop Pérez de Espinosa had appointed the Franciscans as tutors of the "monjitas," and on finding their authority ignored, they adopted stern measures against the poor ladies. Don Vicente Carvallo y Goyeneche (1742–1816) narrates the singular episode in these terms:

[1] Founded in 1813 in another building—the Monopoly Warehouse—and with a nucleus of 5,000 volumes belonging to the Jesuits, preserved after their expulsion in 1767 in the University of San Felipe.

"THE NATIONAL LIBRARY, WHICH IS PERHAPS THE FINEST OF SANTIAGO'S MODERN EDIFICES . . ." (page 96).

"And fearing that greater harm would befall them from obedience and subjection to the regular Prelate they went forth from the said Monastery, and to prevent them the soldiers who had gone to assist the said Oidor[1] attacked them striking them with their weapons and pushing them, dragging them along the ground by their hair and dealing them blows in their faces, and following them with other threats and insults in their flight through the public streets to the Monastery of the Immaculate Conception in this city, forcing them to run with their skirts held up by the blows and ill-usage which they had given them and continued giving them . . . from which resulted a scandal so serious as to seem to be unexampled in Christendom."

To the south-east of the Cerro Santa Lucía is the great unfinished building of the Universidad Católica, which is being erected by public subscription. It is a beautiful earnest of the spirit of progress and the love of knowledge which to-day inspires those members of Santiago society who take their religious beliefs most to heart. Times change!

A little lower down, in the Alameda de las Delicias, an unimposing and characterless building houses the State University, which was installed on March 11th, 1747, in a place now occupied by the Santiago Municipal Theatre.

Apart from those already mentioned the Alameda de las Delicias has no other public buildings of note and there are no longer any examples of colonial architecture, which latter, indeed, are very scarce throughout the city. With rare exceptions the private dwelling-houses which abound in the Alameda have no style at all, and exhibit no harmonious ensemble of line, height or colour. There are red houses, white houses, yellow houses, blue houses; houses of several stories and houses of one story only; some modest to the extreme of humility, others overloaded with embellishment. And yet it cannot be denied that

[1] Judge of the *Real Audiencia* of Santiago.

this variegated medley possesses character and that the Alameda de las Delicias bears an indelible national impress.

III

THE MINT

FOR the rest, Santiago has not many ancient edifices of importance. The few it can boast are the work of the Italian architect Joaquin Toesca, who in addition to the Cathedral built the Palacio de la Moneda, the seat of the Government of the Republic and the most beautiful example of colonial architecture bequeathed to Chile's capital by the Mother Country.

Built on ground where the Jesuits, then owners of a considerable proportion of the Santiago estates had their house Teatinos (Friars), which the Rector of the College sold to the Spanish Crown on March 23rd, 1786, for the sum of 9,000 pesos of the period, the Palacio de la Moneda, as its name indicates, was originally intended as a mint. Its foundation stone was laid by Captain-General Jáuregui on January 28th, 1777, at a time when there were neither money nor plans available for its construction.

During the Government of Benavides (1780–1787) the work was begun in accordance with the plans, and under the immediate supervision of Joaquin Toesca, who for twenty years laboured at the job for the somewhat scanty remuneration of 100 pesos a month, as Vicuña Mackenna tells us in his *History of Santiago*. It fell to the most progressive of Chile's colonial Governors, Don Ambrosio O'Higgins (1788–1795), to push on with the work and endow Santiago with the only monument in Chile that is worthy of the Mother Country. Vancouver, the English explorer, who visited Santiago in 1795, when the Palacio de la Moneda was all but finished, compares its lines and proportions with the Somerset House of his time. The financial effort made by the poor Colony in order that it should be built was enor-

". . . AS SOUND AS THE REPUTATION OF PORTALES, A SYMBOLIC BRONZE STATUE UNVEILED ON SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1861 . . ." (page 99).

mous: at a period when the revenue of Santiago was but $8,738, the sum of $330,000 was devoted to its construction. It is true that the minting industry that was to be carried on under its magnificent roof was a lucrative one, and had just been made a State undertaking after having been for many years in the hands of Don Francisco Garcia Huidobro, the same enterprising gentleman who had purchased from the Spanish Crown, for the sum of 1,000 pesos, the whole of the *corregimiento* of Aconcagua. In point of fact Philip V of Spain had granted to Garcia Huidobro, by a Royal Licence dated October 1st, 1743, the monopoly in Chile of the coinage in order to put a stop to the clandestine exportation of the precious metals which, thanks to the discovery of the gold mines of Petorca, Placilla, Tiltil and especially Andacollo, were beginning to be very plentiful. In 1772 Charles III ordered that the privilege be discontinued, whereupon the Treasury purchased Huidobro's plant and as a token of gratitude for his services—which had not been unremunerative to him—appointed him Chief Constable for life.[1]

It was Toesca who selected the site which is now occupied by the Palacio de la Moneda, and which then gave on to a street named the Calle Real. On his arrival at Santiago the building was in progress on a plot near the river Mapocho, behind the Convent of Santo Domingo, known at that epoch by the extremely unattractive name of Basural, which is to say, midden. To Toesca, therefore, is due not only the edifice, but also its situation.

A plazuela, or small square, opened a few years later,[2] allows a good view of the lines and proportions of the building. It is good, sound work—as sound as the reputation of Portales, whose bronze statue (put up on September 17th, 1861), stands in the square and dominates

[1] Garcia Huidobro had installed his mint on the site now occupied by the Caja de Crédito Hipotecario.

[2] The Plazuela de la Moneda was opened by Governor Luis Muñoz de Guzman, who purchased from Doña Maria Silva, on February 3rd, 1806, the necessary piece of land.

with its massive proportions and forceful gesture the military guard at the main entrance (a great gateway with large bronze rosettes that opens on to the porch and the old quadrangular *patio*) as though to symbolise his achievement in establishing the ascendency of the civil power and the law over the military power and government by force. And, to complete the allegory, there in the centre of the capital where the destinies of the Republic are directed Portales, looking towards the Palace that houses the civil power, turns his unprotected back on the barracks where are the Ministry of War and Marine,[1] confident that his sacrifice was sufficient to shield him for ever.

IV

SQUARES

SANTIAGO abounds in *plazuelas* (small squares). After that of the Mint perhaps the most interesting from the historical point of view is the Plazuela de Santa Ana, in which stands the church of the same name, another example of Toesca's work. This Plazuela is the remnant of what Governor Rodrigo de Quiroga (1573–1578), the real civil founder of Santiago, designed as a public square in 1575. On the church-tower was placed the first public clock ever possessed by Santiago. Like many other innovations in the Santiago of colonial times, this clock was the work of the Jesuits, and was probably made by that same Padre Carlos de Inhausen who, with other German priests of the order, introduced the mechanical arts into Chile towards the end of the eighteenth century. It struck the hour for the first time on the night of December 31st, 1770. Vicuña Mackenna, in his history of Santiago, states that on this great

[1] Portales was an eminent statesman who was murdered during a military mutiny on June 3rd, 1837, after having waged a successful struggle against the preponderancy of the soldiery and political anarchy. *My Native Land—Contemporary People*, by the Author, in preparation.

occasion "the whole city lay awake, listening with all its ears and holding its breath."

The Plazuela de Santa Ana was not the only open space bequeathed by the high-minded, charitable, progressive Rodrigo de Quiroga to the then new-born village of Santiago. With an understanding very uncommon in the sixteenth century, of the importance of "lungs" to a population, and with a foreknowledge of the growth of Santiago that reveals his faith in the future of the Kingdom which he and Pedro de Valdivia had come to conquer for their sovereign, Don Rodrigo marked out the square which now bears the name of the famous writer Andrés Bello, and that other at the foot of the Cerro Santa Lucía, which is called after Vicuña Mackenna. His idea was to leave open spaces all round this hill, which was unrivalled as a watch-tower for the city until—only a few years ago—the authorities began the work of giving access to the summit of San Cristóbal.

Most of the Santiago churches face on to *plazuelas*: Santo Domingo, for instance, one of the handsomest in the city, likewise designed by Toesca, although the Dominicans, two centuries before he came to Chile, founded the first church of that name on the same site, which had been bequeathed to the Order by Don Juan de Esquivel,[1] a retired captain of the Spanish Army. In the cloisters adjoining the church, which were built in 1647, it was customary in colonial times to hold during Holy Week the procession known as the March of the Knights, the "Knights" being the *encomenderos* and the highborn residents, who donned for the occasion their most sumptuous apparel and carried through the wide corridors the emblems of the passion and resurrection of Christ. These cloisters are noteworthy inasmuch as they once echoed with the footsteps of Chile's first creole professors of learning.

Another church, San Agustín, dating from 1595, also has its *plazuela* and its history. Hidden away in the

[1] The present church was begun in 1748.

heart of Santiago's commercial centre, it is undoubtedly the richest of all in quaint reminiscences. The site which it occupies was given by a certain Doña Catalina Riveros and her two brothers under the compelling influence of three "miracles" which happened to them. One was the appearance in Doña Catalina's house of a mysterious Nazarene who wore the habit of the Augustines and asked alms; number two was the sudden and unaccountable materialisation one morning in the pious lady's dwelling-place of a bust of San Agustin; thirdly, although there were no ravens in Santiago, a flock of these birds was seen on her roof. The habit of the Order was as black as their plumage, and Doña Catalina, feeling that she had received "a command from Heaven," donated the site to the Augustine Community.[1]

Shortly after being constructed the church was burned. Rebuilt, it was destroyed in the earthquake of 1647. In its naves, which are of no particular architectural interest, two great relics of the colonial epoch are kept. One is the Christ of the Passion, better known as the *Señor de Mayo*, because in the earthquake above mentioned it was entirely unharmed; and the story goes—without much corroboration—that the Crown of Thorns on the head of the image slipped down until it encircled the neck. The artistic paternity of this Christ is attributed to an Augustine lay-brother, one Pedro Figueroa.

The other relic consists of the remains of that notorious *encomendera* of the seventeenth century, Doña Catalina de los Rios de Lisperguer, nicknamed La Quintrala, who though accused of seven murders in addition to other ghastly crimes, was buried there in the habit of a "third sister" of the Order on January 16th, 1665.

Since the latter part of the eighteenth century there has stood in the Plazuela de la Merced a church of the same name which guards all that is mortal of Don Rodrigo de Quiroga, as a return for his generosity in

[1] Vicuña Mackenna's *Historia de Santiago*.

giving the Order the plot of ground on which Santiago's first church was built in 1566. On its high altar still stands the image brought from Lima by its founder, Padre Correa.

The most modern of Santiago's *plazuelas* is that which is named after two illustrious statesmen, Montt and Varas, whose monument stands in the middle of the square. It was opened at the beginning of the present century. Fronting upon it are several of the city's most important buildings. The first is the old Palace of Justice, built to the plans of a Spanish engineer, Don Agustin Caballero, in the time of the colonial Governor Don Luis Muñoz de Guzman (1802–1808), and originally intended to serve as a customs house [1]; its chaste lines vividly recall those of the Palacio de la Moneda. Then there is the new Palace of Justice, a building of appropriately severe aspect; and the Palace of the National Congress, occupying the site whereon the Jesuits constructed two churches in succession—one that took thirty-six years to erect (1595–1631) and was levelled to the ground by the earthquake of 1647, and another that was destroyed on December 8th, 1863, by a conflagration in which perished more than 500 persons of the élite of Santiago. A monument in the gardens of the National Congress commemorates this catastrophe and indicates the site of what was one of the most beautiful and aristocratic temples of old Santiago. The Palace of the National Congress which stands there to-day cannot be called handsome, but it is an imposing, dignified and adequate building.

[1] On this site the Jesuits had an Institution for clerical and lay students with which the Seminary was incorporated; later this was segregated (1635) by Bishop Salcedo.

V

STREETS AND HOUSES

WITH very rare exceptions the thoroughfares of Santiago were unnamed until Don Tomás Alvarez de Acevedo, an interim Governor whose rule lasted a little over five months (1780), ordered that tablets should be fixed to identify them and that each house should have its number. The result was a veritable popular uprising that left them anonymous again almost as soon as they were christened; the inhabitants had come to the conclusion that the idea was a sort of classification with the diabolical intent of increasing the taxes. Nor were there any footpaths until Don Ambrosio O'Higgins (1788–1795) ordered them to be made, thus provoking another and no less formidable insurrection amongst the good people of the city, who declared that such an "invention" would undermine the foundations of their houses.

Throughout the centuries the highly native and conservative spirit of Santiago has remained unchanged, and the campaigns against an increase in tram-fares (which when all was said and done meant better transport and an infinitely better public lighting-system) were but a new manifestation of the feeling that opposed footpaths and the naming of the streets.

The trade of the city settled from the outset in the Calle del Rey, now called Calle del Estado, which begins at the Plaza de Armas and ends in the Alameda de las Delicias. The Calle del Rey, together with the Calle de la Merced (so-named since 1574) and the Calle Catedral (called in 1566 Bartolomé Flores, in honour of one of Pedro de Valdivia's men, the German Blumenthal, who translated his cognomen into Spanish), were the only named streets in the nucleus of the business quarter. The others were for over two centuries simply alleys that gave access to this or that house. Herein likewise

is manifest the immutable conservatism of Santiago, for even to this day, when the nomenclature of its streets and the numeration of its houses is established with an accuracy almost tedious, it is difficult to induce Santiaguinos to give their precise address; when they do not leave it wholly to one's powers of divination they limit themselves to indicating the landmarks.[1]

The Calle Ahumada, Estado's commercial rival, owes its name to a Captain Valeriano de Ahumada, who lived there at the beginning of the seventeenth century; and Bandera, which is to-day the hub of the business district, was called, up to 1820, "the cross-street of the Company," because the church and college of the Company of Jesus fronted on it. Its present name was a sort of augury of what it was to become, for it arose out of the circumstance that a merchant established there, one Pedro Chacón Morales, was accustomed to hoist a flag (bandera) over his shop whenever he had anything to sell or to knock down to the highest bidder.

The Calle de Huérfanos, another commercial street, was long called the "street of the Old Mint," because, as has been said, it contained (on the site now occupied by the Caja de Crédito Hipotecario) the first establishment for the coining of money, founded by Don Francisco García Huidobro.

Although in January, 1825, Don Francisco de la Lastra, a general of the Independence (1777–1852), in order "to sweep away the last vestige that recalls the Spanish yoke," resolved to change the names of all the streets, the traditionalist spirit of Santiago was soon roused and it was not long before the majority of them were again known by the names they bore prior to so radical and outrageous a measure.

In Santiago everything comes round again with the passage of time. During the nineteenth century the colonial style of architecture, which may have been

[1] Letters from Santiago oftener than not merely carry a vague clue to the whereabouts of the addressee, instead of the number of his house.

gross and primitive, but which was at least full of character and appropriate to the climate, fell into complete abandonment. Very few examples remained of those single-story buildings with the ornate gable crowning a portico through which could be seen the pebble-paved, slightly moss-grown *patio* with an orange-tree planted in the centre and jasmines or plume-flowers or merely common ivy climbing up the walls and covering everything except the windows, trellised with iron-work brought from Vizcaya. The corners of the house, with the stone pillar forming an unsymmetrical and extravagant angle, and the low, massive walls topped with a penthouse of tiles that, in winter, poured streams of rain-water upon the passer-by began to disappear, like the Cathedral and the Cerro Santa Lucía, under plasterings of cement and mouldings of stucco. True, all this false progress, offspring of the bad taste that overran the world's cities in the nineteenth century, left intact the three successive *patios*, ending with the kitchen and poultry-yard *patio*, with its open spaces where the lord of the manor might deposit part of the harvest of his fields or of his mines, brought thither in creaking wains hauled by several yokes of oxen through the badly paved streets of Santiago. The stucco and plaster served to give passers-by the impression of a change which the residents had not undergone and did not intend to undergo. Later on it was not so much bad taste as the idea of comfort, in a climate that is temperate in spring, hot in summer and distinctly cold in winter,[1] that led the Santiaguinos to cover their first *patios* with a framework of iron or timber and enclose them under glass, which gave them the appearance of a factory; to bury the pebble-paving beneath parquet blocks of more or less green wood, more or less ill-joined and more or less " pretty " ; to close the front with a ground-glass screen and mouldings of a character more geometrical

[1] The mean temperature of Santiago is 56° Fahr., but at noon in summer it usually rises to 86°, while at midnight it drops to 39.2°.

than artistic, and to give this ingenious combination the exotic and high-sounding name of "hall." The inner *patios* have also been rejuvenated, the climbing plants torn from the old pillars in order to give room for more or less square screens of glass which in some instances are spuriously named after some Luis or other who reigned in France in an epoch when there really was good taste.

But this false Santiago, which was neither colonial nor modern and which reminded one of an antique dame endeavouring with the aid of rouge to simulate youthfulness, is also disappearing, and good taste is reviving there as in other capital cities. The cheap and servile imitations of the fashions of other countries, with other climates, other skies, other scenes, other customs, are dying out, victims of their own absurdity and exoticism, and the architects of the present day are beginning to take their inspiration from the models which Spain and Italy have given them.

Nowadays they build either large and magnificent buildings, such as the already mentioned National Library, the Fine Arts Palace, the Union Club, the Stock Exchange, the Bank of Chile, and the Anglo-South American Bank building, or quiet, unpretentious dwelling-houses, in many of which the colonial style predominates, refined and adapted to modern needs.

Santiago is returning to Toesca's times, after an orgy of stucco and plaster lasting a century and a half. One of the few examples of colonial architecture left intact is the so-called Red House (Casa Colorada), which the Conde de la Conquista built in the Calle de la Merced in 1768 at a cost of 50,000 pesos of that time (£10,000) on a site which he acquired for 20,000 pesos. Apart from the façade, which undoubtedly has character, the house itself is of no great architectural value.

What is strange is that Santiago should have preserved throughout the architectonic aberrations of its inhabitants, and in spite of the many calamities that

have befallen it, an ineffaceable impress of its own, a character strongly national, which other capital cities of equal importance, like Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro and Montevideo, that were never destroyed by earthquakes, have lost completely. So numerous—especially during the colonial epoch—were the misfortunes which afflicted the now prosperous city that the deeply religious Spaniards had to classify them, allotting to each its patron saint; and thus it was that Santiago could invoke the intercession of Saint Anthony against the frequent overflowings[1] of the treacherous Mapocho, of Saint Lucas against the locusts that used to invade the fields, of Saint Lazarus against lice and mange, of Saint Sebastian against plagues, and of the Visitation of Saint Isabel against rain-storms. The many and often terrible earthquakes required two protectors: Saint Saturnino, already referred to in this chapter, and Saint Francis Xavier, whose reputation and miracles the Jesuits undertook to propagate zealously, he having been, in life, of their persuasion.

VI

EARTHQUAKES

AND earthquakes in Santiago certainly have been numerous. In four centuries or so it has suffered no less than six of them. The first of which record exists happened on March 17th, 1575; the second on May 13th, 1647; the third on July 8th, 1730; the fourth on November 19th, 1822; the fifth on February 20th, 1835, and the sixth on August 16th, 1906. This last, which wrought such havoc in Valparaiso, caused no important damage in the capital. The victims in Santiago only amounted to eight persons, most of whom

[1] It is still within memory that on June 16th, 1783, the Mapocho was converted into an arm of the sea that was on the verge of destroying the whole city. Toesca—who should have a monument in Santiago—directed the defence works.

died from shock or fear, and the material loss was less than three million pesos.

In reality the only one of them that left its mark on the history of the city is that of 1647, which to this day is recalled with horror and commemorated religiously as a national catastrophe. Contemporary accounts of this earthquake abound, and are of a descriptive power evidently generated by the furious strength of the unchained elements.

A Jesuit [1]—and it must be recognised that the priests of this order were the most numerous, most cultured and most trustworthy chroniclers of colonial Chile—begins his account of " the shaking of the earth that destroyed all the city of Chile in the new world, leaving not a church, nor a strong-built house, nor an edifice, that in less than a quarter of an hour was not thrown to the ground " with the following words:

" The dwellers in the city of Santiago de Chile were careless of the peril that threatened them when at ten of the night of Monday, thirteenth of May of one thousand six hundred and forty and seven, came a trembling and shaking of the earth so horrible and dreadful that in less than four credos it destroyed and threw down all the buildings of the wretched city, leaving not one stone upon another with so unwonted a commotion of the earth. . . ."

According to this document " there perished more than a thousand persons, as the *Real Audiencia* says in its account " ; and " if they ran into the streets the tops of the houses on both sides, tiles, galleries and balconies, fell upon them, and if they were in the street, the mountains and promontories of earth so hindered their breathing that they were suffocated." Further on it adds that " in the midst of this torment the great rocks that are on the hill of Santa Lucía adjoining the city were heard to move, and two of formidable great-

[1] Padre Juan Gonzalez Chaparro: *Relacion del Gran Terremoto, . . .* printed in Seville by Francisco de Lira, 1648.

ness were torn apart; and one hurled itself upon the city, rolling through it for two whole *cuadras* (a cuadra is about 140 yards in length), whereby all was a horrible havoc and a foretaste of the Day of Judgment." After describing how the people thronged to the churches "for relief from their trouble," and found them in ruins, the Jesuit adds:

"Two shakings greater than the first now occurred; and finding nothing to destroy, split the earth, opening it into many chasms and caverns that spat forth so much thick water that it flooded the fields, seeming as it were a new Deluge."

Although the notary Toro Mazote (appointed Town Clerk of the City February 7th, 1618), with an extraordinary conception of religious sentiment, inscribed the catastrophe in the book of the Corporation as a "rare and merciful event," and says that "to show His infinite mercy our Lord God shook the earth some say half an hour and others a quarter"—he himself being of the latter opinion—it is a fact that the earthquake respected neither church nor monastery. The Cathedral Church, whose bells had just chimed the curfew, was one of the first to fall, burying in its ruins the virtuous and venerable Bishop Fray Gaspar de Villarroel (1587–1665). A beam fell upon his head "without his losing his senses nor his faith, but rather, commending himself to his favourite saint, who was Saint Francis Xavier, he exclaimed: "Xavier, what of our friendship?"

The holy bishop declared that "not a moment passed between the trembling and the falling," and that the destructive force of the cataclysm was such that a block of stone weighing ten *quintales* (half a ton) leaped from the Cathedral over a roof and fell in the *patio* of his palace "as though it had been shot from a great gun," without damaging a single tile.

Hardly had he been extricated from the débris when the Bishop, with an apostolic zeal still remembered with

affection, began to lend all the material and spiritual succour at his command, and, as was natural, his first inquiries were for the fate of the nunneries. The Jesuit Gonzalez Chaparro already mentioned says with regard to this in his remarkable narration :

" Barely had His Grace emerged from the peril which we have described when he made inquiry for these virgins, and learning the state they were in he went to visit and console them, they receiving His Grace with redoubled tears and sighs, seeing themselves in one minute without a roof, without a church and with no remedy for it, their source of income having perished in the general ruin."

And, lauding the evangelic charity of the Bishop, he adds :

" The lord Archbishop showed on this occasion the heart of a pitiful Father, and soon His Grace set about helping the ruined city and especially that strayed flock of lambs and brides of Christ . . . and by his example inspired the nuns, declaring that if only the carpets and tapestries of his palace had been spared he would pledge them for the maintenance of these virgins."

The *Real Audiencia* estimated the damage to the city at $2,500,000 of that time, and the magistrates told Philip IV in a letter dated July 12th, 1648, describing the thunderous uproar of the earthquake, that " it seemed as though the mountains were fighting between themselves."

The real duration of the phenomenon must have been that of the " four credos " at which the Jesuit Gonzalez Chaparro reckoned it, or about four minutes. If it be remembered that in 1647 the population of Santiago did not exceed 10,000, nor its annual revenue 1,000 pesos, it is easy to measure the magnitude of the damage done in those " four credos," in which 1,000 lives were lost and property worth 2,500,000 pesos was destroyed. Some chroniclers of the time state that when the earth shook it opened in clefts from which

rose sulphurous fumes, and that a few hours afterwards it rained in torrents. Don Vicente Carvallo y Goyeneche, in his history of Chile, written much later (1796), says that in the twenty-three days following the great earthquake sixty minor shocks occurred.

Such was the terror produced among the inhabitants of Santiago by the earthquake of 1647 that the transference of the capital to Quillota or Melipilla was seriously considered.

The third of the earthquakes from which Santiago has suffered since its foundation took place on July 8th, 1730, and although nearly every church fell to the ground, the only victims were two women. The first shock occurred at dawn, and was so gentle that it served as a warning. It was the last shock, between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, when the inhabitants had had plenty of time to seek safety, that wrought the worst destruction amongst the rudely built and infirm constructions of an epoch in which pretentious buildings were erected by ignorant carpenters and bricklayers, left to their own devices and scanty experience.

It is quite probable that the later earthquakes, especially that of 1906, were as intense as those of 1647 and 1730, and that the greater solidity of the buildings explains the smaller number of victims and the lesser extent of the material damage.

VII

HORSE-RACING

NOWADAYS steel frames and reinforced concrete allow of the erection, on sites that were the scene of such terrible memories, of fourteen-story buildings such as the one standing in the recently opened Calle New York, and of monumental constructions like the stands of the Club Hípico in the picturesque Hippodrome where now, under modern rules and with

modern refinements, the race-meetings are held that have always been one of the most popular diversions of the capital and of the country. No longer are the races "carreras a la chilena," on a straight track and "con malicia," which meant that a rider might "bump and bore," seize an opponent's reins, and even, in case of dire necessity, hit him over the head with the "huasca"[1]; they are now tests of speed and endurance organised as scientifically and scrupulously as in England, France and other countries where this sport has reached the highest degree of perfection. In Santiago the Club Hípico, thanks to the institution of the "pari-mutuel," has succeeded in converting its hippodrome into one of the most frequented, agreeable and refined centres which the capital possesses. Wherein, as in all else, Santiago does but follow tradition. At the beginning of the eighteenth century horse-racing constituted the national pastime *par excellence*. Another Jesuit[2] has left to posterity some vivid pictures of those first hippic contests: he mentions a certain horse from Chillán, *El Rabicano de Godoy* ("Godoy's White-tail"), which won races when "aged" to the tune of twenty-four years, and a grey called *El Manco* ("The Cripple"), which got away so badly once that "the field" led by over a quarter of a mile, but which nevertheless won. And although at that time the scientific principles of the "pari-mutuel" were unknown, the crowd risked its money just as it does to-day, for the good Jesuit says that "bagsful of coin, silver table-services, whole herds of horned cattle and even slaves are lost!"

The interest and enthusiasm for the races must have been great, for there were instances of the *Real Audiencia* composing differences arising out of wagers, and there is one case in which the Royal and Illustrious Corporation,

[1] From the Quichua = "whip." *Lenz's Diccionario Etimológico.*

[2] Padre Miguel de Olivares, *Historia Militar, Civil y Sagrada de lo acaecido en la Conquista y Pacificacion del Reino de Chile*, begun in 1758 and finished, after a long interval and many accidents, in 1790 by Don José Perez García, when Olivares had died.

after much judicial reflection and a weighty summing-up, solemnly declared in favour of a dead-heat.[1]

In those times the races were a matter of private initiative, and were "got up" amongst those who believed they possessed notable steeds. There was a case in 1781 in which the interested parties, namely Don Lorenzo Melgarejo and Don Francisco Navarro, "got up" a match between *El Bayo Chueco* ("The Crooked Bay") and *El Bayo Zarco* ("The Wall-eyed Bay"), the conditions being that "a head was sufficient to win by" and that once the race was started it was "on"—"fall who may and die who might." Moreover, if either of the animals was not present on the track selected at 5.30 p.m. on January 4th, the day fixed for the race, it would be declared the loser.[2]

The same primitive enthusiasm prevails to-day in tradition-ridden Santiago, and no less than 15,000 spectators every week attend the races, in which the competitors are no longer "Godoy's Whitetail" or "The Cripple" or the "Crooked Bay" or the "Wall-eyed Bay," but the progeny of the greatest of pedigree animals—horses whose names have filled columns in the Press of the Old and the New World.

VIII

THE LION WITH SWORD UNSHEATHED

APART from the Cerro Santa Lucía and the Cerro San Cristóbal, Santiago has other *paseos* which might be made beautiful if the Santiaguinos sinking their objection (also traditional) to being taxed, were to give the Municipality the means of enhancing and refining their natural picturesqueness.

In point of fact Santiago, throughout the centuries, has suffered always from a poverty totally incongruous with the private fortunes of its inhabitants. Its first

[1] Vicuña Mackenna's *Historia de Santiago*. [2] Ibid.

half-century of existence, when what was pompously styled the Capital of the Kingdom of Chile was nothing but a humble village, may be left out of account. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, when its population was 10,000 souls, Santiago's whole revenue amounted to some 600 pesos, derived from a duty on tallow and soap.[1] A century and a half later, in 1744, its annual revenue was 2,096 pesos and three and a half *reales*. Referring to this paltry income, the historian Perez García remarks:

"He pays out of these funds the salaries of the Procurator General, the Chief Ensign of the town, the Town Clerk and his usher, the lawyer, actuary, reporter and clerk of the High Court of Justice, the usher of the Real Audiencia, the attorney, the Captain of the Hall of Arms, and other expenses which very nearly consume the whole of the year's revenue, *and hardly anything is left for public works*."

As it was then and as it was three centuries ago, so it is to-day. The capital grows with the progress of the country, and the wealth acquired from one end of the Republic to another flows into the city; the majority of those who make their fortunes settle there. But the municipality of to-day, like the Town Corporation of yesterday, still remains with "hardly anything for public works."

And it is not only the made fortunes that flow into Santiago to make their influence felt in the social and political movement of the Republic. Many industries have sprung into existence with the increase in the population, and Santiago is undoubtedly the most important manufacturing centre in Chile. Scattered over the extraordinarily fertile valley which surrounds it are factories representing a total capital of $375,000,000, producing fabrics, one of the oldest of Chilean industries, for the woven stuffs of Melipilla date from the time of Don Alonso de Rivera (1601–1605), and (1611–1617)

[1] Vicuña Mackenna's *Historia de Santiago*.

paper and cardboard, glass and tiles, iron and copper goods, boots and shoes, chemical products, furniture, and all descriptions of foodstuffs and beverages.

Furthermore, Santiago is beginning to be a financial centre. Every year that passes marks a visible increase in the number of the concerns and undertakings that establish their principal branches or offices in the capital. The volume of transactions on its Stock Exchange is steadily swelling; and although this figure is but a third of that attained in the same year by the Valparaiso Exchange, it indicates that Santiago has reached second place amongst the financial centres of the Republic.

In addition to being the seat of Government, of Congress and of the Supreme Court, it is the centre of learning by virtue of its University, with its Faculties of Law, Theology, Philosophy, Medicine and Mathematics, its superb Library and the best private and public schools in the country; the centre of artistic culture by virtue of its Fine Arts Academy and its Academy of Music; the religious centre, with its Archbishopric, its Seminary and the Provincialates of nearly all the Religious Orders; the home of Chile's modern literary and scientific movements. In addition to all this, Santiago has been, from 1541 until now, the most genuine expression of the national character, with all its virtues and defects. No one who does not know the city and its inhabitants can understand what goes on in the mind of a Chilean, the outcome of three centuries of a colonial life full of petty quarrels and of strife against the savage Araucanian and of one century of efforts to cast off lethargy, broaden the mental horizon, overcome prejudices and enter fully into the political, social and economic movement of the outside world without losing that precious attribute: a nationality of its own.

Santiago knows whence it comes. It would like, also, to know whither it is going, and it marches with leaden feet. It extends a kind welcome to the foreigner, but does not absorb him except when he makes up his mind

" . . . THE 'LION WITH SWORD UNSHEATHED IN THE HAND AND EIGHT OF SAINT IAGO'S SCALLOPS IN A ROUND BORDER,' GRANTED BY CARLOS V IN 1554 WHEN ACCORDING TO SANTIAGO THE TITLE OF CITY" (page 117).

to become a Chilean. Not for nothing is it the capital of Chile. It would seem as though the "lion with sword unsheathed in the hand and eight of Saint Iago's scallops in a round border" were still on the watch against any attempt to introduce foreign manners and customs.

Not for nothing, either, is the plain of Maipú situated in the province of Santiago—the battle-ground on which, under the clear sky and resplendent sun of April 5th, 1818, the fight was won which for ever established the independence of Chile.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CENTRAL VALLEY

I. Fertile Plains—II. The Phœnix rising from its Ashes—III. Springs, Rivers and Volcanoes—IV. The "Villa de San Agustin de Talca"—V. Maule and Linares—VI. The Cradle of O'Higgins.

I

FERTILE PLAINS

THE belt of land that stretches from the river Maipo[1] to the banks of the Bio-Bio,[2] the largest and longest of Chile's rivers, does not differ greatly from the valleys of Aconcagua, Valparaiso and Santiago, except that the foliage of the trees and shrubs becomes more luxuriant and more vividly green; and the streams and marshes carry more and more water with every mile south. At the same time the contours of both central and coastal ranges take on a softer, rounder aspect, their slopes merging into low hills; the rigours of winter are intensified; the dog-days of summer grow ever more torrid; the Andes cordillera puts on a covering of pines and araucarias and the snow on the peaks resists more stubbornly the influence of the sun's rays. The towns, too, lose the interest that attaches to tradition, until Concepción and the other cities founded by Pedro de Valdivia in the midst of the forests of Arauco bring to mind the deeds of victors and vanquished in a war that lasted three centuries.

[1] The Maipo, sixteen miles south of Santiago, rises in a lake 13,000 feet above sea-level, at the foot of a volcano of the same name, which is from the native word *maipun*—"earth-breaking." *Astaburuaga's Diccionario Geográfico.*

[2] The Bio-Bio has its source in Lake Huepueltué (38° 45′ lat. and 71° 27′ long.). Its length is 154 miles and its flow per hour 99,200,000 cubic feet.

The central valley from Santiago to Concepción constitutes in all its fruitfulness agricultural Chile of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries: there are the lands which, with their ever-extending cultivation, contribute most in Chile to the prosperity of the mother of all industries. The provinces comprised in this region, with their million inhabitants and their 1,082,500 acres of cultivation out of a total area of 1,509,200, produce in great plenty cereals, wine,[1] potatoes, leguminous crops and fruit, besides supporting 900,000 head of horned and 1,350,000 head of small cattle. Native trees—hazel, hawthorn, *peumo*, fir, *maitén*, *patagua*, *quillay*, cinnamon —abound in this part of the country.

As far as the Central Valley is concerned the colonial epoch has left for historians a blank page, or at least one that merely records a few obscure and unimportant happenings. With the beginning of the struggle for independence, however, the whole of this region was shaken by the battles between the patriots from Santiago and the royalists in the southern fortresses that for three centuries had sheltered them in the war against the Araucanians. From the first clash of arms sprang the spark that was to illumine the wide horizon of prosperity which the nineteenth and twentieth centuries were keeping for independent Chile.

In this district are situated Chile's most famous tree-nurseries,[2] one at a place called Nos, in memory of a Frenchman named Dunose who came to Chile in 1729 and married Gerónima Caldera, a chieftainess of the Maipo and proprietress of the estate; the other at Los Guindos, in the province of O'Higgins, which is immediately south of that of Santiago. In the same province is Aculeo, one of the loveliest and largest country estates

[1] The cereal crop may be estimated at 428,000 tons and the output of wines and must at 23,100,000 gallons, annually.

[2] The plantations of Santa Inés and Los Guindos, where every species of tree adaptable to the various climates of Chile is to be found in abundance. These nurseries have contributed largely to the agricultural wealth of the country by the propagation of fruit and timber-trees.

in the Republic with its islet-dotted lake shaped like an hour-glass, teeming with *pejerreyes* and the haunt of aquatic birds. Its native name, which is derived from *acun*—"to reach"—and *leuvu*—"river," indicates that the waters of the lake are fresh and not brackish. There is a legend to the effect that from time to time an enchanted bull with horns of gold used to emerge from them.

II

THE PHŒNIX RISING FROM ITS ASHES

THE capital of the province of O'Higgins, Rancagua, founded in 1743 by President Manso de Velasco with the name of "Villa de Santa Cruz de Triana," marks a phase of the history of Chile. Here it was that, in the midst of spring, on the 1st and 2nd of October, 1814, the period which we Chileans refer to as "Patria Vieja," and which began with the Declaration of Independence on September 18th, 1810, terminated with the besieging and almost the annihilation of the forces which composed the Patriot Army. In this siege Mariano de Osorio, the same Spanish General who was to be routed three-and-a-half years later by San Martin and O'Higgins on the plain of Maipú, was on the point of taking Rancagua by storm and capturing with the town the hero who, by his example as a citizen and as a soldier, maintained the morale of the nation through the reverses and difficulties of those first years.

Built in accordance with President Manso de Velasco's ideas, Rancagua then formed a perfect square, and Don Bernardo O'Higgins, hemmed in by Osorio's superior numbers, made his plan of defence conform to that geometrical figure. His own troops he concentrated in the city's *plaza*. The tower of the church of La Merced served him as a look-out, and from the belfry he scanned the horizon to take stock of the enemy and to see, on the morning of October 2nd, when he had all but succumbed,

"HERE IT WAS THAT . . . ON THE 1ST AND 2ND OCTOBER, 1814, . . . THE PERIOD OF THE 'PATRIA VIEJA' TERMINATED WITH THE BESIEGING AND ALMOST THE ANNIHILATION OF THE PATRIOT ARMY. RANCAGUA IS, THEN, A RELIC OF HISTORY" (page 120).

whether the ill-equipped and inefficient division commanded by Don José Miguel Carrera was coming to his aid. Resolved to fight to the death, besiegers and besieged hoisted black banners. Quarter was neither given nor asked. "Viva la Patria!" shouted the defenders. "Traitors! Surrender!" answered the attackers. And after two days' slaughter, during which the defenders neither ate nor slept and the corpses—to quote the account of the fight dictated by Don Bernardo himself—"served as a parapet against the enemy's bullets or to close the breaches opened by the cannon," O'Higgins, in a burst of desperate heroism, cut his way through the royalist forces with 300 men and succeeded shortly afterwards in reaching Mendoza, there to reorganise, with San Martin, the Patriot Army that was to avenge this defeat on the fields of Chacabuco and Maipú.

Rancagua is, then, a relic of history, perhaps the most prized monument in the Central Valley; and on May 27th, 1818, the hero who made its fame, Don Bernardo O'Higgins (who had become Supreme Director of Chile), conferred upon it the title of city and gave it for arms a shield bordered with two branches of laurel and bearing in the centre a phœnix rising from its ashes and upholding with its right claw the Tree of Liberty.

At that time O'Higgins could not have imagined to what an extent the heap of rubble whence he had sallied on October 2nd, 1814, would be reborn of its ruins. At the present day Rancagua is the centre of a large agricultural output, in which intensive cultivation by the most modern methods plays a part, but also one of the greatest copper-producers in Chile, and indeed in the whole world.

To the north-east of the city is the Teniente mine, situated at an altitude of 9,000 feet above sea-level, in a small range of mountains that belonged to the hacienda of the Company of Jesus [1] until their expulsion. It is a

[1] This property extended, on the Cordillera side, to the Argentine boundary, and included 33,575 acres of rich arable land. The Jesuits

mineral deposit of volcanic origin in which the rock known as "andesite" predominates, and consists of one hundred and seventy-four claims comprising 2,115 acres. The average copper-content of the ore is 2½ %, and between 90 and 100 millions of tons have been measured.

The aspect of this vast treasure heap is imposing by reason of the ruggedness of the hills, but the scenery is dull and monotonous. The mountain which contains the copper is of igneous rock, and the cupriferous deposits have formed around a crater 2,450 feet in diameter composed of tufa, rubble and andesite rocks, whose walls are covered with a greyish stone called by the miners "toad's-belly."[1] Countless black and gaping holes, giving the mountain the aspect of a gigantic beehive, mark the points at which it has been tunnelled to its remotest depths.

This deposit was known in the eighteenth century and was worked in the colonial epoch, but nothing certain can be said as to when and how it was discovered. Legend has it that a lieutenant (*teniente*) of the Spanish Army, fleeing that way from justice and making for Argentine, stumbled upon the deposit and paid off his pursuing creditors with the first-fruits of the mine; since when it has been popularly known as El Teniente.

The first trustworthy accounts of these deposits date from 1823 or 1824, when Juan de Dios Correa y Saa, heir of the Conde de la Conquista and owner of the hacienda La Compañía in which it was situated, began to work it, without success.

The Polish scientist Domeyko, in 1848, and the French geologist Pissis, in 1850, fully appreciated its importance. Domeyko, employing a figure of speech to describe it, called it a *rebosadero* ("overflow"), and Pissis

owned large and valuable estates in the Central Valley, in Colchagua the hacienda of the same name, in Curicó the San José hacienda, in Maule the Hacienda Perales, in the Achibueno "Longaví," in Ñuble "Cato" and in Itata "Cucha-Cucha."

[1] *Guata de sapo, guata* being the Mapuche word for "belly." This stone is known to geologists as tufa.

declared that El Teniente was the most remarkable mine in the whole Andes cordillera.

At the outset of the nineteenth century it was worked in the most rudimentary fashion, and operations were stopped in winter by the snow-storms. To-day it has a labouring population of 14,000 souls; magnificent plants; its own railway, forty-three miles long, which rises from a height above sea-level of 1,700 feet to one of 7,060; a superb electric-light installation; a splendid hospital; a sports club in whose theatre, a little while ago, Suzanne Desprez gave an exposition of the dramatic art of France; a cinema, a band, brigades of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, and in short, everything that can help to make life attractive, comfortable and healthful for the workmen.

To attain this development it has sacrificed, in the course of a century, more than one man of mark. In 1850 an English doctor, William Blest, father of Don Alberto Blest Gana, a well-known Chilean novelist and at one time Minister in London, set up a plant there, and failed. Between 1856 and 1870 Don Francisco Puelma, another eminent and energetic man, tried his luck, and when, baffled, he abandoned the enterprise, it was taken over by Don Federico Gana, with the same negative result. Nor was Don Enrique Concha y Toro, in 1897, any more successful in persuading the mountain to yield up its hoard of copper. El Teniente, following the example of the legendary officer who gave it its name, eluded everybody and, sphinx-like, persisted in its mute challenge to the daring and tenacity of men of high quality.

Finally, however, in 1905, a group of Americans headed by William Bradden put up a couple of *rucas* or huts and began the preliminary work of the concentration system that was to give the mine its present importance. So primitively did these New Yorkers live amongst the mountains that it was a regular thing for the roof of green boughs that covered one of the *rucas*

to be consumed as fodder by the famished mules of the expedition. But American grit and American capital converted into realities the hopes of a century, and in El Teniente the organising genius of the American race and the physical strength of the Chilean miner—that same *apir* whom Darwin so greatly admired at Coquimbo—have combined to give Chile and the United States the honour of having created one of the most important mining concerns in the world.[1]

As an American undertaking El Teniente is run on "prohibition" lines: not a drop of spirituous liquor finds its way there. Yet there is no paradise without its serpent, and under the modest native cognomen of *guachuchero* the "bootlegger" has made his appearance there. This, however, is not the only outward and visible sign of the nationality of the owners. In the matter of religion the most absolute tolerance is observed, and on a certain occasion when a Chilean expressed to one of the Directors his astonishment at this circumstance the latter replied in true American fashion: "Guess there's no god here except copper!"

III

SPRINGS, RIVERS AND VOLCANOES

A SHORT distance from this mine, and hard by one of the stations of the railway line, are the hot springs of Cauquenes. They are appropriately named, for in the native tongue "cauquen" means "to be pierced with water."[2] From the heart of one of the volcanic chasms of the Andes cordillera well spring gaseous alkaline waters whose temperature varies between 95° and 118° Fahr. Their medicinal properties were known centuries ago, for Padre Rosales says of them that "into the ravines of the river Cachapoal

[1] The production of copper-bar from El Teniente was 101,480 tons in 1927.

[2] Armengol Valenzuela's *Glosario Etimológico.*

burst another spring of hot water" that "cures the pustules and cramps and chills." "They are commonly known," he adds, "as the baths of Rancagua, from the Indian town that is close by and the valley thus named, and are those which are most celebrated and most frequented by the sick, owing to the experiences of people who have returned from them cured."

On the northern side of the Cauquenes Springs the river Cachapoal, with passionate impetuosity, hurls itself headlong into a deep ravine. Like all the rivers of Chile's Central Valley, the Cachapoal has an extremely irregular course, and must have given more than one headache to the engineers who have thrown bridges across it. They must frequently have wished, in their exasperation, that the legend were true that attributed to a Franciscan lay-brother, one Pedro Chimeros, the mysterious and miraculous power of making its waters subside. The Cachapoal, which separates the province of O'Higgins from that of Colchagua, was well summed-up by the Indians when they named it Cachun-pualn, for *cachun* means "to make friends by flattery and gifts" and *pualn* signifies "to go raving mad"; and that is precisely what this river, which flows in a channel of exceptional breadth, frequently does. It flatters the rich lands which creep to its banks with the boon of its fecundating waters and then, in a sudden fit of delirium, turns and rends them with its floods, carrying them away with it in a turbulent career that ends, after ninety-nine miles, in the Pacific.

The Province of Colchagua, an essentially agricultural district, has no historical memories of interest and has reached its present stage of development within the last fifty years. In the matter of cereal crops it is second only in importance, as far as the Central Valley is concerned, to the Province of Ñuble, and for cattle it is only excelled by Ñuble and Curicó, which latter is the richest of all this region in horned cattle, sheep and swine. Nor is it surprising that Curicó should be the

great cattle-centre of this zone, seeing that it lies on the Planchón pass, which from time immemorial has been the route taken by the herds from Argentina. The capital of the province, whose name means "black water," boasts over 16,000 inhabitants, most of whom make a living out of the cattle trade.

In the majestic Cordillera, where the valleys of these two provinces begin, one can see on clear days (which is to say more often than not) the volcano Peteroa, which in 1762 erupted in a manner graphically described by the Abbé Molina in his history. On forming a new crater, he says, it burst with such force that the mountain next to it was hurled to a distance of several miles, filling the neighbouring valleys with lava and ashes, swelling the waters of the river Tinguiririca and damming the river Lontué for eight days, after which it forced its way through and formed a lake. A little to the south the crater of the Tinguiririca mountain, a cone-shaped mass 15,800 feet high, masks its inward fires with a cap of everlasting snow. And further south still, in the province of Talca, rises one of the most beautiful mountains in the Cordillera de los Andes. Pyramidal in shape, 12,800 feet above sea-level, Descabezado ("headless"), is, as its name indicates, topped by a plateau that conceals a crater at one time active enough. The name "Thalca" which the natives gave to this region (and which it still preserves, though the *h* has been jettisoned), signifies "thunder," and only Descabezado could have thundered in a valley where electric disturbances are extremely rare.

IV

THE VILLA DE SAN AGUSTIN DE TALCA

IN Talca one begins again to recall memorable pages of the fatherland's history. Capital of the province of the same name, and founded, on February 17th, 1742, with the name of Villa de San Agustín de Talca,

for the second time (after an abortive attempt in 1692). Its colonial life was one of languor and obscurity. The dawn of independence lent it fame: there was a period —from October 22nd, 1813, to March 1st, 1814—when the proud city that stands between the rivers Lircay and Maule, and hears the gentle voice of the Piduco, was the seat of the "Patria Vieja" Government and consequently the capital of the incipient Republic.

It was in the neighbourhood of Talca that, on March 19th, 1818, the engagement was fought that is recorded in the country's annals under the name of "the surprise attack of Cancha Rayada." In this *coup de main* Bernardo O'Higgins' troops were decimated and he himself, with an arm fractured by a bullet and bleeding copiously, set out on a retreat march that lasted twenty hours, until at Chimbarongo[1] the army surgeon Don Diego Paroissien, an Englishman by birth who had come to Chile with Lord Cochrane, was able to render first-aid and stanch the wound.

Again, it was on the banks of the meagre Lircay, which flows to the north of the city of Talca, that the first treaty entered into by the Republic was signed on May 3rd, 1814, by O'Higgins and Mackenna on behalf of the patriot Government of Chile and by Gainza and his adjutant Rodriguez Aldea for the Government of His Majesty the King of Spain. It consisted of sixteen articles and resolved itself into two main stipulations: the royalist forces besieged in Talca were to be allowed to march out and fall back on Concepcion, while the other contracting party recognised the right of the Chileans to send a plenipotentiary to the Spanish Court. An English commodore, James Hillyer, then commanding a British naval division in the Pacific, acted as mediator in the negotiations. The illustrious Don Bernardo O'Higgins, with two other personages of less historical importance, was handed over to the royalist forces as a hostage for the loyal fulfilment of the treaty.

[1] A small place in the province of Colchagua.

The Santiago Government, however, peremptorily rejected this agreement in terms which show how deeply rooted, in the mind at least of the person who framed the resolution, was the monarchical idea. "*The Kingdom of Chile*," it said, "opposed the removal of the person of the General-in-Chief, Brigadier Bernardo O'Higgins."

The river Lircay was destined to be again famous in the annals of Independent Chile. Sixteen years later, on April 18th, 1830, its banks were the scene of a battle between two political factions in that first epoch of anarchy which Don Diego Portales succeeded in bringing to an end.

The wretched little "Villa de San Agustin de Talca" of colonial times, the renowned Talca of the Independence, has become in the present century one of the busiest and most important industrial and agricultural centres in the country. By virtue of its population of 36,000 inhabitants, its local bank and the branches which all the first-rank foreign and native banks have opened there, its 79 factories representing a capital of over $21,000,000 and producing matches, clothing, furniture, paper and press work, hides and skins and food products to the value of $24,000,000 a year, Talca marches in the van of the cities of Chile's Central Valley. It has easy and dual access to the sea by the port of Constitucion, founded by Don Ambrosio O'Higgins in 1794 under the title of Nueva Bilbao de Mardoqué, by means of a branch of the Central Railway and by the river Maule which, like all the waterways of the district, is a turbulent rebel from its birth in the Andes heights for as long as it feels itself "cribb'd, cabined and confined" to a narrow bed in the gorges, but which becomes more tranquil as it broadens and from "Perales" onwards is navigable by light-draught vessels.

Constitución is one of the most picturesque of the Chilean roadsteads. Fronting the bar of the river Maule rise the singular, shapely forms of the Piedras de las Ventanas, looking like obelisks perforated at the water's

"CONSTITUCIÓN IS ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE OF THE CHILEAN ROADSTEADS" (page 128).

edge as if by some marine monster which sought to overthrow them, and which in the fury of its failure spouts from the depths great jets that ceaselessly spray their rocky flanks. Somewhat further away another great rock, standing by itself, assumes the form of a church, and is consequently known popularly as "La Iglesia." Amongst these weird rocks, in 1544, one of the first vessels to reach Chile was wrecked. Mariño de Lobera [1] relates that among those of the crew that were saved was a negro, the first that the Chilean Indians had ever set eyes upon. So incredible did the black man's colour seem to the savages that they could not believe that it was natural. They washed him with boiling water, scrubbed his skin with maize husks, and finally, as his hue refused to alter, opened the poor fellow to see what he was like inside! "God made Hell for the inquisitive," says St. Augustine in his Confessions, but the Indians, of course, not having been converted, were not to know that.

V

MAULE AND LINARES

ON the south bank of the river Maule begin two other provinces of the Central Valley: Maule and Linares, both of them fertile and thriving. Since 1826, the capital of the first-named has been known, fortunately, by the name of Cauquenes instead of by the interminable title of "Villa de las Mercedes de Manso de Tutuven," which, on its foundation in 1742, was inflicted upon the city by the good President José Antonio Manso de Velasco, who seems to have been confident that no stammerer would ever have to pronounce it. Cauquenes de Maule, as it is usually called to distinguish it from the hot springs of the same name, has an interesting association with Chilean *belles lettres*. It was there that,

[1] 1528–1594. Author of the note-book *Cronica del Reino de Chile*, which was put into shape by the Jesuit Bartolomé de Escobar.

in 1835, the country first began to hear of José Joaquin Vallejo, the Secretary of the Intendancy, who subsequently wrote some fascinating accounts of the national manners and customs and was, in fact, the founder of creole literature. Vallejo was extremely friendly with a Britisher, one Robert Newland, who lived there at the time, and on the other hand cherished little affection for his superior in office, the Intendente. Following one of their disputes the latter, irritated past endurance, consigned both Vallejo and his English friend to gaol, and, carried away by his indignation, accompanied the order with a disrespectful allusion to Queen Victoria!

The other province, Linares, has, like most of the provinces of the Central Valley, a glorious memory of the military valour of Don Bernardo O'Higgins: at Yerbas Buenas, on April 26th, 1813, he and Carrera routed the vanguard of the royalist army. The same province possesses two hot springs of considerable fame: Panimávida, whose waters are laden with sulphates, chlorides of soda, lime and magnesia and a little iron oxide, and have a temperature of 86° Fahr.; and Catillo, which is rather hotter (96°), and is impregnated with an odourless gas that does not affect the transparent purity of the water.

VI

THE CRADLE OF O'HIGGINS

A LITTLE farther south, in the province of Ñuble and in the Department of Búlnes—so called in honour of one of the most illustrious of Chile's Presidents (1841–1851)—is the Campo de los Robles, where, at break of day on October 17th, 1813, O'Higgins and Carrera were literally caught napping by royalist forces. O'Higgins, however, succeeded in organising a defence and forced the enemy to retreat. It was here that O'Higgins' era of glory began and that his soldierly form assumed, in the popular imagination, an heroic stature. The province of Ñuble, whose capital, Chillán, had on August 20th,

1778, witnessed the humble birth of the son of Ambrose O'Higgins, saw him also born to a life immortal in the annals of the fatherland.

Chillán is to-day a city of 30,000 inhabitants and, like Talca, an industrial centre, boasting some 72 factories, having an annual output of the value of about $12,000,000. Its manufacturing tradition dates from colonial times, when a Chillán carpet constituted one of the most prized possessions of the home. Among its principal products at the present time are foodstuffs, metals, chemicals and hides and skins.

In Chillán, Bernardo O'Higgins' first steps to knowledge were learned at the Convent of the Franciscan Missionaries, an establishment which, during the colonial epoch and the struggle for independence, played a part in turn educative, political and military.

The historical associations of the city of Chillán go back to the first years of the conquest. Founded originally on June 26th, 1550, it was burned by the Araucanian Indians in 1599 and again destroyed by them in 1655—so thoroughly, indeed, that they were able to indulge in a sacrilegious game of "chueca"[1] in the public square, using as a ball the head of a statue of Christ from the principal church. When by the earthquake of May 25th, 1751, it was laid in ruins for the third time, the then President of Chile, Domingo Ortiz de Rozas (1745-1754) resolved to rebuild it on El Alto de la Horca (Gallows Height), a site so called because it was there that Martin Ruiz de Gamboa, who arrived in Chile in 1552, set up with his own hands and in the name of His Majesty (as the original Act of Foundation has it) the gallows and the pillory that were to punish evil-doers. Another earthquake, which happened on February 20th, 1835, induced the authorities of Independent Chile to remove the city

[1] A native Indian game, similar to hockey, of which a full description will be found in *My Native Land—Peoples of Old*, by the author, in the press. In Chile golf-clubs are called "chuecas" because they somewhat resemble those used in the Araucanian game.

once more, this time to the soggy, insanitary site which it occupies to-day.

At a height of 5,200 feet on one of the slopes of the volcano Chillán (also called Nevado) are the hot springs of Chillán, famous for centuries past for the efficacy of their waters, which, impregnated with sulphur, sodium sulphate, chloride of lime, magnesia and carbonate of soda, well up at temperatures ranging from 109° to 136° Fahr. Referring to the wonderful properties of these and the many other springs in Chile, and to the country's wealth of medicinal plants, Padre Rosales (1660) says that "everywhere in this kingdom hath the author of nature put apothecaries' shops in the trees and in the medicinal herbs and hospitals in the baths where the incurables are cured."

The Convent of the Franciscans, established in Chillán in 1786, was during the eighteenth century a centre of education. Under the direction of these holy men a "Native Seminary" was founded that same year, with a set of rules and regulations that reveals in all its magnitude the ignorance and pedantry of those who framed them. With much quotation of Royal Orders and Papal Bulls, a curriculum was drawn up for the illiterate and semi-savage natives that included Latin, rhetoric, philosophy and—to crown all this monstrous pedagogic edifice—theology! Fortunately, however, in 1788, two years afterwards, the most illustrious of the Colonial Governors, the Irish-born Ambrose O'Higgins, acceded to the Presidency of Chile, and with admirable common sense ordered that the Indians should be taught only "ideas of respect, love and submissiveness to the King and such knowledge as is necessary and should be given to every man." By this Don Ambrosio meant, as is to be seen in Article 18 of the regulations which he framed to replace the original rules, the three R's.

Not only had the unfortunate Indians begun to suffer from mental dyspepsia owing to the indigestible pabulum with which they were plied, but they were also obliged to

wear, "outside the Seminary, a grey cloak with green front-lining and the badge of Carlos III with a crown on top, black jacket and cap," and within the establishment "black clothes and the hair always cut short" (to quote Article II of the Rules).

This notwithstanding, three of the Indians educated at the Seminary graduated and received holy orders.

Later on, at the dawn of Independence, the Convent of the Franciscans at Chillán was the political focus of the royalist resistance. This is not surprising, because the great majority of the friars came from Spain and had the idea of loyalty to their King inbred in them. In 1812 they received with open arms General Pareja, who had landed in Talcahuano[1] after organising in Ancud[2] an army wherewith to suffocate the rebellion for Independence, and provided him with guides who knew to an inch the lie of the land. One of them, Padre Almirall, rose to become Secretary of the royalist army and the real director of its military operations. He it was who inspired Pareja in the latter's defence of Chillán during the siege directed by Carrera from the low hills of Collanco to the west of the city—a siege which culminated on August 3rd, 1813, in the memorable assault led by O'Higgins in person under terrible conditions, with his troops sinking in the mire and stiff with cold. Padre Almirall, too, was the writer of Pareja's answer to Carrera's summons to surrender. "I speak," said Carrera, "as a man that weeps tears of blood for the destruction of so many wretched men who are dying for a mere caprice and an unwarranted obstinacy." "Nothing could be more untimely," the spirited friar replied over the signature of Pareja, "than your observations, seeing that in three successive actions I have not engaged a tenth part of my men, who are as elated as yours are dejected."

The triumph of 1813 confirmed the Franciscans of

[1] Port of the province of Concepcion.
[2] Capital of the province of Chiloé.

Chillán in their royalist convictions, and on August 13th, 1814, they again lent their assistance to a Spanish general, this time Mariano Osorio, who came to reconquer Chile for the Spanish Crown, and who, as will be recalled, succeeded in his task at Rancagua some six weeks later. The siege and fall of Rancagua, coinciding with the news of the re-establishment of Ferdinand VII on the throne of Spain, was hailed in Chillán, under the inspiration of the Franciscans, with extraordinary rejoicings. The city donned its best clothes to celebrate this doubly happy event, and entered with such zest into the organising of festivities that the principal fête was rehearsed a month before it happened. When the great day arrived the streets were decorated, the bells pealed, fireworks were let off and the images of the Immaculate Conception and Our Father San Francisco were carried round in procession. The feelings of Chillán on the subject were interpreted in a sermon exulting in the expulsion of the French from the Peninsula and the dispersal of the Chilean rebels! The organ of the church of San Francisco was taken about in a cart, accompanied by massed choirs, and the whitewashed adobe walls of Chillán echoed with its deep and solemn strains.

It is hardly surprising, then, that on returning to his native city after the final triumph of the patriot arms at Chacabuco and Maipú in 1818, Don Bernardo O'Higgins should have been deeply angered to find that his own town was royalist *en bloc*, and that its tutors and schoolmasters, the Franciscans, had been the head and front of the propaganda and action directed against the cause he was defending. He must have felt that the native name of his town, signifying as it does "to let fall that which one is carrying on one's back," expressed to a nicety his first impressions. O'Higgins, however, was a man great of soul; on his deathbed in Perú in 1842 he ordered that he should be buried in the habit of the Franciscans, and thus garbed, his glorious remains were brought back to Chile in 1868.

The whole of Chile's Central Valley bears the impress of his fame : Rancagua, Cancha Rayada, Lircay, Yerbas Buenas, El Roble, Chillán ! Just as the provinces to the south are the scene of the Araucanian epic, so is the Central Valley the theatre of the most far-reaching and most heroic events of the war of emancipation.

Its agricultural and mineral wealth ; its profusion of thermæ, famous from time immemorial for their wonderful curative properties ; its numerous cities, each self-contained and therefore eminently individual—these ensure for the Central Valley a development and a prosperity as solidly established as the Cordillera which protects its eastern flank and as lasting as the laurels won on its battle-fields by O'Higgins and the other great figures of the Independence.

THIRD PART

THE FOREST CONQUERED

CHAPTER IX

CONCEPCION AND BIO-BIO

"Seeing how the chiefs of this district have come in peace, and are living with their Indians, I founded a city on this site and strong place and named it Concepcion del Nuevo Extremo. I formed a town corporation, a magistracy and an administration, and set up a tree of justice on the 5th day of October of the year 555[1] and allotted inhabitants and appointed the chiefs among them, and so they live, happy thanks be to God."

(*Letter from Pedro de Valdivia to the Emperor Carlos V, dated October 15th,* 1550.)

I. The Fort of Penco—II. The Chastisement of God and the Anger of a Bishop—III. The Traditionally Proud Metropolis—IV. Tales of Talcahuano—V. Coal and Water.

I

THE FORT OF PENCO

THE city of Concepcion, with its 68,000 inhabitants, is not only the urban centre to which converges the business of the two provinces of Concepcion and Bio-Bio, but is moreover—and has been since the discovery and conquest of Chile—the metropolis of all the South, proud of its ancient traditions and looking forward with confidence to a future that is founded on four corner-stones: the scientifically exploited agricultural wealth that surrounds it; the flourishing trade of a zone that displays in commerce the same feverish energy as it showed in three centuries of intermittent war; the coal-mines of the Department of Lautaro, which is named after the Araucanian chief who twice destroyed the city; and the manufacturing industry that, favoured by the coal-mines and by the

[1] Here we have Valdivia founding the city five years after writing the letter in which he informs his Sovereign that he has done so! These errors in the matter of dates frequently occur in the documents left by the Conquistadores. Moreover, they usually dropped the first number of a date, and thus we see here 555 for 1555.

water-power that also abounds in the region, is prospering to an extent never dreamt of a quarter of a century ago.

Few Chilean cities have undergone so many changes and suffered so many disasters as Concepcion. It does not even stand nowadays on the site on which it was originally founded. It occupies the plain stretching along the Andalien (" whiteness of sun," in the native tongue) where Pedro de Valdivia defeated the twenty thousand Indians who attacked him on February 22nd, 1550, " with such impetus and outcry "—as he himself said in a letter to the Emperor—" that it was as though they whelmed the earth, and began to fight in such a manner that, I pledge my word, warring with many nations, never saw I men so stiff in battle." And it is named Concepcion because Valdivia and the conquistadores believed that the victory they had gained over so terrific a host was partly the work of the Virgin, whom they had seen emerging from a meteorite that fell amongst the Indians and counselling them not to attack the Christians because they would all be slain. The Indians, however, preferred to listen to the Devil, their master, who soon appeared to them, offered himself as a comrade and led them in the charge. So convinced was Valdivia of the truth of this incident that he relates it with much detail in a letter which he wrote to Carlos V seven months after the battle.

The first Concepcion was founded some distance further north, " in a port and bay, the best in all the Indies," Valdivia told the Emperor, adding that " on one hand a great river that flows into the sea, with the best fish in the world, a plenty of sardines, mullet, tunny, cod, lampreys, sole and a thousand other sorts ; and on the other hand a small stream of very good clear water that runs all the year."

To the " Fort of Penco," [1] as the Spaniards called the original Concepcion for over two centuries, Valdivia

[1] *Pen*, " I see," and *co*, " water." Rosales, however, gives the name a different origin.

"FEW CHILEAN CITIES HAVE UNDERGONE SO MANY CHANGES AND SUFFERED SO MANY DISASTERS AS CONCEPCION. IT DOES NOT EVEN STAND NOWADAYS ON THE SITE ON WHICH IT WAS ORIGINALLY FOUNDED" (page 140).

ARMS OF THE CITY.

allotted forty inhabitants. "Of mighty thick trees" he built it, to quote his own words, "driven into the earth and woven like a hedge, with a broad, deep trench around it!" It was a strong place that was to serve as a base of operations in the conquest of Arauco. Not that it was mere strategy, however, that induced the conquistadores to plant themselves there. Within a short distance were the gold placers of Quilacoya, in the upper part of the river still known by that name, and from these deposits, according to Mariño de Lobera, who accompanied Valdivia, nearly 2,400 ounces of gold were taken in 1522.

Throughout the sixteenth century, it may be said, Concepcion was the real capital of Chile. Don Alonso de Sotomayor, sixth of the Spanish Governors, had his official residence there, and his head-quarters, from 1583 to 1592, the nine years during which he governed Chile. This military and political preponderance enjoyed by Concepcion over Santiago during the first years of their existence has left a deep and lasting impress on the character of its inhabitants. In several periods of the nation's history the "Fort of Penco" has shown how the "mighty thick trees driven into the earth and woven like a hedge, with a broad, deep trench around it," remain in the memory of the people of Concepcion.

The four-centuries' battle with Nature—a nature no less infuriated than the Indians by the boldness of the conquistadores—has tempered the mettle of the dwellers in these provinces. What an interminable series of attacks, sackings and burnings, earthquakes, tidal waves! What a succession of military campaigns! Against Concepcion first the three centuries of war with the Araucanians, then the years of the "Patria Vieja," afterwards the Reconquest and the Emancipation, have beaten as the waves beat against the rocks.

Hardly had the "Fort of Penco" begun to settle in the ground when the Indians, led by Lautaro, demolished it, and on February 28th, 1554, the Spaniards,

with Valdivia's second-in-command Villagra at their head, had to abandon it to the enemy. "And all the chiefs and headmen," says Padre Rosales, "rigged themselves out in the Spanish fashion, each one according to his fancy, with the silks and stuffs of different colours got in the sack of the city, to which they shortly set fire at its four corners; and Lautaro, seated on high, watched the flames like another Nero watching the burning of Rome, and seeing how the greatest vanities end in ashes and the proudest cities in smoke." And while Lautaro strutted in triumph, a Spanish woman, Doña Mencia de los Nidos, railed at Villagra for abandoning the city, calling him "cowardly mannikin." The Spanish women of the Conquest were few in number but great in spirit. History abounds with instances of their heroism, their sublime self-sacrifice and their super-feminine energy. Of Doña Mencia says Ercilla in his poem:

> "Ill in her bed she lay, all frail and white,
> But, hearing the great tumult, up she started
> And, seizing sword and shield, as best she might,
> Followed the others who had now departed"—

And harangued them as follows:

> "Turn back! Turn back! In terror never flee!
> Nor show yourselves thus friends with coward fear!
> Lo! here stand I, and I the first will be
> To cast myself upon the foeman's spear."

But her exhortation was in vain:

> "For hardly into one ear had it gone
> Than out of t'other it had forthwith flown!"

Concepcion, left to look after itself, was not re-populated until November 16th, 1555, the year of its foundation as reported by Valdivia in his letter to Carlos V, dated 1550!

But two months later a fresh assault by the Indians left one-third of the Spaniards dead. The survivors again abandoned the city until the victory at Tucapel,

where Don García Hurtado de Mendoza (1557–1561), with the strongest and best provisioned of the Spanish armies that had yet fought the Araucanians, made it possible for them to return to their rudimentary, uncomfortable homes.

Ceaselessly threatened by the natives, who regarded Concepcion as the bulwark of the Spanish invasion and who lay in wait around it for an opportunity to destroy it, the afflicted city only managed to establish its position when military reinforcements arrived in 1565, commanded by the Villagra who had deserted it eleven years earlier.

II

THE CHASTISEMENT OF GOD AND THE ANGER OF A BISHOP

AND no sooner had the Spaniards succeeded in restraining the refractory Indians than earthquakes began to lay waste this city foredoomed to struggle against adversity. The first recorded happened on March 17th, 1575. Mariño de Lobera the historian, then corregidor of the town, says that Concepcion was reduced to ruins, " because the sea left its bed, roaring louder than a lioness, and invaded the land, ravaging the remains of the buildings and converting the land itself into a lake." This upheaval was followed by those of 1657, 1687 and 1730, and finally by the cataclysm of 1751, which owing to the dreadful havoc it wrought, marks an epoch in the city's annals.[1] A manuscript preserved in the Madrid Library, entitled *A Royal Narrative of what befell the city of the Concepcion in Chile on the 24th day of March of the year* 1751, reveals with a wealth of picturesque detail both the extent of the disaster and the mentality of the inhabitants. With an ignorance rivalling the vigour of his description the author, an eye-witness of the cataclysm, compares the

[1] Between 1543 and 1924 Chile has suffered 150 earthquakes. From 1907 to 1924 no less than 12,694 *temblores*, or slight shocks, were felt.

destruction of Concepcion with that of Sodom and Gomorrah, taking care to add, however, that although God wished to correct the sinners he did not mean " to make an end of them as of the inhabitants of Sodom already mentioned." The mystic, sombre character of the survivors, in whose minds the Almighty was ever a grim and terrible deity, is depicted in this manuscript with a masterly hand. The people confessed that He had only meant " to punish them in their property, leaving all alive so that he might await them in Purgatory."

The full force of the earthquake lasted six minutes. " To set forth what happened then," says the narrator, " I consider impossible, and I will only say that the Day of Judgment will be less frightful to me."

" The sea," he adds, " of a sudden retreated from its shores, leaving the whole of its Bay (which is three leagues) dry land, but in about six minutes it returned with monstrous energy . . . approaching swifter than a galloping horse." Again and yet again occurred this awful ebb and flow, and the third wave engulfed the ruins of the city. Small wonder that the eye-witness should dwell upon the " dreadfulness of the shaking earth, its horrid roarings, the fearful thunder of the falling churches, towers and bells, buildings and dwellings, great and little, the great force with which the sea carried away with it the furniture and fragments of all the houses, the frenzied bawling and outcry of men, women and children, the howling of the dogs, the untimely singing of the birds and the wild terror of the beasts." Small wonder that there should not have been " a living being who seemed to be alive," that " neither was there any comfort in looking in each other's faces, for they appeared more like corpses than animate beings," and that the narrator " did not here remark any ordinary curiosity at the sight of the lady, the woman of the people, the housewife and the virtuous maiden in the state of nakedness proper to the bed, from which they had

leaped in their terror." "The same thing," we hear, "happened to every one, were he child, old man, cleric or lay brother, and even to the brides of Christ."

A ship from Cadiz at anchor in the port, bearing the somewhat unwieldy name of *La Sacra Familia de San Antonio*, was left high and dry each time the ocean receded, and those who witnessed the phenomenon feared that she would break up "through weariness"; but she remained afloat.

Quiriquina Island, which closes in the bay, was covered with flotsam and jetsam. The ship's chaplain took a boat and went to fetch "a multitude of images and treasures of all the churches, coffers, chests, trunks, writing desks, paper cases, beds and other property from the whole city." "He gathered into his boat first Our Father St. Francis, then a crucifix, the Virgin of the Conception, St. Peter of Alcántara and other Saints . . . and also a large sum of money." In agreement with the Bishop and the Governor the good chaplain restored to each what belonged to him, "and the money was divided amongst all," "in order that the nakedness of these unhappy ones might be covered, for even the Bishop had not so much as a shirt."

In view of such havoc the President, Don Domingo Ortiz de Rozas (1746–1755), resolved to transfer the city to the site which it now occupies; but the Bishop of that period, Don José de Toro Sambrano, was violently opposed to this, and by his instructions "in every church in Concepcion, at the offertory, censures were thundered against any who might remove to La Mocha against his will and merely in obedience to the Government's orders."[1] In justification of his conduct the angry Bishop said that as the reasons he had adduced were not appreciated, he considered it "in accordance with laws divine and human to support them." And for a time, at least, he had his way, for Don Manuel de Amat y Juniet (1755–1761), who succeeded Ortiz de Rozas,

[1] Eyzaguirre's *Historia Eclesiástica de Chile*, Vol. II, p. 27.

resolved after much discussion "that each man should stay in the place where he had built his abode." And there the "Pencones" (as the people of the city and province of Concepcion are still called) remained until President Guill y Gonzaga (1762–1768) enforced the order of removal and left the city definitely established in the place which Ortiz de Rozas had marked out for it. Not even then did the stubborn Bishop resign himself with a good grace; he persisted in alluding to the valley of La Mocha, whither the city was to be translated, as "a breeding-place for bugs," and refused to move from Penco. Among other motives for staying there he alleged his poverty, he having been obliged to spend much money in burying three of his brothers!

III

THE TRADITIONALLY PROUD METROPOLIS

CONCEPCION changed its skies but not its character. It remained stiffly intolerant of outside interference and determined to make its influence felt in Chile's destinies. It has never been, and never will be, able to resign itself to playing a merely local part. Santiago must and shall know and take to heart what Concepcion is thinking, as it did in the time of Don Pedro de Valdivia, again in the first years of Independence, and in fact in all the great crises of the nation's history. Concepcion has the consciousness of its traditions and of a courage proof against the greatest adversities.

When on July 4th, 1811, following the Declaration of Independence, the first National Congress assembled in Santiago, after an election which the provinces regarded as spurious (because the capital had assigned itself twelve seats out of a total of twenty-five, thus depriving them of their due share in the Legislation), Concepcion was the rallying point for those who resisted

this attempt to assume the people's mandate; and thither, on August 25th of that year, went Don Juan Martinez de Rozas, leader of the party of advanced ideas, to form a Council of Government. This was the beginning of Concepcion's career as the centre of Chilean radicalism. It was a radicalism free of all anti-religious notions, for amongst those who followed Martinez de Rozas and one of his most ardent supporters, was a Franciscan priest, Fray Antonio Orihuela, who was elected as one of Concepcion's deputies. And while Concepcion, by the setting up of a frankly revolutionary Council of Government, thus emphasised its progressive ideals, Santiago, true to its eminently conservative disposition, was constituting another Council in which the moderate party predominated. It was, however, in no separatist spirit that Concepcion acted, for its Council declared "suspect to the country and to the sacred cause it upheld all those who attempted or promoted the division or independence of the provinces of the Kingdom each with respect to the others, regarding them as guilty of an offence against the fatherland and against society."[1] It was simply in defence of what it considered its rights and of the part which it was always conscious of being called upon to play in the destinies of Chile. And Concepcion made its views felt by the signing of the famous Convention of January 12th, 1812, which Carrera, head of the Santiago Council of Government, first rejected, then accepted, and finally repudiated with a *coup d'Etat* that ended in Don Juan Martinez de Rozas being exiled to Mendoza.

In 1814 came the Reconquest. Scarcely had the "Patria Vieja" established itself upon the quicksands of conflicting ambitions when it was overturned by the disaster at Rancagua. Concepcion became again, for four years, what it had been throughout the sixteenth century: a military outpost in the occupation and defence of conquered territory. But during those four

[1] Barros Arana's *Historia General de Chile*, Vol. VIII.

years it turned its back upon the immense region known as the Frontier, which it had watched like a sentinel for three centuries, and turned its eyes to the north and to Santiago, where the offspring of the great Spanish race and the breed of Araucania had mingled their blood and combined their efforts to free themselves from the tutelage of the Mother Country. And thither came Pareja and Gainza in 1813 and Osorio in 1814 with armies to subdue the rebel creoles, as Valdivia had come in 1550, and Garcia Hurtado de Mendoza in 1557 with the greatest and best-organised body of men that the conquistadores had up to then brought into Chile.

And when the patriot arms had triumphed at Chacabuco and Maipú, Don Bernardo O'Higgins, Chile's first Supreme Director, rendered homage to the metropolis of the south by ordering that the Solemn Proclamation of the Independence which he had signed in Talca should be dated at Concepcion the first day of January, 1818.

During the first years of the Republic the national territory was divided politically into three provinces: Coquimbo, Santiago and Concepcion. It is worthy of note that for nearly three centuries of the colonial system the vital centres of the country were the three first cities to be founded by the Spanish conquerors: La Serena, Santiago and Concepcion.

With the abdication of O'Higgins in 1823, Concepcion became, like Coquimbo, separated from Santiago, and converted into the centre of a political movement to oppose, as in 1811, the predominance of the capital and protect the rights of the provinces. General Freire (1787–1851) was the ringleader of the movement. Like Coquimbo, too, Concepcion governed itself with complete autonomy, and its attitude did much to bring about the adoption by Congress, in 1826, of the federal constitution so spiritedly defended by Don José Miguel Infante (1778–1844), an illustrious patrician to whom is due the law of July 24th, 1823, which abolished slavery in Chile. That essay of federalism was an unfortunate

one, but the deep-rooted regionalism of Concepcion suffered no decline on that account; on the contrary, it gained new strength. The misgovernment then prevailing in Santiago was, in the view of Concepcion, the outcome of the provinces' lack of influence in the management of public affairs. The southern city's clamorous demands again resounded in Santiago, and the Constituent Congress of 1827 resolved to consult the provinces as to the form of government which should be adopted. But that Congress was fated to dissolve without having approved a Constitution.

Upon the election of Don Francisco Antonio Pinto (1775–1858), and Don Francisco Ramon Vicuña (1775–1849), as respectively President and Vice-President of the Republic, after a series of incidents which reveal the state of anarchy that prevailed in Chile in 1828 and 1829, Concepcion, through its Provincial Assembly, denied the validity of the election of October 4th, 1829, and adopted an attitude openly revolutionary, appointing its own authorities and selecting for the highest posts men who were destined to leave deep footprints in the nation's history. As Intendente it chose the illustrious General Prieto, who two years later became President of the Republic and in that capacity promulgated the Constitution of 1833, which effected the political consolidation of the country. Another eminent man, Don Manuel Búlnes, who was to go down to history as one of the great Presidents of Chile, was appointed Captain-General of the Forces; and the President of that memorable Provincial Assembly was Don José Maria de la Cruz, the living embodiment of the proud and independent spirit that seems to float in the atmosphere of the old Fort of Penco which now (and again in 1851) rose in arms against the Government of Santiago. With such men leading it the movement spread northwards like a lighted train of gunpowder. Concepcion began to dominate the situation and to make it clear that it was the centre in which a constitutional régime of govern-

ment was being incubated. Even in Santiago the ideas cherished by Concepcion were loudly echoed and created a fierce conflict of opinion. Two illustrious Santiaguinos, Don Diego Portales, who very soon was to undertake the task of suppressing the anarchy then rampant, and Don Manuel Rengifo, perhaps the most notable Finance Minister Chile has ever had, joined the movement led by Prieto and Búlnes and saw it triumph.

Years passed, and in 1851 Don Manuel Montt (1809–1880) was elected President of the Republic. He was generally regarded as a true representative of the oligarchy of the capital, and Concepcion, the arrogant, unyielding "Fort of Penco," put forward against him the candidature of the President of the Provincial Assembly of 1829, Don José Maria de la Cruz, and went so far as to take up arms in support thereof. Don Manuel Búlnes, his companion of those days, who had just completed his presidential term, put himself at the head of the army and by defeating Cruz in the battle of Loncomilla of the same year, 1851, restored internal order in the Republic.

As in 1829, there was no lack in Santiago of men who sympathised deeply with the movement in Concepcion, but they had not the influence and prestige of Portales and Rengifo. Colonel Urriola, who began the struggle on April 20th, in the streets of the capital itself, was perhaps the first victim. Another, Don Pedro Felix Vicuña, father of the famous writer Don Benjamin Vicuña Mackenna, fled to Valparaiso and took refuge aboard H.M. Frigate *Meander*, commanded by Captain Keppel, son of Lord Albemarle. Vicuña relates in his diary how, by Keppel's orders, the ship's bandmaster brought him every morning the programme of music for the day, in which selections from the best-known operas were always prominent. The execution, we learn, left nothing to be desired . . . in point of sonority. Vicuña wished to proceed to Concepcion, the centre of the movement, in the steamship *Ecuador* when that vessel, which was due to sail just then for Talcahuano,

should pass within a mile of the *Meander*; and with Keppel's assistance he made the attempt. On learning, however, that the *Ecuador* was to touch at Constitucion he returned to the frigate in hot haste, saying that Governor Señoret of that port would assuredly clap him into gaol, "he being just the man to do it."

Since 1851 Concepcion, without losing a shred of its combative character, has gradually accentuated its tendency to become the commercial and financial metropolis of the south. The exigencies of the strenuous agricultural and industrial life of its present inhabitants must of course be satisfied, but they cannot wipe out its traditions nor alter its peculiarity of temperament. In Concepcion congregated the bravest, boldest and hardiest of all the conquistadores, and from them the city gained its personality; while the age-long struggle against the natives strengthened its will to conquer and the violent assaults of the elements tempered the steel of its soul.

The plan of Concepcion, like that of all the cities founded by the Spaniards, resembles a chessboard set down in the Valle de la Mocha, the *manzanas*, or blocks, each consisting of four plots, into which the city was divided—those nearest the main square being allotted to the most important among the inhabitants—remain unchanged since 1764. The churches of San Agustin, La Merced and Santo Domingo, and without doubt several other properties, are in the same ownership to-day as in the eighteenth century. As in other parts of Chile, when the city plots were apportioned in 1764, the Jesuits obtained two blocks where other religious bodies received only one and there they built—as Jorge Juan and Antonio de Ulloa tell us in their *Account of a Voyage* (1735)—"the most imposing, decent and well-constructed edifice" in the whole city.

Apart from the Calle Valdivia, which commemorates its founder, there is no street or square in Concepcion that recalls any of the conquistadores. Nearly all of

them are named after eminent men of the Independence or Araucanian caciques such as Lincoyan, Caupolican, Colo-Colo and Lautaro.

Of late years, thanks to private initiative, it has possessed a University, which in 1924 inaugurated a Faculty of Medicine and already possessed one of Industrial Chemistry and classes in Pharmacy, Dentistry and Pedagogy. Concepcion wishes to be the intellectual metropolis of the south, to follow its own road by its own efforts, to be esteemed not only for the number of its inhabitants or the volume of its trade but also by reason of its proud, resolute and combative spirit. After nearly four centuries it remains a fortress, of another description maybe, but still guarded by " mighty thick trees driven into the earth and woven like a hedge, with a broad, deep trench around it."

IV

TALES OF TALCAHUANO

FOR port, Concepcion has the bay of Talcahuano, an Indian name signifying " thunder-sky." Padre Rosales says that the natives gave it this appellation after hearing the cannonades of the first man-of-war that reached those shores. Or could they have foreseen that the bay would be converted, in the course of time, into the first military port of their native land ?

The pirates during the colonial epoch and the patriots and the Spaniards in the War of Independence oftentimes woke the echoes on Quiriquina and the Tumbes peninsula with the thunder of their guns. In the serener days of the nineteenth century, with the Republic consolidated, the bay began to resound again, but this time with the more welcome and promising clangour of the dredgers, cranes, hammers, shovels and pickaxes of the army of workmen that in 1889, during the Balmaceda administration, commenced work on the first dry-dock in Chile capable of taking vessels up to 9,000 tons. In

its time this dock, a small enough one measured by modern standards, was reckoned amongst the largest in the world. In 1911 another dock was begun which will be able to repair leviathans of 35,000 tons.[1] Owing to the war this has only recently been completed.

Around these docks has gradually taken shape the naval centre which Chileans know as the Apostadero Naval. Here are arsenals, workshops, coal bunkers and petrol tanks; a torpedo instruction school, a college for naval engineers and another—on Quiriquina island—for ships' boys; a naval hospital and a wireless-telegraphy station. An area of twenty-seven acres completely sheltered by a breakwater constituted the military wet-dock for repairs to floating vessels and for anchoring laid-up ships. And opposite "the Manzano," where the torpedo-instruction school is situated, there is a smaller wet-dock for submarines.

All round Concepcion's great bay are the fortifications that protect this vital nerve-centre of the country's maritime defence. In 1817, when Freire attacked Talcahuano, the Spaniards had fortified this same semicircle of hills with 113 twenty-four-pounders. These must have been efficacious, for, according to Aquinas Ried,[2] Freire remarked to Búlnes—then a lieutenant—on hearing the buzzing of the cannon-balls: "Listen, friend; those potatoes are *hot*!"

The defences of 1817 and of to-day differ somewhat from those which existed in 1735, when Jorge Juan and Antonio de Ulloa visited Talcahuano Bay. These travellers relate in their *Account of a Voyage* (Vol. III, chap. v, p. 307, of the Madrid edition of 1748) how a *huaso*,[3] one of those cowboys "dexterous in wielding the

[1] The dimensions of the smaller dock are $614 \times 87 \times 30\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and of the new one $800 \times 116 \times 36$ feet.

[2] A German traveller born in Bavaria in 1810, who was staying in Chile in 1847, and who collected in his diary of his travels a quantity of very interesting information, written in lively style and in a way that reveals a great power of observation.

[3] From the Quichua *huasu*, signifying "man from the country."

lasso," who "with equal nimbleness throw a noose round a wild bull or any other animal, while the cleverest of men cannot escape from their quickness and sure aim," lassoed a British pirate who "was about to land with the intention of carrying out his accustomed hostilities in the neighbouring towns," and "dragged him off." "He was lucky to escape death by hanging and drawing, so swiftly was he hauled along; but he had been lassoed round the body," and so, "after a few days' suffering from bruises and the tightness of the rope he recovered."

In 1824 a vessel cast anchor in Talcahuano Bay, this time not a pirate but H.M. Frigate *Cambridge*, under the command of Captain Thomas J. Malling, whom Talcahuano received in very different fashion. The ship's chaplain was one Hugh Salvin, who confided his impressions of his travels to a Diary written between January, 1824, and May, 1827. Salvin narrates how two Araucanian caciques paid an official visit to the ship, and the Captain, mindful of their rank, gave them a salute of seven guns. A fine young fellow who accompanied them addressed the chaplain in Latin, much to the surprise of the Britishers. As the dinner to which the Captain had invited the chiefs was a long time being served the Latin scholar inquired, "Quid faciemus?" adding that he was dying of thirst, whereupon the visitors were invited to partake of rum-and-water. This they did so heartily that before dinner was announced they were under the table.

Talcahuano can recall glorious and heroic deeds of the Navy of the Lone Star which has there established its great centre of operations. On October 28th, 1818, the embryo Chilean fleet captured the frigate *Maria Isabel*, the most powerful vessel that Spain had up to then despatched to the shores of the Pacific. It carried fifty guns, and the value which Lord Cochrane assigned to it some months later was 180,000 pesos, or £36,000. Admiral Blanco Encalada (as he afterwards became) commanded the Chilean naval division, which was com-

posed of two ships, the *San Martin* and the *Lautaro*. Both of them went into battle with the British flag hoisted as a *ruse de guerre*.

V

COAL AND WATER

ALONGSIDE of the traditionally military Talcahuano a commercial Talcahuano is coming into prominence with a shipping movement of about 850 vessels a year, aggregating some 1,500,000 tons. Of the times that are past only one visible trace remains in the bay. At the sea's edge, where stood the original Concepcion, are the remains of the Castle of Penco, which was built between 1680 and 1687 and destroyed, like all the rest, by the earthquakes of 1730 and 1751. The exact site now forms an important industrial centre in which the principal establishment is a large sugar-refinery.

Nor is Penco the only manufacturing emporium of the Province of Concepcion. A little further to the north, in the same bay, is Tomé, which boasts one—and perhaps the most important and prosperous—of the four factories in Chile that produce cloths and stuffs.

Six miles to the east of Concepcion is Chiguayante, where the Chilean Mills Company has its cotton-goods factory.

There is a solid basis for the movement which is tending to convert into an industrial centre the whole of the vast region comprised by the provinces of Concepcion and Bio-Bio. This region includes the Chilean coal-measures and also the country's most powerful waterfalls. The whole of the bay of Arauco, to the south of Concepcion, is one large submarine coal-mine. The first coal deposits to be worked were those of Lota and Coronel, discovered in 1841. Don Matías Cousiño, a man of enterprise and energy, began to exploit them properly in 1849. To-day these and others opened later

form the Compañia Minera é Industrial de Chile, whose capital and accumulated funds amount to nearly $300,000,000 (£7,500,000 at 40 pesos to the pound). A short distance further north the Compañia Carbonífera y de Fundicion Schwager carries on coal-mining and smelting operations with a capital and accumulated funds amounting to £1,240,000; and in the south of the bay, in the province of Arauco, is the Compañia Carbonífera de Lebu. In all, Chile possesses at the present time seventeen coal-mines, which produce 1,300,000 tons a year.[1]

In these conditions it is not surprising that of late years the Province of Concepcion should have developed notably in a manufacturing direction. It has to-day 169 factories with a yearly output that exceeds $77,000,000 (£1,925,000), consisting chiefly of food-stuffs, clothes and dresses, wrought metals, alcohol, beverages, hides and skins, chemical products and textile materials.

All these factories, which take advantage of the abundance of motive power, are scattered over the territory of these two provinces. The characteristics of the region are low-lying hills—hardly more than undulations of the surface—on the coast, bold and well-wooded mountains further inland, and the precipitous cordillera in the background, where the volcano Antuco raises its white crest. (*Antuco*—"sun water"—may perhaps be the rather poetic name given by the Araucanians to the lava which the mountain belched forth in times gone by.) The climate and the vegetation recall to some extent those of Devonshire and Cornwall, and the fruit, the birds and the cattle in the fields also resemble those of the south of England. The straw-

[1] The average composition of Chilean coals is as follows:

Water 3·23%
Ash 5·29%
Carbon 54·26%
Volatile material 37·20%

} Its volatile sulphur content varies from 0·5 to 3%. Calorific power 7·387.

berry grows wild—that same *Fragaria chilensis* which the French naturalist Frézier brought to Europe in 1714, and which he describes in his book as follows:

"They cultivate whole fields of a species of strawberry different from ours, the leaves being rounder, more fleshy and very velvety; the fruit is usually as large as a walnut, and sometimes is the size of a hen's egg; it is a whitish red, and a little less delicate in taste than our *fraises de bois.* I have given some shoots to Monsieur de Jussieu for the Jardin Royal, where they will take care to make them bear fruit."

The strawberry now known to Europe was, therefore, brought over by Frézier in 1714, and Concepcion was its native habitat.

The flora of Concepcion and Bio-Bio is abundant. Natural forests of native trees such as oaks, *raulíes*, laurels and cypresses cover vast tracts, and in the last fifty years there has been much planting of imported species, of more rapid growth, like the pine and the eucalyptus. Small game has increased and multiplied exceedingly in so favourable an environment, and geese, partridges, domestic fowl, *choroyes*[1] and wood-pigeons abound. And, apart from these native birds, quails have recently been introduced with success, and on a smaller scale, pheasants.

The cultivation of cereals is—as the statue of Ceres testifies in Concepcion's principal square—one of the corner-stones of the agricultural prosperity of the region. Concepcion and Bio-Bio combined produce about 170,000 tons of cereals annually. On their evergreen pastures browse over 460,000 head of cattle of various kinds.

Scattered about the two provinces are a number of cities of little material importance but ancient and picturesque. In Concepcion is Yumbel, which was founded as a fortress in 1585 with the name of San Felipe de Austria; and a little further south is Rere, founded in 1765 by President Guill y Gonzaga and named San

[1] A cold-climate small green parrot. *Psittachus leptorhynchus.* Gay.

Luis Gonzaga de Rere in honour of a relation of his who was canonised in 1726. Rere's church-bell has a singular timbre, deep and at the same time penetrating, which is attributed to the large quantity of gold said to have been used in casting it. It bears the inscription "Nuestra Señora de la Buena Esperanza," and the date 1720.

The province of Bio-Bio (a corruption of the Indian word *Hui-Hui*, which according to Padre Rosales means "the sound made by quiet waves when they break") was created only in 1875, and takes its name from the river which flows through it, and which, on account of its immense volume, was called by Hancock "the Chilean Rhine." On a picturesque plateau at the confluence of the Bio-Bio and the Vergara stands the city of Los Angeles, founded in 1739 by one of Chile's historians, Don Pedro Córdoba y Figueroa.

At a short distance from Nacimiento, on the south bank of the Bio-Bio, is the plain on which was held the great Parley of Negrete convened by Ambrose O'Higgins in March, 1793, for the purpose of making peace with the Araucanians. At this assembly, for the first time, the Indians recognised the King of Spain as friend and sovereign. Sixty-seven years previously, in February, 1726, another and similar parley had been held on the very same site, after the rising headed by the *Toqui*[1] Vilumilla. This was attended by Captain-General Don Gabriel Cano de Aponte, the Bishop of Concepcion, the General Staff and 2000 men of the Spanish Army. The Araucanians were represented by *archi-úlmenes* (persons of wealth or influence), a large number of lesser *úlmenes* and leading men and warriors equal in number to the Spaniards.

Nacimiento, then, is not only an extremely picturesque

[1] A Mapuche word, probably derived from the verb *thoquin*—"to judge, discern"—and not as some think, from the battle-axe which was carried as a sign of rank by the Paramount Chief of the Araucanians. (*Lenz's Diccionario Etimológico.*)

spot but a place of pleasant memory in the history of the country.

Neither rivers nor water are lacking in the province of Bio-Bio. Mention should be made of the river Laja, which has its source in the snows of the volcano Antuco, and whose inky waters, flowing at first between high banks, soon hurl themselves from a rocky height, forming the Chilean Niagara Falls. As Padre Rosales says:

"In the middle of its course it comes to a precipice, over which it leaps with great force, making a cloud of its froth and spray; the fall is more than twenty-five feet in height; and it is called the Falls of the Laxa."

South of this river begins, in all its magnificence, the great Araucanian forest.

CHAPTER X

THE TERRITORY OF ARAUCANIA[1]

"Aucun chemin de fleurs ne conduit à la gloire" (No flowery path leads to glory).—*La Fontaine.*

I. The mingled Relics of a Forest and a Race—II. Native Foods—III. About Animals—IV. Rivers, Lakes, Legends and Fables—V. The Beyond and Metamorphosis—VI. The Realm of Spirits and of Magic—VII. Friendship and Poetry—VIII. Romantic Personalities—IX. The Dawn of a New Era—X. "Taking without Leave"—XI. The Islands of Santa Maria and La Mocha and Pirates—XII. Coloured-earth Water—XIII. Two-headed Eagles and "The Hasty Young Captain"—XIV. On the Banks of the Calle-Calle.

I

THE MINGLED RELICS OF A FOREST AND A RACE

"THE forest of endless war" is a fitting description for that vast portion of Chile which begins at the Bio-Bio and ends in the Chacao Channel and the Seno de Reloncaví.

It is a country traversed by navigable rivers of great volume, a district of lakes and of age-old woods that from the sea's edge spread across to the Andes and climb to the level of eternal snow. It is the region of great memories for Chileans, the nursery of the native race that gave them their robust, combative character and engendered in their souls a patriotism sturdy as its oaks, impetuous as the waves that beat upon its shores, fiery as the Araucanian volcanoes whose soaring smoke-plumes are reflected in the fathomless meres at their feet.

[1] Araucania comprises the ancient provinces of Arauco, Malleco, Cautin and Valdivia (see footnote 1 in chap. v, "Aconcagua," of this work).

"... TOUGH AND HARDY AS THE ARAUCANIAN RACE ..." (page 162).

AN ARAUCANIAN CHIEF.

By axe, fire and railroad man has opened paths and clearings in phalanxes of trees so closely set that only the strongest among them, giants that tower up to an immense height, can spread their branches to the light and warmth of the sun. And, as with the trees, so with the aborigines. The war of conquest, first, and then the influence of vices indirectly stimulated by greed or apathy have cut wide swaths in the ranks of a race erstwhile vigorous as any sapling of the forest, and only the naturally fittest have attained a stature that enables them to benefit by the full light of civilisation.

Save where the ground has been cleared by fire or by the felling of the more valuable timber, or both of these agencies, no ray of sunlight pierces the gloom of the Araucanian forests. Around these open spaces huge trunks, scorched and livid, bear witness to the destruction, their withered branches, like starved and fleshless arms, entreating nature for a clemency which man has denied them. Others, like those Indian arms from which Valdivia lopped the hands by way of a lesson, are no more than stumps, but to move them would be no easy task. Strong as the Araucanians' love for their native soil, their roots cling desperately to mother earth, seeking in her bosom some of the warmth which formerly their branches transmitted to them.

In the virgin forests the temperature is always even, and one breathes in the acrid, bracing emanations from the moist earth and its carpet of crackling dry leaves or the mattress of acanthus flowers that silences the footfall. The spoil of a complete flora, as of a whole race of men, has gone to the making of the soil. Mosses, lycopodia, liver-worts, cover trees that have succumbed to old age and mingle with the vivid scarlet blossoms of the *sarmienta repens*, with exuberant, tree-like ferns—a sort of vegetal Peter Pan—and with a twining plant whose tiny bells are sometimes red " droplets of Indian

blood, bright blossoms of pain" (as a poet of the region calls them), sometimes "as a moon-beam pale and white," anon pink as coral, which Chileans know as the *copihue* —and which botanists call *Lapageria rosea* and *Lapageria alba* since Ruiz y Pavon thus named it in honour of Josephine Beauharnais de Lapagerie, first wife of Napoleon the Great, who brought it to Europe from her native Martinique, where also it grows wild. And, edging the thicket as if to defend it from intruders, or from the hurricanes that might destroy the tender shoots, or from the great fires by means of which the new owners of these lands seek to clear them, grow the *quilas*—*chusquea quila*—with stems as flexible as a young girl's body. And a strong defence have the *quilas* been, not only for the forest but also for the native Indians, since they provided them with the arsenal of spears and arrows wherewith they harried the Spaniards for three centuries and the emancipated Chileans for half a hundred years.

The vegetation of the district is notable for its variety. There are, indeed, great forests of Araucarias (*A. imbricata*) of which specimens were brought to England by the British naturalist and surgeon Menzies, who accompanied George Vancouver to Chile (1790–1795)—and which were popularly christened "monkey puzzle" in crass ignorance of the climate and fauna of its natural habitat, where no monkey could exist. There are also small groves of oaks, which provide a timber tough and hardy as the Araucanian race itself. But with these exceptions the great forests of the region are heterogeneous in the extreme. Tall *coigües* (*Nothofagus Dombeyi*) white and soft of wood, with branches spread out like fans of fern and a top cluster of leaves resembling green lace, are mixed with *raulíes* (*Nothofagus procera*) and cypresses and laurels (*Laurellia aromatica*) and *mañíus* (*Podocarpus chilina*). It is this infinite variety that has up to now prevented the establishment in the district of the wood-pulp industry.

But of all the exuberant flora of the forests nothing excels the araucaria, which has carried to every corner of the globe the fame of the region that gave it its name, and which represents with its magnificent branches of evergreen leaves, stiff, hard and tipped like a spear, the tradition of the race that defended its native soil. And, as if to complete the symbol, the araucaria forests are the only really homogeneous woods in Araucania. Of a vivid dark green, they swing to the breezes of the steep valleys of the foothills like the billows of ocean; intrepid mountaineers, they thrive at altitudes where the temperature falls to 22° (Fahr.) below freezing point, attaining a height of fifty metres—150 feet of timber hard as steel. Some of them are so big that Otto Schmidt tells how he found a whole family of natives, with four children, living in the hollow of an araucaria that had been converted into a *ruca*, as the Indians call the huts in which they live. A fitting last refuge for an impoverished and broken race, so deeply attached to their homeland that when sent by the Spaniards to till land in Perú or to work in the mines of Potosí they starved to death on distant shores or were drowned in the sea in their desperate attempts to walk or *swim* back to the forest in which they were born, to the huts in which they had lived and loved, to the freedom which Nature herself had given them!

And, like them, the araucarias fall to the stroke of the axe without bending their necks; or, shrivelled in the great fires with which the white man devastates the forest, they stand sapless but erect, dead or dying but still inflexible.

The whole of the *Nahuelbuta* cordillera, which was the centre of the Araucanians' country while the Bio-Bio flowed between them and the invaders, is covered with araucarias. "Big tiger" is the meaning of *Nahuelbuta*, and like tigers they defended themselves; their name *Araucano* was for centuries a synonym for "implacable Indian." From Nahuelbuta extends the spur range

of Marihueno, where Don Francisco de Villagra, fighting against an overwhelming force of natives—

> " Two score and ten for every man of Spain's,"

as Ercilla says—

> " Long in the mountain forest wandered lost,
> And with him six field-pieces, all they had,"

and owed his escape at last to his horse :

> " A chestnut brown, full mettlesome and brisk,
> Swift in the chase, nimble, alert and bold,
> Mightily strong, for th'onset ever fain,
> And all its fury chastened and controlled
> By a light bit and frail, remindful rein."

Where the forest is intact the symmetrical appearance of the trees, even when they comprise the most varied species, is wonderful. Seen from the mountains which dominate the valleys they look like the hair, green and waving, of a drowned giant. With the exception of the araucarias they are homogeneous only in patches of a few acres ; elsewhere in the forest the branches of cedars interlock with those of the *lumas* (*Myrtus luma*), which yield a timber hard as steel and a fruit that the Indians call *cauchan* ; myrtles (*Myrtus uñi*, which likewise yields a pleasant fruit) stand cheek by jowl with a tough-hearted species of oak (*Fagus obliqua*) that the natives call *pellin* when it has attained its full stature of about 130 feet ; *raulíes* (*Fagus procera*), much in request for doors and stairways, jostle *coigües* (*Fagus Dombeyi*), of which large quantities are used for box-making ; *llenques* (*Podocarpus andina*) touch hands with *ulmos* (*Encryptia cordifolia*) and with *radales* (*Lomatia obliqua*), whose bark is used for dyeing woollen stuffs ; while in the even temperature and constant moisture of the vault of foliage, into which the sun's rays never enter, grows an infinite variety of delicate plants that could not withstand its full light or heat. Ferns, mosses and fungi grow in great profusion.

In the dryer soils the hazel (*Guevina avellana*), with

" . . . AN IMPOVERISHED AND BROKEN RACE . : ." (page 163).

ARAUCANIAN WOMAN AND CHILD.

its pretty leaves and flowers, grows wild. From time out of mind the hazel-nut has been a dainty morsel to the Indian palate. There too abounds the cinnamon (*Drymis chilensis*), which the Araucanians call *voigüe* and regard as a sacred tree, a mystic symbol of all that is good, for it figures in all their religious feasts and public rejoicings.

On the mountain slopes are found *mañíus* (*Saxegothea conspicua*) and cypresses (*Libocedrus chilensis*); and the *chacai* (*Colletia Doniana*) strikes root at heights where only the condor sets foot.

All this exuberance of flora is falling, unfortunately, to the axe or to the stubbing fire, and in Arauco and Malleco there is probably not a third part left of the primitive forest. In Cautin and Valdivia perhaps a half has been destroyed. The woods have shared the fate of the Araucanian race, of which scarcely a hundred thousand souls remain. Such is the inexorable work of civilisation, which advances destroying without ruth whatever would bar its path. All this tangled mass of shrubs and lianas and saplings and creepers could not be cut and cleared by hand: the exploitation of the virgin forest by these means would be economically impossible. So fire is applied to the bosom of Mother Nature to cure her of her fecundity! Just as, long ago, since no use could be made of the hordes of sullen Indians, they were driven away in gangs to their death.

And besides clearing the ground, this firing of the forest, often done on such a scale that the sun is obscured behind a heavy veil of smoke, leaves it covered with a layer of ashes that fertilises the earth and enables extraordinary yields of cereals to be obtained. Here in truth is a land that grows kinder in return for ill-treatment.

After the fire comes the axe to complete the work. The green trees are soft, and for this reason the oaks, *raulíes*, *coigües*, *lingues*, *radales*, lumas and cypresses are cut in the spring; as dry timber they would break every tooth in a saw. All efforts to put a stop to this

system have been frustrated; the wise law passed in 1873 prohibiting stubbing by fire is in force only on paper.

No means have yet been found of controlling these forest conflagrations, and in the Araucanian region one can often witness the spreading advance of flames that hiss and crackle among the shrubs and small branches and with burning tongues lick the great trunks until the leaves are reduced to a fine ash. At times the fire reaches the saw-mills themselves, or a patch of sown land full of promise, or some dwelling-place that has cost much time and trouble to build; and the owners who thus suffer receive no compensation and have no remedy. There have been cases, however, where desperation has driven them, as in the Far West of other times, to take the law into their own hands. What is wanted is a Forestry Law, and what is still more urgent is legislation, such as they have in the United States, for the preservation of natural resources.

Along the navigable rivers and the railway tracks the destruction of the forest is all but complete. And up to now there has been no thought of re-afforestation: not a single tree has been planted. Some day we shall have to begin to treat the Araucanian forest as we are now treating the Araucanian Indians: it must be taught to grow in orderly fashion.

Meanwhile, as a Chilean poet[1] says:

"Yet in these haunts not always can the mind
  Pursue its thought in tranquil ecstasy:
A day shall come, for summer peace designed,
  When, marring all the quiet reverie,
There echoes through the glade the distant stroke
  Of the fell axe that mayhap slays at last
The old Colossus of the forest folk,
  A patriarch rooted in an age long past
That trusted in the twilight of the wood
  And in his offspring's serried palisade
To keep him safe; but where he secret stood
  The grim steel finds him. Soon he will have paid

[1] Salvador Sanfuentes; *Inami: An Indian Legend.*

With life for his own greatness, feeling now
Through all his mighty frame the murderous gash
Of the impassive edge. Ah! see him bow
His soaring crest and to the dark earth crash
With one long, rending groan as last farewell
To all his kin . . . ."

II

NATIVE FOODS

THE forest yields food as well as timber. Apart from the mushrooms (known as *dihueñ*), the *cau-chan* and the fruit of the *murta* (which the Indians call *guñi*), there is the *maqui*, with its ruddy, aromatic, astringent bark (*Aristotelia maqui*); the *peumo*, which bears a fruit that resembles a coffee-berry enamelled red; a creeper called *ngevuñ* (*Laraizabala biternata*), whose fruit, named *cogull*, is similar to the cucumber except that its white pulp is sweet; the *chagual* (*Puya coaretata*), with its scaly trunk and greenish flowers from whose tender stalks the natives obtain a delicate pulp much appreciated as a substitute for green-stuff; the *achupalla* (*Bromelia bicolor*); the *pehuen* or farinaceous cone of the araucaria, which tastes like a chestnut and which the Indians collect in large quantities in the months of March and April and bury in soils to preserve them through the winter; and, last but not least, the queen of the small fruits, growing in such profusion as to give its name to a large estate "Pellahuen," which in Mapuche means "among the strawberries"—*Fragaria chilensis*, as Frézier christened it, *llahueñ* as the Indians know it, which in times gone by covered whole leagues of land in this region.

Where the forest ends and the ground is open to the sun there have grown from time immemorial several different species of wild potato, from the *poñe* (*Solanum tuberosum*) which is known the world over and which was probably brought to Europe from Araucania, to the *malla* and *lanú* (*Herbetia coerulea*), which the Indians

like best. There also grew roots which they used as food, such as the *ngadu*, the *coltro* and the *liuto* (*Alstroemeria ligtu*), and farinaceous and leguminous plants like the *huegen*, a kind of sabadilia, the *magu*, which bears a grain similar to that of rye and was made into an unleavened bread, and the *madi* (*Madia sativa*), from which they extracted an edible oil called *chucanchucan*. In these patches of cleared land they cultivated the *mango* (*Bromus mango*), which is now extinct, and which had nothing in common with the tropical fruit of the same name, being a cereal from which flour and bread were made; here also they grew a grain known as *lanco* (*Bromus stamineus*), and the *quinoa* (*Chenopodium quinoa*), a plant that reached a height of six or seven feet and whose seeds were used as though they were rice. But the commonest and most prized cereal amongst their crops was, and still is, maize, which they consume in every form conceivable: boiled, roasted, ground and made into bread, or as a kind of skilly, sometimes with cold water (when it is known as *ulpud*), sometimes with hot (when they call it *chedcan*). The legume most favoured is the *poroto*[1] (*phaseolus vulgaris*), which the natives call *denguil* and the Spaniards referred to as *judías*. The Quichua origin of the word *poroto* (which has been adopted by the Royal Spanish Academy), shows that they were imported into Chile by the Incas.

Nowadays the Araucanians also cultivate in their reducciones[2] wheat, for which their word is *cachilla*, barley (*cahuella*) and pumpkins (*penca*), and their crops are not intended, as formerly, merely for their own consumption. In 1796 Ambrose O'Higgins, who left in all parts of Chile traces of his superior mind, granted them liberty of commerce, and since then they have sold the produce of their fields. Thanks to O'Higgins they were able to organise fairs for the sale of their cattle

[1] From the Quichua word *purutú*.

[2] Lands which the State, in accordance with a special regulation, has recognised as belonging to the natives.

and the purchase of utensils of prime necessity. The unit of value in these transactions was, and still is, cattle. Their word *kullin* signifies both "beast" and "to pay," just as the Latin word *pecunia* comes from the word *pecus*, cattle. The results of their farming operations are, however, very poor. Their exhausted and circumscribed lands require fertilisers and scientific cultivation. Doubtless there will come a day when agriculture will be taught them by means of object-lessons, this being the most suitable method of bringing the science within reach of their comprehension, in which visual observation is the strongest feature.

III

ABOUT ANIMALS

IN the numerous meadows of Araucania, where the soil is turfy, grows the *mallin*, tender pasture which they feed to their *chilihueques*, the huanacos, or "native sheep" as the conquistadores called them, which in herds of as many as 500 head constituted their most precious possession. They bred them, as Padre Rosales says, "with great care for the wool; and they look after them with much heed, keeping them within their dwelling-places, for they are the best means they have for buying women." An English traveller, Captain Muster, described them as having "the neigh of a horse, the wool of a sheep, the neck of a camel and the feet of a deer." The skins, bark and rushes with which the Indians clothed themselves in more primitive times were gradually replaced by huanaco wool. So high a place did these beasts come to occupy in the esteem of the Araucanians that in their ceremonies, wherein magic and the supernatural play a mysterious part, the huanaco is immolated in order to carry their occult powers to the object of their invocations.

Nowadays the herds of huanacos have diminished considerably and horned cattle, sheep and especially

horses browse on the meadows in their stead. In fact it is the horse which has taken the place of the huanaco in the affection of the natives. They are deeply attached to their horses and treat them with great care, which, however, does not prevent them from eating their flesh when they die or from killing them when they are past work. Horseflesh, indeed, they prefer to any other meat. They are accustomed to cover the grave of a cacique with the skin of his favourite steed hung from a pole supported by two forked sticks, the pious mourners having previously consumed its flesh at the great merry-making that accompanies the burial of so elevated a personage. When the cacique sleeps his eternal sleep his arms and accoutrements are buried with him, and over him a lance of *quila* flutters its white streamer in the breeze to testify to the high rank of the defunct.

In addition to horseflesh, mutton now forms part of the native diet, of which in former times the flesh portion was furnished by the huanaco, the deer called *huemul* (*cervus chilensis*), and a species of beaver (*lutria huido-bria*) for which their name was *huillin.*

The Araucanians were always cattle-breeders rather than hunters or tillers of the soil. The warfare of three centuries aggravated their neglect of the fruits of the earth, which it was not easy to carry away in their hasty retreats into the forest, whereas their herds of cattle could be driven with them. Then, too, there are no wide-spreading plains in Araucania, and no animals of the bison or buffalo kind such as flourished in North America, and their only " big game " was the puma [1] (*felis concolor*), to which, with the poetic feeling peculiar to them, they gave the name of *nen mahuida* —" King of the mountain." The *colo-colo*, a now extinct species of wild-cat, was also hunted by them, and so

[1] A lion less ferocious than the African species, inhabiting the virgin forest and the desert places of the Cordillera. It attacks the smaller cattle and the huanacos, but is a timid beast. It measures some five feet in length and stands between 2 feet and 2 feet 4 inches high.

were the fox (which in their eyes is possessed of supernatural virtues and figures largely in their legends) and the *coipu*, or otter, the largest rodent in Chile, which they captured by means of nets made of reeds and a three-pronged harpoon.

They seldom attempted to shoot or snare the birds so plentiful in the region, such as the *carpintero* (*picus lignarius*) with its red crest, its ruffled blue-and-white plumage, its peculiar piercing call and its hard sharp beak, with which it perforates the toughest wood in order to lay its eggs in the cavities; or the *choroy* (*psittachus leptorhynchus*), vivid green of plumage and black of head, with red-rimmed eyes and beak; or the wood-pigeons and turtle doves, which resemble the European species.

IV

RIVERS, LAKES, LEGENDS AND FABLES

NOR did they care much for fishing, but on the coast were content to collect the shell-fish and sea-weeds such as the *cochayuyo*—" sea-bean," in the vernacular—which the low tides left on the shores. Their means of navigation were very primitive, barely enabling them to cross the rivers of the region, which are very different from those which traverse the Chilean valleys to the north of the Bio-Bio.

Towards the south the rivers change their boulder-strewn beds and flow over a veritable mattress of muddy mosses which at the shallower fording-places appear on the surface in the form and dimensions of islets of luxuriant vegetation. Waterways sheltered by the shade of trees lose little volume by evaporation, and these reach the Pacific as broad, deep rivers, not as attenuated trickles like those of the north. Apart from the Bio-Bio, which at its mouth has a volume of 28,000,000 cubic metres an hour, the great forest is watered by formidable streams like the Vergara; the Tirúa, which

flows into the sea at the port of the same name (=" place of enlistment "), the best in northern Araucania; the Imperial, which is formed by the confluence of the Cautin and the Quepe and on whose banks Pedro de Valdivia founded the fort and city of Imperial in 1551; the low-banked Tolten that emerges from Lake Villarrica, into which flows a stream from the Andes Cordillera named Pucon or Trancura; the Calle-Calle and the Cruces, at whose juncture stands the flourishing city of Valdivia; and finally the Rio Bueno, whose birthplace, Lake Ranco, encompassed by forests of interlaced roots, thorny undergrowth and miry ground composed of the vegetable mould formed by decayed leaves, inspired the illustrious poet Sanfuentes in his native legend " Inamí." Amongst the Indians it is said that in this lake there lives a fish of fabulous dimensions, called *Manta*, which suddenly leaps from the depths, falls on the canoes, sinks them and devours all they contain.

Of Legends such as these the natives have great numbers, transmitted intact from generation to generation by those among them who possess the much appreciated gift of narrative. At their gatherings these story-tellers recount to an audience rapt in pious wonderment the most hair-raising and improbable fables.

Ignorance, which as someone has said is eagle-winged and owl-eyed, and a solitude rumorous with strange noises, makes these Indians see something queer and superhuman in the flying sparks of the fire around which they are squatting, in an attack of " pins-and-needles," in the fall of a leaf, in the call of a bird or the direction of its flight. If in the forest a cuckoo calls or an owl hoots it is a sign that someone is going to die; if the *queltehue* is heard and the conscience is uneasy it means that the police are coming; if a fox is seen crossing a path to the right of one it is an augury of good fortune, but if Reynard runs to the left some disaster is about to happen. When the wind whistles and dry twigs

and branches fall upon their *coiron*[1]-thatched huts, a malevolent hobgoblin in a state of frustrated passion is pursuing the damsels and furiously throwing stones.

The Araucanian forest teems with Mapuche omens in which the flight or the song of the birds interprets the will of the gods. The owl's cry turned into water the hearts of Araucanians who faced without a tremor the most horrible tortures of the conquistadores. From the play of the wind their soothsayers divine whether it will rain, whether insects or weevils will attack their crops or epidemics decimate their families, what they have to fear from the *calcus*—witches that lurk in caverns—or from the men changed into night-birds that shoot invisible arrows at their enemies as they fly, or, in short, from the host of spectres and goblins that people their primitive minds—minds as confusedly tangled as the *quilas* of the forest, yet lit with flashes of poetic feeling as vividly coloured as the *copihue*.

V

THE BEYOND AND METAMORPHOSIS

BUT in the open spaces where the sun shines and the horizon spreads clear and wide and majestic rivers flow westwards to a boundless sea—the destination, according to the natives, of all who die—one feels that despite their muddled mentality they have an innate belief in the immortality of the soul, in another and a better existence in a happy hunting ground where there is abundance of everything that in their ingenuous and childlike conception of life constitutes pleasure and well-being. For to them man is composed of two elements: the corruptible body, which they call *anca*, and the soul, which they call *ancanolu* (" impalpable ") and *mugealu* (" eternal ").

Tempuleague, an old witch that has assumed the shape of a whale, acts the part of the ferryman of the

[1] A tough-leaved grass—*Festuca*.

Styx, and demands her toll on reaching some very narrow straits which another old hag guards with great zeal, ready to pluck out an eye of any corpse that does not pay the price fixed. On arriving at Paradise the married men have the same number of wives as they had on earth but they beget no sons because in Heaven all is spiritual.

Pillan, the Supreme Being, Thunder-God and Spirit of Fire, presides over men and the elements, but is seriously menaced with usurpation by Ngunemapun, who is one but divisible, Meulen, the Spirit of Good and God of the Wind, Huecubú, the Spirit of Evil, who is exorcised by burning sticks of cinnamon, and Eupunamun, the God of War. The tempests of thunder and lightning so frequent in Araucania are in the eyes of the Indians pitched battles in which Araucanians fight desperately against their enemies. The rush of the wind is the charge of invisible horsemen, the thunder the war-drums, the lightning the flashes from the guns.

The constant rains have preserved amongst them the tradition of a Flood from which only those were saved who took refuge on a very high mountain named Theg-Theg, which had three peaks and could float and move upon the waters.

Mountains, forests, rivers, lakes—all are haunted by mysterious animals, some of them weird metamorphoses of human beings, others real animals that have suffered transformation. Thus the *chonchon* is a woman who has dealings with the witches in order that she may learn to fly. When she has learned the secret one night her head is separated from her body, two wings immediately grow upon it and it proceeds to mount into the air. The croaking of night-birds is the voices of the *chonchones* who are descending into the witches' caverns to take part in their evil plots, and many an Indian, on returning to his *ruca*, finds his wives headless. The *colo-colo*, a species of catamountain that formerly existed, has been transformed into a lizard that lives underground; it is a monster whose germ is

found, so they believe, in a degenerate egg laid by a cock. In any case it is a terribly dangerous beast, robbing the poor Indians of their saliva and thus causing their death !

The evil genius of the forest is the *pihuicheñ*, a hybrid monster, part winged snake, part dragon, that flies only by night and when the oak is putting forth its buds.

VI

THE REALM OF SPIRITS AND OF MAGIC

THE superstitious fancies of the natives do not confine themselves to the realm of flesh-and-bone monsters, but take flight with the same freedom in the spirit world. They believe, for instance, in *Huitranlahue*, a woodsman's ghost that floats in thin air, most elegantly attired, protecting their flocks and herds. Then there is *Alhue*, who goes about frightening the timorous, and the *Am*, the sort of bogies that in the superstition of every race or people in the world occupy an impregnable position.

Certain objects, too, inspire them with awe : they have a great dread of the camera, because their portraits may be given to someone who has some strange power over them. Edmund Reuel Smith, a North American traveller, tells how on one occasion when he referred to a dictionary in order to understand what one of the natives was saying, the latter wished to feel it so as to see whether the sense of touch could reveal how Smith grasped the significance of his words, and as the wind was stirring the leaves of the trees he was persuaded that a malignant spirit was prompting the white man in a whispered foreign tongue.

Such is the environment in which the *machís* ply their trade. The *Machí* is a mixture of priest, sorcerer and medicine man, capable of smelling out witchcraft and curing those possessed of demons by supernatural

means when the *ampives*, or herb doctors, and the *vileus*, whose speciality is diagnosis, have spent their science and their efforts to no purpose. In the silence of the night a *machitun*, or ceremony of magic, succeeds where the arts of the native Galenus have failed. The ritual is most weird, and the proceedings are wont to end in tragedy. In the sick man's hut a magic drum, wreathed with laurel, hangs from a large branch of cinnamon. A sheep is awaiting immolation. Thrice in succession the *machí* fumigates with tobacco-smoke the invalid, the cinnamon branch and the sheep, while a number of women plaintively chant their traditional melodies and likewise undergo fumigation. The sheep is sacrificed, and its heart, extracted and squeezed, is strung on the cinnamon branch. Then the patient's stomach is examined to ascertain what sort of poison has been administered by the supposed sorcerer—for obviously the persistence of the disease can only mean sorcery. The examination concluded, the *machí* beats the magic drum and paces about the hut accompanying the women in their chant. Suddenly, in a spasm of inspiration, he throws himself to the floor, writhing and gesticulating, opening and shutting his eyes like one possessed, and finally names the man or woman who has caused the illness. Alas for the unhappy wretch accused of such treacherous witchcraft. The sick man's relatives usually put him or her to death without further ado.

VII

FRIENDSHIP AND POETRY

IN spite of these barbarous customs, which the authorities of the region of Araucania punish and are endeavouring to eradicate, the Araucanians have their good points, prominent among them being a gift for friendship, love for the family and the instinct of hospitality. Their language has six or seven words,

some very expressive, for our word "friend"; their family ties and relationships extend in all directions and embrace far more degrees of kinship than those of the white races; and all such strangers as have penetrated into their territory with pacific intent—scientific, religious or even commercial—agree that Araucanian hospitality is the most complete and most generous that can be found anywhere. The first to testify to this fact was Don Francisco Nuñez de Pineda y Bascuñan, who, having been taken prisoner by the Araucanian *toquí* Putapichion at the battle of Cangregeras in May, 1629, lived amongst them in the service of the *ulmen* Manlican, who so treated and protected him that, when liberated, he wrote an account of his experiences under the title of *El Cautiverio Feliz—The Happy Bondage*—which is a classic amongst the literary annals of the Conquest.

"Mari, mari, peñi!" ("a hundred welcomes, brother!") is the Araucanian greeting, and before entering into the conversation which the meeting occasions ceremony calls for an interminable exchange of compliments and kind inquiries. For fifteen minutes and more two acquaintances will squat, sometimes turning their backs upon each other—for the position of the body has no significance—bandying questions that shall manifest the interest of each in the other's family or material welfare, all in a monotonous voice, like one repeating a litany, raising the inflexion whenever the phrase ends with a vowel and dropping the tone to a nasal muttering when it finishes with a consonant.

But they can be taciturn enough at times. Silence falls upon them when they pass their cemeteries, where the remnants of their race sleep their eternal sleep with their feet towards the west, in graves marked by thick slabs of wood roughly carved in the form of a St. Andrew's Cross.

If, as Goethe says, "superstition is the poetry of life," then there is poetry in the soul of the Araucanian. Their bards they call *gempin*—"word masters"; the

firmament is *guenumapu*, "the country of heaven"; the Milky Way is *rupuepen*, "the wonderful road." Their calendar is likewise poetic and objective: January is "the first month," February "the harvest month," March "the maize month," April "the first month of the *rimú*,[1]" May "the second month of the *rimú*," June "the first month of the thorn," July "the second month of the thorn," August "the unpleasant month," September "the treacherous month," October "the first month of the new winds," November "the second month of the new winds," and December "the month of the young fruit."

Poetry, in fact, must float in the atmosphere, for it was here that Alonso de Ercilla was inspired to write the immortal poem which the Parson and the Barber, in the "great and witty scrutiny" to which they subjected Don Quixote de la Mancha's books of Chivalry, saved with two others from the bonfire made of the volumes that had turned the ingenious knight's head; "for these three books, said the parson, are the best written in heroic verse in the Spanish tongue," and they should be kept "as the richest poetic achievements that Spain possesses."

Edmund Reuel Smith relates how, when travelling in Araucania, a white eaglet passed southwards above his head in majestic flight, whereupon a Mapuche who accompanied the traveller knelt and invoked the bird in these imaginative terms:

"Oh Namen, Lord of All, look upon us with thy right eye and not with thy left, for thou knowest we are poor men. Protect our sons and brothers, give us happiness and allow us to return safe from our journey."

From time to time the ingenuousness and the independent spirit of the Araucanians have been exploited by adventurers.

[1] A little yellow flower eaten by the native partridge.

VIII

ROMANTIC PERSONALITIES

BETWEEN 1819 and the end of 1821 a Chilean named Vicente Benavides, at one time a muleteer, kept the whole region in a state of panic by his incursions on land and at sea. He was a terrible scoundrel with a history that reads like a novel of adventure. Having enlisted in the patriot army, one fine day he deserted and joined the Spanish royalists. At the battle of Maipú in 1818 he was taken prisoner by the patriots, who spared his life; but shortly afterwards he and a brother of his were discovered in a new act of treachery, and this time both were condemned to death. On their knees before the firing party the brother Timoteo was riddled with bullets, but Vicente, who with lightning rapidity had thrown himself forward, escaped with one or two slight wounds, and had sufficient self-control to feign death while the sergeant gave him a sword-thrust in the neck by way of coup de grâce. When the firing party had left he bound up his wounds with his dead brother's linen and found his way to a shepherd's hut, where he made a good recovery. Not long afterwards he presented himself, with brazen effrontery, before the patriot authorities in Santiago, and, pretending to have repented of his misdeeds, offered to go and raise the Araucanians against the Spaniards who still occupied the southern extremity of Chile and had entrenched themselves in the island of Chiloé. He was listened to and believed, and as soon as he had reached Arauco he attached himself again to the Spaniards. Here there was a Spanish colonel named Pico, who in alliance with the Araucanians was waging guerrilla warfare against the Chileans and whose motto was "neither give nor ask quarter." (This person, by the way, had a dog to which he had given the name of "Insurgente," and which he treated accordingly.) Pico acted as military

adviser to Benavides, and together they succeeded in raising the natives against the Santiago Government.

Not content with this, Benavides filled in his spare time with piracy. Off Santa Maria Island, in the north-west of Arauco Bay, he captured three American vessels, the *Hero*, the *Herselin* and the *Ocean*, and a British whaler, the *Perseverance*, making slaves of their crews and killing any who were at all refractory under his lash. This pitiless brute was a fervid devotee of Our Lady of Mercy; and before his encounters he administered the sacrament, afterwards butchering his prisoners. Captured in February, 1822, he was hanged in the main square of the capital on the 23rd of the same month.

Nearly forty years later, in 1861, another adventurer, Monsieur de Tonners, essayed fortune in a less sanguinary manner by coming to an understanding with an Araucanian cacique named—curiously enough—Mangin. When Monsieur de Tonners reached Mangin's territory the latter had departed this life, but his son, Quilapan, continued the understanding, and Tonners, thanks to his affability, to his personal magnetism and to a tremendous mane of hair which he was wont to flourish with incomparable elegance, won over the caciques whom his ally had collected to listen to him and was proclaimed King of Araucania under the high-sounding title of "Aurelius Antonino I." A green and blue flag was to symbolise the independence and the sovereignty of the new kingdom which Monsieur de Tonners, claiming to be a brother of the King of Spain, had come to found; and the monarch's first act was to sign promissory notes for the Royal Exchequer.

A lieutenant of the Chilean police force, Quintana by name, accompanied by a sergeant and five soldiers, went to look for His Majesty and came across him at a place called Los Perales, on the banks of the Malleco. The lieutenant tackled him, took away his sword and without loss of time conducted him to the city of Nacimiento. In his baggage were found two of the flags of

the budding Kingdom thus rudely destroyed, a number of proclamations, schemes for organising the young State, and a host of communications received from France asking for employment in "New France," as the ex-King had styled his dominions. General Saavedra kept him prisoner in the city for a time, as his deposition had cost the General fifty pesos of his own money! Finally, however, he was declared insane and expelled from Chile.

But in 1864 Aurelius I returned by way of the Cordillera and, again getting into touch with Quilapan, told him that a French ship would shortly be bringing them help. The announcement coincided with the arrival at Corral of a French man-of-war, the *D'Entrecasteaux*. Chilean troops, however, soon put an end to this second adventure, which ended with the hurried return of Aurelius Antonino I across the Andes to the plains of Argentine.

IX

THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA

EVER since the Senate enacted on June 20th, 1823, the bill that ordered the settlement of the Indians, and recognised as their property in perpetuity the lands which they possessed, the Chilean authorities have taken steps to improve the position of the Araucanian race and enrol it in active citizenship of the nation. But the work has been slow, for it bristles with difficulties, and it is only of late years and in the more northerly parts of the region (the provinces of Arauco, Malleco and Cautin) that the patient and persevering labours of the Governments that have succeeded to power since that date have fructified.

Even to-day, in the provinces named, there is much insecurity of tenure of land, the result of the irregular manner in which the property was constituted; and this insecurity is accentuated until it becomes a serious problem in the regions more to the south.

Auctions of fiscal lands, partly occupied from time immemorial by natives who have been expelled from their patrimonies, denouncements of waste lands which in reality were nothing of the kind; seizures of lands that were of no use to anyone and that nobody wanted until the occupant made them productive; distraints levied upon the natives for imaginary or derisory debts, whereby they are deprived of large tracts of land in order that they may be handed over to people who make no pretence of tilling them but simply re-sell them at a price representing many times the sum owed—if it were owed at all; and everywhere, growing up like the moss at the foot of the oak, the spurious property-tiller of usurpers of vast estates—such is the state to which the law of property has sunk in many parts of Araucania.

But out of all this welter of abuses, of which the ultimate cause is the virgin and unexplored state of much of the region, a new Araucania is gradually emerging, an Araucania with an organised industry, with scientific methods of agriculture and with a large output from both. The relations between the natives and the white men who have settled there—and who have given agricultural value to the district and commercial life to towns founded with a view to conquest first and peaceful penetration afterwards—are every day becoming more friendly and less tense. Many of the natives are beginning to educate themselves at the national schools; some of them have risen to be masters, and are the most valued assistants of the men who are endeavouring to lighten the darkness of the Mapuche mentality by studying their language, their psychology, their manners and customs, their ancient crafts and in particular their superstitions, which, as a philosopher has said, constitute a godless religion or else a devout impiety.

The transformation of Araucania has been brought about in the last fifty years; and when the problem of the law of property has been solved, and the disputes and uncertainties are settled, this rich region will repay with

glorious years of peace for the three centuries of heroic war which it cost to open it to European penetration.

The path of the future lies not through the persecution and extermination of the finest and most vigorous of the American aboriginal races but in uplifting to the level of the white inhabitants by adequate education and by example, the descendants of those cohorts who defended their native soil without thought of surrender so long as brute force was employed to subjugate them, but who cast down their arms so soon as the white man treated them, legally and morally, as Chilean citizens, respecting their customs and leaving them a few acres of their long-descended patrimonies. The Protector of Natives, a department created by a law passed in 1866, has had much to do with this beneficent reaction in the perilous life of the region, and among those who have filled the post Don Eulogio Robles Rodriguez deserves particular mention in this book. Thanks to his zeal and studious industry many of the Araucanian customs have been learned and some progress has been made towards penetrating into the confused depths of the native mind.

In the educative and ameliorating work amongst the Indians an important part has been played by the missionaries, who with unbounded constancy and self-sacrifice have lived with them, giving examples of Christian virtues, acquiring their tongue and devoting themselves not so much to the preaching of a religious belief which they would have found difficult to understand and assimilate as to the teaching of the rudiments of learning, the improvement of their arts, crafts and agriculture and the introduction of rational means of curing their infirmities and alleviating their sufferings. In Araucania the missions have been nothing less than centres of light and healing, and the history of the civilisation and progress of the region will record in enduring characters the names of many a modest, noble paladin of the true religion of Christ. No great number of Araucanians have yet been brought within the fold

of the Church of Rome, but on the other hand there are very few who have resisted the beneficent influence of Christian precepts and the softening effects of work and the school.

In 1882, with Araucania pacified, foreign colonisation began, and for eight years small parties of colonists, Swiss, French and German, flowed into Victoria, Ercilla, Quino, Quillen, Lautaro, Temuco, Imperial, Galvarino, Puren, Contulmo and Quechereguas. Except in a few isolated cases, however, it may be said that foreign colonisation failed to yield the results that were expected of it. Some were caught up by the strong current of national population; others, disappointed and ruined, emigrated to the northern cities in search of easier work; and there were a few who scraped together enough money to return to their native soil. The only colonies that took root and prospered were, as will be seen later, the German settlements of Valdivia and Puerto Montt.

X

"TAKING WITHOUT LEAVE"

THE most northerly province of this wide region is the coastal province of Arauco. The name comes from a stream called *Raghco*—"chalk-water"—on whose banks the Spaniards established a fort. And in such high esteem was the province held that when Pedro de Valdivia had ideas of becoming a grandee the title he fixed upon was that of Marquis of Arauco.

Lebu, the capital of the province, is almost wholly a coaling port. All over Arauco, and in the neighbouring province of Malleco, are outcrops of lignite in which marine fossils of species now extinct are usually found. The coast is sandy and low-lying, and anchorages are few. The population is very small—some 60,000 inhabitants—and property there has not yet reached a high value, being estimated at no more than $63,682,800

(£1,590,000). It produces a certain quantity of cereals, has a few head of cattle (94,000 horned and 55,300 small), and contains only seventeen factories in its area of 4,230 square miles—that is to say, more than a third of the area of Belgium, which has 7,500,000 inhabitants!

In the province of Arauco the most interesting city from an historical point of view is Cañete. It was founded in January, 1558, by Garcia Hurtado de Mendoza, and named in honour of his father the Marquis of Cañete (then Viceroy of Perú), whose family estate lay hard by a fort of the same name in the vicinity of Cuenca, in Spain. Near the Chilean Cañete, on a branch of the Nahuelbuta cordillera that stretches seawards, stood the Fort of Tucapel, a name which bears the suggestive signification of "taking without leave." Without leave the Spaniards had taken this plateau surrounded by the river Tucapel on one side and broken, wooded ground on the other, and there they fought the most memorable battle of the epoch of the Conquest. Pedro de Valdivia commanded the handful of men who were to measure arms with 6,000 Indians under the *toqui* Lautaro. He arrived there on New Year's day, 1554, and was greeted with a sinister silence. Suddenly, with a terrific hubbub, a host of Araucanians burst out of the depths of the forest and threw themselves upon the Spaniards. Thanks to their superiority in the matter of weapons, Valdivia's men successfully withstood the first onset; but soon there came a second, and then a third. Wearied and crushed by the weight of numbers, the conquistadores turned to retreat; but the Araucanians had surrounded them, and Valdivia was hurled from his saddle by lance-thrusts and blows from war-clubs. Stripping him naked, the Indians tied his hands with reed-ropes and dragged him for nearly half a league to the place where the chief caciques stood waiting. A priest who accompanied him, and who was to die with him that day, made a cross of twigs and administered the last offices. One fierce blow of a war-club on the back of the neck, and life was ended

for the valorous, daring, talented man to whom Chile owes her awakening from the lethargy of native existence.

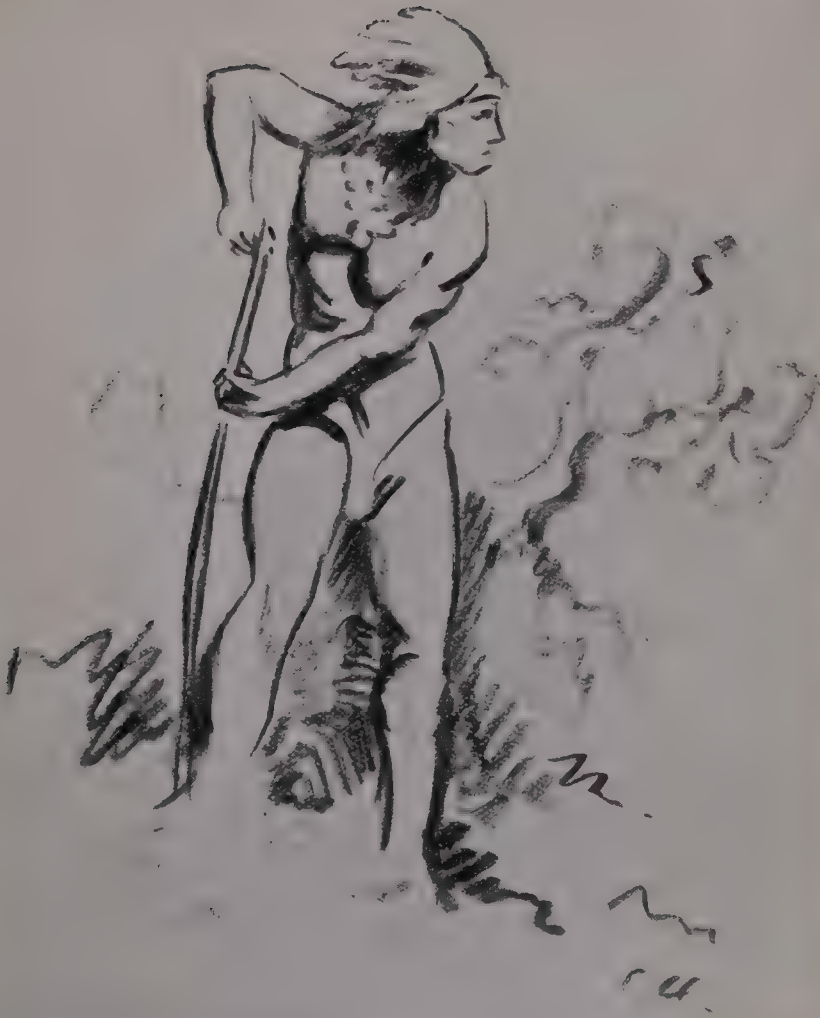
In 1558, four years after the death of Valdivia, it fell to the lot of an Indian hero, the *toqui* Caupolican, to perish on the same spot. Put to the torture of impalement, which consisted in spitting the victim on a pointed stake that tore the intestines, Caupolican died with the same calm indifference as that with which, a short while previously, he had accepted Christian baptism; from Christian hands he received the ghastly punishment to which the Moors had recourse for the purpose of slaughtering the followers of Christ.

Barbarity is contagious; revenge is unrestrainable amongst men infuriated by fanaticism, privations and the peril of their lives. In the midst of the uproar of battle the voice of missionaries preaching the gospel of meekness and mercy was a voice crying in the wilderness. They could do little to check the cruelties of the combatants. But for history they wrought well: thanks to the literary culture that distinguished them we have eye-witnesses' accounts of these events which have permitted the great drama of the Conquest to be reconstructed even to its slightest details.

XI

THE ISLANDS OF SANTA MARIA AND LA MOCHA AND PIRATES

ALTHOUGH situated in the Pacific Ocean, several miles from the coast, the island of Santa Maria, which closes the bay of Arauco, and the island of La Mocha, facing the port of Tirúa, form part of Arauco province. Both are interesting historically and both have from time out of mind been centres of agricultural production. In cattle of both kinds and in potatoes and leguminous crops they are and always have been particularly productive, and on this account, since their discovery in the sixteenth century, they



". . . THE *TOQUI* CAUPOLICAN . . . PUT TO THE TORTURE OF IMPALEMENT . . . DIED WITH THE SAME CALM INDIFFERENCE AS THAT WITH WHICH, A SHORT WHILE PREVIOUSLY, HE HAD ACCEPTED CHRISTIAN BAPTISM . . ." (page 186).

have often served as a shelter and revictualling place for privateers and pirates.

Off Santa Maria is the *Rada Inglesa* ("English Roadstead"), so called since 1587, when the British corsair Thomas Cavendish anchored his fleet there in order to provision it and with that view invited the natives to come on board and drink. The misdeeds of the pirates on Santa Maria became so frequent that the Spaniards despatched a detachment of soldiers to guard the island. In 1656 the garrison was commanded by Don Ignacio de la Carrera, a direct ancestor of the Carreras who played so brilliant and so turbulent a part in Chile's War of Independence.

The island of La Mocha was the scene of numerous exploits by the Dutch and English pirates. Sir Francis Drake arrived there in November, 1578, in the *Golden Hind*, 100 tons displacement—the last that remained of the five vessels with which he had sailed from Plymouth in December, 1577. The *Swan* and the *Christopher* had been wrecked before reaching the Strait of Magellan; the *Marigold* had foundered on debouching into the Pacific, which, then as now, belied its name by indulging in one of its frequent and furious orgies of hurricanes; and the *Elizabeth*, separated from Drake's flag-ship by the tempest for several days, during which she was the sport of the waves, had turned her prow homewards.

Drake, in the *Golden Hind*, a vessel smaller than many modern tugs, was driven by the winds as far south as Lat. 57°, where he was able to observe that the American continent had an end and that the Pacific and the Atlantic united south of Cape Horn. To one of the islands which he descried he gave the name of Elizabeth Island.

The Indians of La Mocha gave Drake a rude welcome: they wounded him in the face with an arrow and killed two of his crew, including the ship's surgeon. Thanks, however, to a rudimentary knowledge of medicine he was able to heal the injury. With unusual high-minded-

ness and foresight he made no attempt at revenging himself upon the Indians but set himself to pacify them, succeeding so well as to persuade one of them, a fisherman, to pilot him to Valparaiso, where he expected to find rich booty.

Less fortunately fared the Dutch pirates who visited La Mocha in 1599. The entire crew of a vessel bearing the singularly inapposite name of *Charity* were slaughtered by the Indians. This ship belonged to a squadron commanded by one Simon Cordes, who sailed in another vessel called the *Esperanza*, and who was killed by the natives together with twenty-three men with whom he landed at Lavapié Point, to the west of Arauco Bay. The *Buena Nueva*, the smallest of his squadron, proceeded to Valparaiso and surrendered.

A wild coast is Arauco's!

XII

COLOURED-EARTH WATER

THE province of Malleco—a name which signifies "coloured-earth water," and which admirably suggests its volcanic soil, covered with a stratum of red clay or tufa called by the Indians *trumao*—is the granary of Chile. It produces annually some 190,000 tons of cereals, of which about 126,000 are wheat.[1] Agriculture here is more advanced than in any other province south of the Bio-Bio; cattle-breeding has likewise improved and developed, and the industries have prospered until the present output of manufactured goods amounts to $14,000,000 (£350,000) a year. The law of property is almost perfect in Malleco, and moreover its soil is richer.

The scenery of the province is beautiful. In the Cordillera three volcanoes show their massive profiles

[1] This figure comprises the production of the former province of Malleco and that of Cautin merged into one. See footnote 1, chap. v, Aconcagua.

against the sky-line, emerging, lofty and snow-capped, from forests of araucarias: Tolhuaca (9,270 feet), Nevado (9,510 feet), and the double-coned Lonquimay (9,740 feet); and the mountains of Malalcahuello rise out of a dense array of centenarian trees. The river Malleco leaps down from the heights and flows swiftly through forests and over plains, its course indicated by a thick edging of *quilquiles* (a species of fern), rushes, reeds, myrtles, *pataguas* (*Tricuspidaria dependens*), *pitras* (*Myrcengenia pitra*) and *temus* (*Temu divaricatum*), which bend to kiss its waters as it passes. The trunks of old trees caught athwart the stream testify to the ravages of the hurricanes, and flocks of aquatic birds swarm in the backwaters.

The undulating and mountainous surface of Malleco gives rise to a large number of waterfalls that some day will convert the region into a great industrial district. The Nahueltripay, on the Malleco, and the cataracts of Callin, Huequen, Quino and Truf-Truf are sources of energy merely awaiting initiative to be transformed into dynamic force.

Thirteen leagues from the city of Victoria, which was founded in 1881 to commemorate the triumph of the Chileans in the war of the Pacific, and which is the capital of the Department of Mariluán ("ten huanacos"), are the springs of Tolhuaca, discovered in 1893. The establishment is a primitive affair, but the neighbourhood is one of the beauty-spots of Chile. Surrounded by vast forests of araucarias, the springs pour forth waters of a temperature of 203° Fahr. impregnated with different mineral substances; some are alkaline, some ferruginous, some chlorurated and others sulphuretted. In a grotto thirty-five feet wide and twenty feet high, the birthplace of several springs, there is a geyser which from an aperture six inches in diameter sends out a jet of boiling water, charged with gases and fumes, that splashes against the rocky vault and trickles copiously down to the floor again.

A little further south, on the road from Curacautin to Lonquimay and the Argentine frontier, is Retrincura's Stone, the largest and most deeply reverenced of the curious perforated stones so common in Araucania. They are a kind of sanctuaries to which the Indians resort, bearing such varied offerings as boughs, buttons, lighted candles, pine-cones, bread and even money. Lenz[1] quotes a saying in the Pehuenche dialect (that of the centre of Araucania) according to which all who pass Retrincura's Stone without depositing a gift suffer some misfortune. The Indians say that a mighty deity lives there and that he must be propitiated. Addressing the stone, therefore, they exclaim :

"To-day I come to say farewell to thee, Padre Retrincura ! Thou knowest all things, Padre Retrincura !"

Throughout Araucania there is but one town that commemorates Ercilla, the great poet who immortalised the region. Ercilla reached Chile in April, 1557, after many adventures, with Don Garcia Hurtado de Mendoza, attracted by the tales he had heard in London from the lips of Don Geronimo de Alderete, who had travelled there to give Prince Felipe an account of what was happening in Chile and to ask to be appointed Governor of the new realm. Ercilla at that time was page to Prince Felipe ; hence he says in his *La Araucana :*

> "And with your leave went I in the array
> Of the new Capitan and Governour
> Since quitting London till the very day
> When in Taboga him I did inter."

The town that bears Ercilla's name is situated in the Department of Collipulli, Province of Malleco, and was founded on February 6th, 1885.

The oldest city in the province of Malleco is Angol —a corruption of *encoln*, which means "to climb up on all fours." It was founded by Pedro de Valdivia himself, and he gave it the name of "Los Confines," as it

[1] Rodolfo Lenz : *Estudios Araucanos.*

was more or less equidistant between Concepcion and Imperial. Like all the so-called " cities " which Valdivia scattered over the extensive region south of the Bio-Bio, Angol was destroyed and its site changed. The huts built of planks or sunbaked bricks, with thatches of straw, that constituted the invaders' dwelling places, and the trenched palisades dignified by the name of " fortresses," all fell to the incendiary torch and the desperate onset of the Araucanians. Angol, like Cañete and Arauco to the north and Imperial, Villarica, Valdivia and Osorno to the south, was reduced to a heap of ashes. To-day it is a flourishing city and agricultural centre.

Further south, almost on the border of the province of Cautin, is Quillen, a place of no importance nowadays but notable as being the spot where the Spaniards first held parley with the Araucanians. This meeting, which took place on January 6th, 1641, resulted in what was known as the " Peace of Baides," the Spanish representative on that occasion having been Francisco Lopez de Zuñiga, Marquis of Baides. The Araucanian leader was the famous *toqui* Putapichión. Baides headed an array of more than 7,000 persons, and Putapichión was accompanied by sixty-five caciques and an army as numerous as that of the Spaniard. Amongst the more influential of the chiefs who came with Putapichión were Lincopichón (" Soldier's plume "), Antehuenu (" Height of the Sun "), Liencura (" Whited stone "), Chicahuala (" Grey duck "), and Guaquellanquen (" Leather Poll ") !

When Baides had spoken Antehuenu advanced with a bough of cinnamon in his hand, and after answering him at great length caused twenty huanacos to be immolated. One of the principal caciques gave them the coup de grâce with his *macana*,[1] and tore out their hearts, sprinkling with the blood the cinnamon-bough which Antehuenu held. This done, all the caciques spoke in turn, with all the emphasis and elegance of the vernacular.

The principal articles of the Peace of Baides were :

[1] A thick, heavy cudgel or mace.

the recognition of the independence of the Araucanians, the permission granted by the Indians for the rebuilding of the forts that had been destroyed, the alliance of the two nations and the exchange of prisoners. These matters settled they proceeded—much in the same way as modern plenipotentiaries exchange decorations—to give and receive presents of birds, yearling lambs, fruits, clothing, indigo and timber.

XIII

TWO-HEADED EAGLES AND "THE HASTY YOUNG CAPTAIN"

THE province of Cautin possesses both the oldest and the newest of the cities of Araucania. The first is Carahue, which means "where there was a foot," this referring to the original city of Imperial founded by Pedro de Valdivia in 1551; the other is Temuco ("*temu*[1] water"), which was also founded as a fort three centuries later (February 23rd, 1881); indeed its builders laboured sword in hand, in view of the opposition of the local caciques, supported by 500 braves.

In forty-seven years of existence Temuco has so progressed as to excel in importance, population and wealth all the other cities of Araucania. Situated on the great river Cautin in the midst of rich and fertile lands, Temuco is taking shape as a cosmopolitan city, as a result of the varying influence of Swiss, German, French and Spanish blood. Since the great fire of 1908, which destroyed a large part of the city—then built of wood—substantial and valuable buildings have arisen in spacious streets and avenues. Temuco breathes the air of progress; and while the Cerro Temuco, where the virgin forest is preserved in all its splendour, indicates what Araucania *was*, the Avenida Alemana, with its villas and gardens, its hotels, tramways, motor-cars, schools, theatres and banks, shows what it is now and

[1] A tree already mentioned—*Temu divaricatum*.

what it will become later. For this is a region destined to provide Chile with a sturdy, sound, industrious and energetic race that can be depended upon to endow Araucania with a reputation in the works of peace no less distinguished than that which her aborigines made for her in the arts of war.

Round about the city, which boasts 40,000 inhabitants, many factories have been erected. The value of the urban and rural property of the province of Cautin, of which Temuco is the capital, has reached a figure little short of £6,725,000, and within the provincial boundaries are seventy-two industrial establishments with an output —chiefly furniture, pottery, wheeled vehicles and leather goods—amounting to sixteen millions of pesos annually. Its area under cultivation exceeds 148,000 acres.[1]

From among the forests to the east of the city the volcano Llaima raises its snow-capped head to a height of 9,940 feet. It has erupted thrice—in 1640, 1864, and 1895—with great violence. On the first occasion, according to the colonial annalists, it "exploded"; on the second an enormous plume of smoke indicated to the inhabitants the fiery process going on in its interior, and on the last the whole district was illuminated by its sinister brilliance as by a beacon.

To the west, where the Cautin and the Quepe, having mingled their waters, become the Imperial, is Carahue, occupying the exact site on which, according to Mariño de Lobera, Don Pedro de Valdivia "resolved to build a city that should be head of the Realm." And so he did, allotting it eighty inhabitants and giving it the name of Imperial because, as the Cabildo of Valdivia explained in a letter to the Emperor Carlos V dated July 20th, 1552, "in that province and in this one also the greater part of the natives' dwellings have two-headed eagles, made of wood." These, declares Mariño de Lobera, were "like those which the Emperor Carlos V bore on his coat-of-arms," fashioned so exactly that it

[1] According to the old political division.

would seem as though no painter could draw them more perfectly and no sculptor carve them more life-like; and when the Indians were asked if they had seen birds of that shape in their country so as to be able to portray them they replied, "No, nor did they know the origin of them, it being a very ancient thing of which they had no other tradition than that their fathers and forbears found them so."

The eminent Chilean historian Don Diego Barros Arana gives the following explanation of what he calls "this illusion" on the part of the conquistadores:

"On the roofs of the Indians' huts the ends of the poles that supported the straw thatch were left projecting. These ends met on the roofs in the form of a cross, and on them the Indians, prompted by one of their numerous superstitions, fixed the heads of certain birds in order to ward off evil things and witchcraft from their homes. The Spaniards mistook this custom for the two-headed eagles of the Imperial Arms of Carlos V."[1]

Of the aforesaid city of Imperial which was intended by its founder to be "head of the Realm," and which was the only one that survived into the seventeenth century without being rased to the ground by the Indians, nothing now remains but the ruins of the fort, two or three hundred yards from Carahue, and a number of interesting historical memories. It was there that Don Alonso de Ercilla came very near being hanged as the result of a quarrel he had with Don Juan de Pineda when the two were accompanying Don Garcia Hurtado de Mendoza to the tilt-yard in June, 1558. Don Garcia, who was, as the poet says, "a hasty young captain," was so furious with them for being disrespectful enough to quarrel in his presence that he was on the point of condemning them to death, and they were only saved by the intercession of a girl who was subsequently accused of having intimate relations with him. When Don Garcia was impeached on account of certain peculiarities

[1] Vol. I, p. 398, note 23, of his *Historia General de Chile.*

of conduct this charge figured as number 147 of the indictment. This curious document states that, amongst other things, " Don Garcia allowed himself to be governed by a damsel whose name is mentioned in the secret inquiry . . . and filliped each other on the nose . . . they being at a window so that those who were passing by saw them."

The Licenciate Herrera, who had charge of the case, says in his sentence:

" 147. Item; as to allegation one hundred and forty and seven, which is that Don Garcia was governed by an Indian wench. *I find him guilty of a grave misdemeanour*."

A short distance from Carahue is Boroa, where, it is said, the aboriginal Indians were white-skinned and red-haired, though no one has yet been able to ascertain the truth or otherwise of the statement or trace the origin of this idea, in which the people of the locality firmly believe.

A little to the south of the river Imperial is Lake Budi, which is connected with the sea by a river of the same name. It lies, dotted with islets, in the midst of a perfect riot of vegetation. On its smooth, deep-blue waters wild swans sail with an indolent majesty symbolising that of the Araucanian chiefs of the twentieth century. It is one of the loveliest scenes in the region. On its chocolate-coloured soil wheat grows in forest clearings where tree-trunks still hold fast to mother earth, where the flowers called liutos mingle their intensely vivid yellow with the pallid pink of the blossoms of " lady's fingers " that cling to the branches and are felled or burnt with them.

XIV

ON THE BANKS OF THE CALLE-CALLE

THE province of Valdivia, which neighbours that of Cautin, is a continuation of the great Araucanian forest conquered by the energy, perseverance and industry of the German colonists who, in a good hour for

Chile, arrived in the region in 1850 and settled first in what is now its prosperous capital.

Its well-paved streets, fine buildings, factories and churches stand on the bank of the Calle-Calle facing Teja Island at the point where the latter separates the Calle-Calle from the no less voluminous Cruces. Together these two rivers form the Valdivia which Juan Bautista Pastene discovered in 1544 when returning from his expedition to the Strait of Magellan and named in honour of his friend and leader. At that time a wretched collection of huts, called by the natives Aiñil, stood at its mouth.

In these parts rain falls frequently, though the quantity of moisture precipitated does not exceed in the aggregate the rainfall of the Central Valley provinces. Changes of weather are abrupt, and one may often see a tree dripping with rain while its neighbour is bathed in sunshine. The climate recalls that of England, and in the course of time, when the forest has been thinned out and the open spaces have increased, the resemblance will be complete.

"Valdivia's Prison" was the name by which, for several centuries, the Spaniards knew this corner of Chile. But it was in search of liberty that the men came here who gave the province the fame it now enjoys.

Pedro de Valdivia had in January, 1552, founded a centre for seventy inhabitants, who were mostly men of birth, and he and his lieutenant Jeronimo de Alderete obtained for the town the privilege of a coat-of-arms thus described in the Royal Grant of March 18th, 1554:

"Let there be on the shield a river, and a city of silver that is situate on that river; and on the tower of the said city a white flag with a red cross; and for the border of the said shield seven fig-leaves vert on a field or, and on the shield a closed helmet, with foliage or pendants or and vert and on the helmet for device a serpent vert couped at the middle."

Although such arms were augury for the future

"LET THERE BE ON THE SHIELD A RIVER, AND A CITY OF SILVER THAT IS SITUATE ON THAT RIVER; AND ON THE TOWER OF THE SAID CITY A WHITE FLAG WITH A RED CROSS . . ." (page 196).

ARMS OF THE CITY OF VALDIVIA.

wealth of the city that was to come it began life in an atmosphere of rancour and sanguinary revolt. One of the insurrections terminated, on March 4th, 1563, with the execution of two of the ringleaders, Peñalosa and Talaverano; and in 1565 the inhabitants went so far as to rivet a pair of fetters on the corregidor of the city, Don Pedro Fernandez de Córdoba himself. The disputes of the sixteenth century were followed by the perils attendant upon the constant menace of the Indians in the seventeenth; and thereafter, up to the middle of the nineteenth, dark night reigned over Araucania.

The town of Valdivia derived no benefit from the first Colonisation Law, which was enacted in 1824. The second Law dates from 1845, and it brought the German colonists to Chile. It empowered the President of the Republic to establish colonies of nationals and of foreigners who should come to Chile with the intention of settling there, and granted them up to twenty-five cuadras of land for each father of a family and twelve for each son of fourteen years of age or more under parental control. This law bears the sign-manual of two statesmen mentioned in previous chapters: the illustrious President Búlnes and Don Manuel Montt, who was to succeed Búlnes and complete the work of colonisation.

Under the protection of this law, which was amplified by another enacted in 1851, the German colonists began to arrive. The difficulty at that time, as now, was the imaginary property-titles concocted by unscrupulous persons who took advantage of the prevailing ignorance of the topography of the region, the small value set upon the land, the impotence of the natives to defend themselves before judges and notaries, and the levity of the authorities, who, counting on the distance that separated them from the Central Power, neglected their duties. And so it was that cases occurred such as that of an individual named Chomba, who exhibited titles that made him owner of a strip of land beginning in the Seno de Reloncaví and ending in the Desert of

Atacama—rather more than half of Chile! The origin of all these ink-and-paper frauds lies in the vagueness of the landmarks indicated in the first concessions of lands. "As far as the snow-capped Cordillera," or "up to the Green Mountain" are expressions that were frequently used in the demarcation of those days.

The crop of frontier disputes that grew up among the Latin American countries throughout the nineteenth century owe their existence to the same slipshod ambiguity.

After a wearisome voyage the German émigrés reached the vast, lovely corner of a new world that was their destination, leaving behind them a fatherland and parting with half a lifetime and an entire tradition. In his *Indian Legend* Don Salvador Sanfuentes, a Chilean poet, thus describes the entrance to Valdivia:

> "From the unsteady deck tossed by the wave
> That dances gaily in the Southern Sea
> Look eastwards to a foam-edged foreshore, brave
> With verdant, never-fading finery;
>
> Mark how, where'er thy charméd gaze may change,
> A dominating mound, a frowning height—
> Each one a bastion of uncertain range—
> Uprises to protect a spacious light;
>
> See then where Ocean through a slender strait
> Inflows, then spreads to form a haven wide
> Whither two great streams flow to abdicate
> Their sov'reign power o'er their clear, slow tide.
>
> If thou lov'st freedom, if thou should'st delight
> In the fair glory of thy native clime,
> Here fix thy thoughts; Valdivia will requite
> Thine ardour with a narrative sublime." [1]

It was freedom that the colonists loved, and so they came to Valdivia. They brought with them a load of affliction, disillusion and heart-ache, and they cherished a secret hope of bringing to fruition in a foreign land the

[1] *Inamí: An Indian Legend*, Canto I.

ideals which in Germany a medieval mailed-fist had tyrannously crushed.

Disheartened and downcast, they came to fill their lungs with the free air of Chile's southern forests, the atmosphere of Germany having been rendered intolerable by Prussian oppression. Here, they thought, in these virgin lands they could convert into realities the ideals of democracy and reform which had been shattered against the overbearing ambitions of Austria and Prussia. Unlike the Hungarians, they had possessed no Kossuth to hurl a Metternich from the seat of power into which he had been clamped for thirty-nine years ; and the democratic constitution which a Prussian King had promised under the pressure of a revolution had, after passing through the Candine Forks of the Parliament of Frankfort, died almost as soon as it was born. Rising in arms to defend their ideals, and to put an end to the tyrannies of Berlin and Vienna, they had been dispersed with slaughter by the Prussian troops in 1849. As a consequence they carried with them to Chile, and some amongst them to the United States of America, not the spirit of imperialism which they had combated in their own Vaterland, but the desire to shed on their new home the light of their philosophical conception of the Modern State and to endow the land of their adoption with the fruits of an energy hitherto spent in vain, with their wealth of science and superior culture and with the sobriety of their patriarchal customs. On the wooded banks of the Calle-Calle, and facing the river Cruces at the point where Teja Island divides the latter into two branches, Carlos Andwandter, one of the 600 members of the Frankfort Congress, found what he wanted. Shortly after his arrival he established the first brewery Chile ever possessed, and his descendants form to-day one of the most respected Chilean families. Guillermo Frick, Valdivia's first colonist, had arrived there before him. Attached to the Polish patriot and eminent savant Dǫmeyko by the bonds of an equal degree of culture and

of common misfortune, Frick, who combined with his botanical knowledge a rare musical talent, composed *The Hope of the Poles* on the marge of the tranquil, limpid waters where trees, shrubs and ferns dip their branches laden with *copihue* blossoms. He wished to inspire his friend and companion with courage for the future. He did not believe in the subjugation of Poland nor of any country whatsoever. The melodies that flowed from him on the banks of the Calle-Calle seventy-five years ago have become a modern hymn of resurrection, and by a happy coincidence it fell to the lot of Paderewski, another musical genius, to conduct the work in 1920 at the concert of the nations liberated by the epic effort of 1914.

All that Frick cared for was liberty—his own and that of others; in liberty he sought inspiration for his music, and amongst the 150 compositions which he left to posterity is the *Hymn to the Victors of Maipú*, in which he extolled the fame of those who had given independence to his adopted country.

Almost at the same time there arrived at Valdivia from one of the Rhine provinces Francisco Fonck, a doctor of medicine and an elegant and erudite writer, who explored the province of Llanquihue, penetrating along the Argentine frontier as far as Lake Nahuelhuapi, the Chonos Archipelago and the Taitao peninsula, and who so identified himself with his adopted country as to become a Chilean and occupy a seat in the National Congress in 1882. Savant and patriot, he is regarded by Chileans with affection and respect.

Another honourable page in the annals of Chilean science is filled by Rodulfo Amando Philippi, whom also the political upheavals in Germany sent to Chile in 1851. In view of the reactionary influence at work in the Fatherland he preferred to resign his post as Director of the Polytechnic School and settle in Valdivia, where his brother, Major Bernardo Philippi, had already found safe asylum. Philippi was, without question,

the most illustrious scientist that has yet trodden Chilean soil.

Along with these outstanding personalities came others like Ebner, Lechler, Kayser, Ribbeck, Hornikel, Hoffmann, Hacbler, Ineffer, Von Zush and Krugen, who, with no thought beyond carving a future for themselves and forgetting the bitternesses they had suffered in their native land, laid the foundations of the agriculture and the industry of the province. Frick and Philippi carried out the demarcation of the lands allotted to them.

Poorly lodged in the casemates of the old castle of Corral, they suffered and overcame privations and misfortunes with the infinite patience that characterises their race. In the anonymous host that followed in the footsteps of the more cultured and prominent were peasants, operatives, literary men, grooms, poets, carpenters and musicians ! But amongst all this variegated crowd there was not a single man who could not support himself, nor who had not paid his own passage, nor who had arrived without money in his pocket. Some of them brought as much as £2,000 !

It is easily understood, then, how Valdivia, known in colonial times as a military outpost for the age-long war against the Araucanians, and sunk in vegetative slumber during the first years of the Republic, has come to be an agricultural centre with a cultivated area of 215,000 acres and an industrial emporium with 190 factories (footgear, furniture, beer, joinery), slips for the building of vessels of a fair draught, commercial buildings of solid construction and of several stories, excellent wharves, banks, savings-banks, 149 schools and colleges scattered over the two departments into which the province is divided, Courts of Justice and, in short, everything that a modern city requires. Since the earthquake of 1909 which almost completely destroyed it the city has renewed its youth and expanded. Valdivia's manufactures contribute 45,000,000 pesos (£1,125,000) a year to Chile's total output.

Of the 175,000 inhabitants that the province boasts only 2,899 are regarded as foreigners. The German blood of the 1,200 settlers who in 1850 distributed themselves over Teja Island, Cudico and in the fort of Corral now flows in veins that are Chilean.

The forests of the province consist of the same trees as those which abound in the other parts of Araucania except for the many crab-apple trees, hazels, hollies and oleasters that are found here.

In the upper slopes of the Cordillera, lifting its elegant cone from among forests and petrified lava-streams, is the volcano Villarrica, which the natives called *Quitral-pillan*, "God of Fire." When it erupted in 1640 it so heated the waters of a stream then called Toipire as to boil the fish therein! At the foot of the mountain, surrounded by pines and cypresses, is the lake of the same name, seventy-two miles in circumference. Padre Ovalle relates in his history how in the eruption of 1640 a tree, upright and smouldering, sailed along the surface of the water, "and in its wake a wild beast, covered with twisted horns, its head giving forth fearful bellowings and lamentable cries." The Beast of the Apocalypse turns up in Lake Villarrica in 1640!

Owing to Indian accounts of the existence of rich silver mines and gold placers in the vicinity Don Jeronimo de Alderete (the same who in London persuaded Don Alonso de Ercilla to go to Chile) founded in 1552, on the shores of the lake, the city which he called Villa Rica (Rich Town)—and which was the most poverty-stricken of all.

It was left to a race in which the commercial instinct predominates to discover the true gold and silver mines possessed by the district. From the moment of their arrival the German colonists had dealings with the Indians, and instead of hostilising them sold them what most pleased them in exchange for what they needed themselves. *Lancatu-mapu*, "the glass-bead country," was the Mapuche name for Germany. A traveller[1]

[1] Edmund Reuel Smith, 1849.

who crossed Araucania at the time says that the Indians asked him :

"Is it true that the beads grow upon trees in the land of the setting sun, and that they who gather them ride into the country at night on swift horses and return laden before the rising of the sun, whose first rays would burn them to death ?"

CHAPTER XI

THE LAKE REGION

SOME one has said that this part of Chile is a Switzerland suffering from a nicely proportioned elephantiasis. It is a true word: here are the same lakes, grown larger and deeper; the same mountains, grown loftier; the same valleys, grown more precipitous. The tilled fields and the woods have exchanged their rôles: in Chile it is agriculture that is restricted by the tangled forests, whereas in Switzerland it is the forests that can make no headway against the patient thrifty labour of the countryfolk, who have snatched from their clutches every square yard of soil where a man may stand without support.

The numberless lakes are probably the result of geological subsidences in which springs have burst forth, filling them with water. Suffice it to mention only the four Great Lakes: Puyehue, Rupanco, Llanquihue (323 square miles), and Todos los Santos, which reminds one of the Lac de Quatre Cantons and which, by reason of the colour and beauty of its waters, is known also as Lake Emerald. Mirror-smooth on calm days, they boil like a gigantic cauldron when the hurricane is blowing. Then it is that the denizens of these deeps—the Chilean swans (*Anas melancoripha*), black of head and neck, the females carrying their six cygnets on their backs, cradled in plumage, as in a canoe; the "royal" ducks (*Anas regia*), blue with a grey breast, the head adorned with a red crest and the neck encircled by a white collar; the flamingoes (*Phoenicopterus chilensis*), five feet tall and one foot long, white-breasted with flame-coloured plumage and wings, oblong, crested head, and a toothed beak curved at the tip; the *hualas* (*Achmophorus major*),

". . . THE TODOS LOS SANTOS LAKE, WHICH REMINDS ONE OF THE LAC DE QUATRE CANTONS, AND WHICH, BY REASON OF THE COLOUR AND BEAUTY OF ITS WATERS, IS KNOWN ALSO AS LAKE EMERALD" (page 204).

with their black feathering and melancholy cry, that, like the Spanish *Guardia Civil*, always go in pairs; the *piuquenes* (*Bernicla melanoptera*), with a snow-white plumage veined with black and edged with bronze—then it is that all these gorgeous birds take wing towards the quiet pools of the shores or to the islands with which the omnipotent hand of the Creator has sprinkled every lake.

In Indian belief these lakes are the haunt of a mysterious fauna composed of people and animals that have suffered some frightful metamorphosis: over their waters sails the *caleuche* ("the changed men"), a pirate vessel manned by wizards or demons that, strange to relate, walk with one leg only, the other being permanently bent at the knee. And whosoever sets foot on the deck of this phantom craft is not only struck with the same deformity but moreover becomes a drivelling idiot and loses his memory, because otherwise his profane eyes would pry into the secret of their magic and he would be able to reveal it to other mortals. Then there is *Neguruvilu*, a feline monster armed with a claw on its tail, that lives in the depths and sallies forth in the lakes and rivers to slay men and beasts, stretching itself like a snake to enfold them. Who but *Neguruvilu* is responsible for all the calamities that overtake the poor Indians on the water? And then there is *Huaillepeñ*, the most monstrous of them all, with a calf's head and a sheep's body, who on twisted legs roams the vicinity of the lakes and is dastardly enough to make women liable to give birth to misshapen children!

The great Lake Llanquihue, vast as a sea, is undoubtedly the centre of this region. In the background rise the heights of Pillegüe and the volcanoes Osorno (7,450 feet), Calbuco (5,900 feet) and, east of them, El Tronador (9,850 feet); on its grasslands with their farmhouses and herds alternate with fields of flax and rape, barley and hemp, looking like large bites torn out of the surrounding thicket of hazels, laurels, oaks, larches, gigantic myrtles and the succulent-stemmed

ñilhues, that sometimes attain a diameter of two inches ; the whole diversified with rivulets and waterfalls. Here swarm the Chilean wild bees, which do not produce wax like the European sort but deposit their liquid, transparent honey in cells made of vegetable fibres so closely joined that not a drop leaks through. This honey, mixed with roasted hazel-nuts, has always been a favourite Indian sweetmeat.

Lake Llanquihue is studded with islands covered with exuberant vegetation. Here are generally to be found the *nalcas* or *pangues* whose huge leaves, measuring up to ten feet across, the Indians were wont to use as parasols or as roofing for their huts ; and dwarf *colihues*, *coiron* and other valuable forage grasses also grow there.

On Point Centinela, where to-day stands one of the loveliest private estates in Chile, an Indian woman, one Marcelina Catalan, is said to have lived half a century ago and to have administered justice amongst the Indians with no other authority than general consent. So great was her power that those who did not like her decisions received at her own hands the corporal punishment they richly deserved for their disrespect.

Puerto Varas, so called in honour of the illustrious Chilean statesman Don Antonio Varas, who had the region explored in 1854, is the business centre of Lake Llanquihue, whose waters are ceaselessly ploughed by the keels of numerous small steamers and sailing boats. A high-road and the railway from Santiago connect Puerto Varas with Puerto Montt, on the Gulf of Reloncaví, the head of the province and one of the busiest ports in the Republic. Close upon 1,900 vessels enter and clear from Puerto Montt in the course of a year. The country between the two points is now among the most productive agricultural and cattle-raising districts in Chile. Well cultivated fields, farms well stocked with beasts, and well provided with buildings and stables, gardens, orchards, sawmills, small factories, meet the eye at all points. Flax, rape, barley, oats, rye and potatoes are grown ;

linen is woven, meat salted, hides tanned, wheat ground, osiers made into baskets and the like and the native bee hived, while in the forests the circular saws buzz all day, cutting boards which the carpenters and joiners of Puerto Montt promptly convert into furniture and other valuable articles.

In Llanquihue there are 144 factories with an annual output of manufactured goods worth $13,500,000 (£337,500), and the urban and rural property, in spite of the great tracts where ownership has not yet been established, has a value of over $160,000,000 (£4,000,000). There are 263,578 head of horned cattle and 217,619 small beasts, and the cereal crop exceeds 146,500 tons a year.[1]

Out of the terror-haunted forest, abandoned to its own somnolent magnificence, buried amongst inaccessible mountains and fiery volcanoes at the edge of the world's greatest ocean ; out of these gloomy woods, that might well be populated by the goblins and evil spirits born of the sombre imagination of the savages, have risen, in the course of but seventy-five years, towns full of light and promise and rich with the gains of commerce.

Chile of the years to come is the same Chile that the aborigines knew, but ethnologically it has undergone a strange evolution. The race that now peoples it carries in its veins the blood of the Saxon, the Teuton, the Gaul, the Spaniard and the Araucanian, and in that venous stream the red corpuscles, far from becoming impoverished, have gained new strength in the bracing air of a climate that encourages activity and effort.

The city of Puerto Montt, the provincial capital, was founded on February 12th, 1853, a day which, being the anniversary of the Battle of Chacabuco, was specially selected by Don Vicente Perez Rosales in order to inculcate in the new arrivals the cult of the glories of their new country. The name of Montt was given it in honour of the great President then governing Chile, who was the

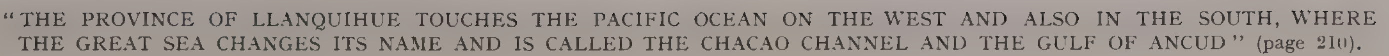
[1] This figure comprises Valdivia, Llanquihue and part of Chiloé. See footnote, chap. v.

statesman responsible for the Colonisation Law of November 18th, 1845, under which the new Colony was created.

The first few years were very difficult ones. The cold winters of the region were exceptionally severe, and the excessive richness of the virgin soil made the first sowings disappointing. The colonists suffered hunger, privations and moral and material hardships in a region where "every inch of land, every tree, every thicket was a sponge saturated with water,"[1] where the people of the country cherished that innate repugnance to foreigners common to all peoples—a universal failing—and where their religious ideas (for they were Lutherans) came continually into collision with the intransigence of the bigoted Catholics. Moreover, the forests which formerly everyone despised became, on the arrival of the German settlers, the object of everyone's cupidity, and claims to unexplored lands, with boundaries out of all reason and elastic as an accordion, sprang as thickly as the trees themselves. In Santiago, where the Government had to pronounce upon pretensions not merely conflicting but even, in many cases, covering the same land several times over, the area and topography of the territory was but vaguely known. The maps were inaccurate and bare of detail; great spaces marked "unexplored" gave ample scope to the concocters of title-deeds and deeds of sale. But all these difficulties were overcome by the energy of Don Vicente Perez Rosales, the far-reaching vision of President Montt and his Prime Minister Varas and the patience and perseverance of the German colonists themselves.

So dense are the forests and so strong the growth of the trees that they flourish in the brackish waters of the Gulf of Reloncaví, an arm of the sea that penetrates far inland and leaves a litter of shell-fish and sea-weed amongst the muddy brakes. But little by little the woods were converted into the well-planned city of Puerto Montt, which began its existence not as a fortress

[1] Darwin: *Voyage of the Beagle.*



"THE PROVINCE OF LLANQUIHUE TOUCHES THE PACIFIC OCEAN ON THE WEST AND ALSO IN THE SOUTH, WHERE THE GREAT SEA CHANGES ITS NAME AND IS CALLED THE CHACAO CHANNEL AND THE GULF OF ANCUD" (page 210).

but as an agricultural and industrial centre. Soon it could point to public buildings, a hospital, schools, a library. The prison, which in all the cities founded by the conquistadores occupied a prominent place in the main square, as did the "tree of justice" that figures in all the Acts of Foundation, was relegated in Puerto Montt to a more discreet and secluded site. Before long the city had a music-hall and a sanitary system; it began to be decked out with flowers; shops with attractive fronts began to appear; the streets were furnished with broad pavements; fruit trees were planted, mills built, bakeries opened and tanneries started. Thanks to the energy and perseverance of the colonists, and to the protection afforded them by a progressive Government the economic circulation of this remote extremity of the country began to flow in veins that had been atrophied by neglect and to pulsate strongly with the arteries of the rest of the country. Out of a total area of 12,750 square miles (nearly as large as Switzerland's), Llanquihue has at present 63,760 acres under cultivation, and thus presents great possibilities for development.

The oldest and most populous city in the province of Llanquihue is Osorno, which was founded in 1588 by Don Garcia Hurtado de Mendoza at the place called by the Indians *Chauracauin*—"feast-myrtle." He gave it the name of San Mateo de Osorno in memory of his grandfather, whose earldom lay near Osorno la Mayor in the province of Palencia in Spain. Like all the cities founded by the conquistadores in this region, Osorno, which can now boast more millionaires than any other Chilean city of equal population, suffered so many severe losses and reverses of fortune that for a long time it was sunk in ruin and oblivion. Its construction was begun in 1553 by Francisco de Villagra, one of Valdivia's lieutenants, but was abandoned until Don Garcia arrived there in search of the Pozuelos mine. In 1602 it was destroyed by the Indians and again abandoned, this time for nearly two centuries. In 1792 Don Ambrosio

O'Higgins ordered that it should be repopulated, and when the King of Spain ennobled him the title he received was Marquis of Osorno. Don Juan Mackenna, then Governor of the city, built roads to Valdivia and to the Gulf of Reloncaví, thus giving Osorno a certain degree of life and animation; but on the retirement of that progressive mandatory it fell again into neglect and oblivion. It is only since 1850, when the German colonists settled there, that it has definitely emerged from its abandonment and become a busy, cultured centre. The land around it now produces all the crops of the temperate zones; on the cleared levels wheat-fields and meadows, paddocks and poultry-yards testify to the modern and scientific nature of the farming. A great agricultural exhibition held some little time ago speaks for the remarkable progress of Osorno in the matter of pedigree-cattle breeding and methods of agriculture.

Such is the province that touches the Pacific Ocean on the west and also in the south, where the great sea changes its name and is called the Chacao Channel and the Gulf of Ancud. From its shores Garcia Hurtado de Mendoza descried on February 24th, 1558, the islands which, to mark the day, he named the Canaan Archipelago. Having climbed a height he and his companions saw for the first time the spacious ocean dotted with isles and in the words of Alonso de Ercilla, who was present:

> "Laden with maize, and fish, and luscious fruit,
> The swift piraguas hastening through the foam."

Whereupon Ercilla:

> "Who ever curious was, and fain to see
> Into the thing unknown and probe it through,
> With a few youthful souls for company
> Forthwith embarked me in a prompt canoe
> And to the largest neighbouring island sped,
> Whose people seemed as gentle as its slopes . . ."

The poet, therefore, was the first white man to set foot on the Island of Chiloé, as we now call the greatest island of the archipelago of that name.

FOURTH PART

INTERMINGLED LAND AND SEA

CHAPTER XII

CHILOE AND ITS CHANNELS

I. The Conquistadores cross to Chiloé—II. Forests give place to Tides—III. A Graft of Religious Fanaticism on Native Superstition—IV. Industrious Islanders—V. Ferrufino and Venegas—VI. The Golden Wolf and Buried Treasures—VII. The "Cahuin" and the "Limao"—VIII. Character of the Islanders—IX. Estuaries, Fjords and Rivers—X. The Phantom City and the Monster Bell.

I

THE CONQUISTADORES CROSS TO CHILOE

THE island and the archipelago of Chiloé together bear an apposite and suggestive Indian name—"The Place of Seagulls." The sea is the dominating element in this region, and everywhere the land is assailed by the swift mysterious currents that swirl in its deep, blue, brackish waters. The Andes cordillera has here split up into islands and islets that rest upon the bosom of the Pacific like sea-birds surrounded by their young.

In the gulfs of Ancud and Corcovado, along the Moraleda Channel and the innumerable channels and estuaries into which it branches as it goes southwards, green island follows green island in close succession. Many of them exhibit tilled fields of potatoes and the steeples of churches, here scattered about with a profusion out of all proportion to the scanty population.

The queen island of the Archipelago is Chiloé (3,200 square miles), which resembles Ireland in its rainy and comparatively mild climate, in the deep religious faith of its inhabitants and the unsuspected energy and activity which they display when they exile themselves from their idolised native soil, in the abundance of potatoes, which have always grown wild there and of which there are

over 100 distinct species, and finally in the development of pig-breeding.

The natives embraced the religion and adopted the customs of the Spaniards who discovered and conquered them in 1567, without offering any sort of opposition to the invaders, when Don Martin Ruiz de Gamboa, one of Rodrigo de Quiroga's lieutenants, came to take possession of the island. On the contrary they furnished them with canoes and rafts wherewith to cross the small strait, known as the Chacao Channel, which separates the island from the mainland. So crank and fragile were these craft that the conquistadores were obliged to tow their horses behind them. Sailing along a coast thickly fringed with vegetation, Ruiz de Gamboa, after ten days' voyaging, came to an inlet, and on June 13th, 1567, founded on a low plateau what is now the city of Castro, which until 1834 was the capital of the island and of the archipelago. Thanks to the natural facilities, aided by the absence of the coveted yellow metal, the relations between the islanders and the Spaniards were peaceful from the very first. Nine years previously, in 1558, Alonso de Ercilla, it will be remembered,[1] had crossed over to the Island of Chiloé and is said to have cut the following verse on the trunk of a tree:

> "Here came, where none else did attain,
> Alonso de Ercilla, who
> With but ten friends crossed from the main
> In an unballasted canoe."

Huampús was the Indian name for these frail craft, which were built of four or five planks bent by means of fire and water, held together by *quilas* in the absence of nails, caulked with the bark of shrubs and propelled by oars. In them the conquistadores who crossed the Chacao Channel had occasion to appreciate to the full the seamanship of the *Chilotes*.

[1] See chap. XI.

". . . THE SMALL STRAIT, KNOWN AS THE CHACAO CHANNEL, WHICH SEPARATES THE ISLAND FROM THE MAINLAND" (page 214).

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II

FORESTS GIVE PLACE TO TIDES

NARROW as is the strip of water that separates the *Chilotes* from the *Araucanos*, there is a profound difference between them in point of character. They agree in no respect save in that of superstition, which reigns supreme in Chiloé as in the wilds of Araucania. Amongst the islanders, however, superstition is tricked out to some extent with a Christian garb that lends it a less tragic, and certainly a less sanguinary, character. It is saturated, moreover, with the moist sea-breezes, and in the imagination of the Chilotes the tides take the place of the Araucanians' forests. No child is born without the intervention of the tides. When anyone is dying they say that " the tide is taking him." If the tide is at the flow no one can die, but at the ebb the sick person is at the gates of eternity. To call the wind to fill the sails they whistle, invoking Saint Lawrence, and to increase the haul of fish they thrash their fishing-grounds with laurel wands that have been passed through fire.

One of their favourite figments of fancy is *Pincoya*, a sea-fairy, and her husband *Pincoy*, who possess the virtue of surrounding their haunts with an abundance of fish and shell-fish. This amiable couple are both handsome and, curiously enough, ruddy complexioned.

The *Manta*, on the other hand, cherishes designs as sinister as the intentions of Pincoy and Pincoya are benevolent. It is a kind of cuttle-fish, and its habit is to drag down to the bottom of the sea any bather who comes within its reach. The *Caleuche*, too—the submarine barque, manned by goblins, that roves the lakes of Llanquihue—has frequently been seen by Chilotes when sailing along the coasts of Chiloé.

The popular mythology of Chiloé is so abundant that several large volumes have been published describing

minutely the many curious beliefs of the islanders. These superstitions are the offspring of a fancy over-stimulated by the constant winds and rains, the impenetrable obscurity of the forests, the incessant storms that sweep the western coasts of the island and the swift currents of the channels that wash the eastern shore. As Cavada[1] says:

"The fact is that the mind accustomed to exist in daily contact with the threefold majesty of sea, sky and mountain acquires a certain religious austerity, a certain mystic inclination to silence and solitude, a leaning towards the supernatural that causes it to live in a world of its own conception and dream dreams that are not of this earth."

III

A GRAFT OF RELIGIOUS FANATICISM ON NATIVE SUPERSTITION

UNDOUBTEDLY environmental conditions make an indelible impress upon character, and the Chilotes are by temperament indifferent and indolent, taciturn and hard to please, more inclined to allow their fancy to roam at will in the realm of the improbable than to discuss methodically the material occurrences of life. They are persuaded that it is wicked to believe in witches and the like . . . but one has to beware of them! So many of these diabolical beings are about, some with the effect of their baptism washed away by the waters of the Traiguen Falls, others with a tearful right eye that reveals how their good angel, who ever walks at their right hand, is weeping for their misdeeds. How else can one ward off their sly attacks than by reciting a credo backwards?

In the mind of the people of Chiloé there is a strange mingling of native superstitions and a fanaticism Christian in its origin. They believe in the power of

[1] Francisco J. Cavada: *Chiloé y los Chilotes.*

their "saints," of whom each man or woman keeps his or her own under a glass case adorned with a triumphal arch of coloured paper, and the novena of the Saint is annually solemnised with the assistance of the neighbours, to the accompaniment of music and sky-rockets. At night the proceedings are wont to become a little uproarious, and then they "tie up the saint," bandaging its eyes or turning its face to the wall. In honour of a saint they are accustomed to celebrate masses, paid for by the subscriptions of the faithful, which begin with the chanting of Vespers the previous evening and the consumption of a great deal of food and drink during the night. At dawn the strains of music accompanying a procession of the Virgin announce the opening of the religious act proper, upon the termination of which the procession is reformed, and all who are capable of playing a musical instrument—which is to say most of them, for the manufacture of musical instruments is one of the home-industries of the island—proceed to coax from the drum its sonorous rub-a-dub, from the violin its sobbing wail and from the flute its warblings, while with measured steps they follow the Virgin's litter. The sacred image, its white vestments stiff with beads and spangles, is carried about with its face towards the following crowd, surrounded by white-clad little girls, until finally it is deposited in the porch of the church in order that the people may render it the homage of the bent knee and the lowered national flag.

Apart from the Virgin and the saints, who are represented by grotesque images which drive the priests and nuns to despair, the islanders have a mysterious belief in ghosts. The departed spirits of men who have been executed are put to the test; if the unfortunate fellow was unjustly condemned to death it is certain that the most furious hurricane that ever raged will not extinguish the candles lit upon his grave!

IV

INDUSTRIOUS ISLANDERS

YET with all this superstitious mysticism enwrapping them in a veil of visions the Chilotes are industrious and thrifty. Their dwellings bear witness to their toil, for every item of their furniture and domestic utensils, clothes and coverings, is made by their own hands. Not only are they woodcutters, farmers and fishermen, but they have also largely developed their home-industries, and in addition to producing musical instruments they make blankets, ponchos[1] and trousers of a sort of frieze called *carro*, which they dye with the juices of different herbs—*culli* for red, *mechay* and *parquina* for yellow, and *nipe* for black. Basket-work of all kinds is another widespread occupation.

But the industry in which they show themselves veritable masters is the building of boats, launches and schooners—for which they make use chiefly of the wood of the *muermo* (*Eucriptia cordifolia*)—and all their necessary adjuncts, especially oars and ropes. It was not without good ground that Bernardo O'Higgins, in a private (and unpublished) letter which he wrote to George Canning,[2] suggested Chiloé for a naval dockyard which in time would become a base from which to dominate the Pacific. The Chilotes are, above and before all, sailors. Their daring and coolness in a wild sea were unrivalled in the opinion of Lord Cochrane, who sought them in his time—as they are sought to-day—as crews for the Chilean Navy. Give a Chilote a couple of planks and a rag to catch the wind and he will sail the ocean at his ease.

[1] A wrap formed of a single square piece of coarse stuff, with an opening through which the head is passed. Speaking of the *poncho* in his *Voyage of the Beagle*, Charles Darwin says: "The people all dress in stray woollen garments, which each family makes itself and dyes with indigo and dark blue colour."

[2] Foreign Office archives.

Fishing is for them both an industry and a pastime, and the seas that surround the island teem with fish and shell-fish. The variety of the latter, especially, is endless. Oysters (*ostroea cibialis*) abound, together with a species of clam called *choro* (*mitilus chorus*), *locos* (*Concholepas peruvianus*), *cholgas* (*Mytilus chilensis*), *comes* (*Phoas chiloensis*), *tacas* (*Venus thaca*), *picos* (*Balanus psittacus*), sea-urchins, craw-fish, shrimps, crabs, *jaivas*, *piures* (*Pyura molinae*), centre fish, *panihues* (*Unio chilensis*), and many others, so that one might call Chiloé the land of crustaceans.

Amongst the fishes are *róbalos*, *corvinas*, *lisas*, soles, *pejerreyes*, *jureles*, *huelcas*, anchovies, *tollos*, sardines, congers, *pámpanos*, trout, tunny, and a species which owing to its shape is called *plato* (" plate-fish ").

Apart from these there is abundance of seals, sea-cats, and sea-birds.

In view of the importance of the fisheries in these waters the Chilean Government has established a School of Ostrieculture in Quetalmahue; where, of course, there is also a church.

Although the soil of the island is rich the climate does not permit of the cultivation of any plant that requires much sunshine. Cereals do not do well. On the other hand all kinds of garden-stuff are raised, and sugar-beet, mustard, hops and rhubarb grow wonderfully. Of the fruits the only species that thrive are apples, plums, cherries, walnuts and figs. Pastures of various excellent kinds exist, but the island does not possess many cattle; there are no large grazing-grounds. Dense forest covers the greater part of Chiloé with trees of the same kind as those of Araucania, except that the larch (*Fitzroya patagonica*) is more plentiful on the heights of the island, which, as a matter of fact, nowhere exceed 2,600 feet above sea-level. The forestal wealth is scarcely touched, though here and there wood is burned for charcoal and alcohol, and pitch and tar are produced.

Ancud and Castro are the two important cities, but

it is not in these centres that the industry of the Chilotes shows to best advantage. Both are poverty-stricken, melancholy and somnolent. They are connected by the railway, constructed during the administration of Don Pedro Montt (1906–1910), and by a high-road roughly laid with tree-trunks squared by hand. This highway is known as "Caicumeo's road," in memory of an Indian who, it is said, planned it without instruments of any kind, and with nothing but an axe cut a way for it through the forest for a distance of over fifty-four miles in a straight line. Less could not be expected of a native race which could find its way at sea without the aid of compass or other nautical instrument.

V

FERRUFINO AND VENEGAS

THE first convent to be established in Castro was that of the Mercedarian Fathers, who owned the whole of the Archipelago from the time of its discovery until the arrival of the Jesuits there in 1609. Missionaries from all the religious orders have always been on excellent terms with the gentle, kind, submissive Chilotes. The first of them were Father Juan Bautista Ferrufino, an Italian, and Father Melchor Venegas, a Chilean, who went about from island to island in " boats " consisting of a tree-trunk with a few planks attached. The Chilean spoke the native language, and was thereby enabled to bring together in parley the Chilotes and the Chonos, a tribe which inhabits the archipelago of that name lying to the south of Chiloé, and settle their feuds and rivalries, which took the somewhat violent form of reciprocal abduction of women and children—a serious and irreparable offence among these, people who, except in a few isolated cases, do not practise polygamy like the Araucanians.

VI

THE GOLDEN WOLF AND BURIED TREASURES

NINE miles south-west of Castro is the lake of Cucao, famous for the place which it occupies in the folklore of Chiloé. For one thing the natives believe that the souls of those who die cross the lake in their journey to the other world. Again, it is there that the spirit of a certain damsel wanders and mourns. This girl, so the story goes, refused one fine day to obey her parents, who had sent her to a spot not very far from her home; at that very place, she told them, the "golden wolf" had appeared to her only the day before. Her parents threatened her with punishment, and she went; but a year elapsed before she returned, carrying an infant in her arms. Laying it gently in a cradle of straw, she departed, saying that she would come back with some guests, and warning her people not to look at the babe because if they did it would disappear. Curiosity, however, overcame her mother, who peeped into the cradle; but all she saw was a star that vanished into space. Mad with despair, the young mother threw herself into the lake, crying "Cucao! Cucao!" And when the wind moans over the raging waters it is the girl-mother wailing and lamenting.

There is hardly a house in Chiloé where someone is not dreaming of buried treasure.[1] Some of these treasures betray their presence by sound, others by burning. From these latter issues a faint light, usually at the new moon or on the Eve of St. John the Baptist, when many of the islanders sally forth into the fields to hunt for them. The seekers must be three in number, and if the digging operations are not carried out at night, by the light of a candle, the treasure will not be found. The ghosts of those who buried the hoard appear to the searchers, and infuriated by their greed and disrespect, rain blows upon

[1] Using "buried" in the wider sense of "hidden."

their heads. In such an emergency a hurried flight is indicated, but only as a temporary measure, for if the seekers return later to the same place they will infallibly find the treasure. The "sounding" treasures are subject to the same mysterious and supernatural laws, but their whereabouts are betrayed by a strange and motley collection of bullocks, dogs, lambs, hogs and snakes, which suddenly foregather over the sight of the interment.

VII

THE "CAHUIN" AND THE LIMAO

THE life of the islanders is a curious mixture of spiritual melancholy and material abundance. The fogs and the gales have the effect of plunging them into profound, obscure meditations and filling them with mysterious terrors. The fertility of the soil and the fecundity of the sea combine to yield them all that their material appetite can crave. At their traditional feasts this strange mingling of elements is well shown. In the most ancient of their *fiestas*, the *cahuin*, a number of friends foregather in one house and sit around a fire which smothers them with smoke—though for this they care nothing—eating the meat and drinking the contents of earthenware jars of which each *convive* has brought a plenty. It is considered very ill-mannered if a guest withdraws before the last morsel of flesh is consumed and the last drop of brandy, cider and *chicha* swallowed. On the walls, dimly perceived through the smoke of the fire and the fumes from the baked meats, can usually be seen an image of Christ, flanked by pictures of ballet-dancers disporting themselves with considerable freedom, or the familiar advertisement of Scott's Emulsion, known among the islanders as "the man with the codfish on his back" dominating the ex-Kaiser. Between courses, if there is a "scholar" among the company, he reads aloud from the *Bristol Almanach*, the *Book of Oracles*, or the *Bible History*.

Amongst their games and sports *Limao* is the favourite. On a ground 200 yards in length two teams from different parishes, chosen from among the strongest and nimblest, endeavour to make a ball, fashioned either of wood or of a canvas covering stuffed with the sea-weed *cochayuyo*, pass through the goal posts of the opposition. The players, who frequently number as many as 100, are disposed according to their aptitudes: the most robust in the centre, where the battle for possession of the ball rages most fiercely, and the weaker members on the wings.

VIII

CHARACTER OF THE ISLANDERS

EVERYTHING in Chiloé—superstition, industry, custom, *fiesta*, game—has a character of its own, differing from that of the rest of the country. Here, as in all the islands of the world, the insular spirit reigns supreme.

When in 1826 Chile had consolidated her independence and all Spain's American colonies, with the single exception of Perú, had become sovereign republics, Chiloé remained loyal to the throne of Ferdinand VII under the governance of General Quintanilla, who, being a man of mild and pleasant disposition, like the Chilotes themselves, was able to inspire them with a profound and ardent sympathy for the Royalist cause. Attempts to seize the island, made by Lord Cochrane in 1820, and by the Supreme Director of Chile (then General Freire), in person, in 1824, had been fruitless. Thanks to the nautical skill of the Chilotes, this, the last stronghold of Spanish domination, had been converted into a naval base not only for the privateers, which, armed to the teeth, harried the whole coast, but also for the Spanish ships of war that tardily came to suppress the revolt. A royalist army of 1,000 men defended the island, and the same Franciscan friars who in Chillán

had taken so active a part in the military operations against the patriots were exhorting the garrison to fight to the death against "the enemies of God and of the King." In the end, however, the combined efforts of General Freire, at the head of an army of nearly 2,500 men, and of Admiral Blanco Encalada and his squadron resulted in the incorporation of the island and archipelago of Chiloé into the territory of the Republic on January 14th, 1826, the oath of allegiance being sworn eight days later.

Since then the Chilotes have been exemplary citizens of the Republic and have contributed their full share to the formation of the Chilean Navy and the mercantile marine. They are a venturesome race and are to be found not merely along the Pacific Coast but in the ports of the wide world, lured by their passion for navigating and for trying their fortune far from their native soil. The islands, great and small, on which they live, and the endlessly complicated network of channels between and around them, have developed in them the spirit of adventure. For while the western coasts of all these islands, pitilessly lashed by a sea jestingly called the Pacific, are wild and solitary, their eastern shores, separated by a narrow stretch of water from the mainland of the continent, are tranquil, and busy with traffic.

In the words of the poem *Rincon Isleño*, written by the inspired Chilean priest Luis Felipe Contardo, who died some years ago, that side of the archipelago:

> "Perdido entre la bruma en la orilla lejana,
> lo mismo que la tienda de alguna caravana
> lleno de paz, de ocaso y de piedad humana,
> el caserio isleño, bajo el último alarde
> del sol que en la montaña como un incendio arde
> parece que rezara la oración de la tarde.
> (Dim in the mists along a distant shore,
> In seeming like the tents of some scattered caravan,
> The island village rests, lit by a setting sun
> (Which burns upon the highest mountain peak),
> And, resting, sends to heaven its murmured evening prayer.)"

IX

ESTUARIES, FJORDS AND RIVERS

FOR 300 miles one can navigate the channels among islands and glaciers until the Estero[1] de los Elefantes, which empties itself into Lake San Rafael through a narrow pass suggestively named Rio de los Témpanos, is intercepted by the Taitao peninsula at the point where the latter is almost cut off from the mainland by the broad, navigable river San Tadeo.

Westwards the islands which spread out into the open sea, and which for the most part are uninhabited, present a bold and savage aspect. Shoreless, covered down to the water's edge with dense forests in which the larch is particularly abundant, they seem to be fending off intruders and to be determined, like some loyal beleaguered castle, to perish in flames rather than yield foothold to the invader. Their craggy scarped outlines give the impression of an entire mountain range submerged in the Pacific, with only its highest peaks showing above the surface of the water.

Towards the east rises the great Andes cordillera, which on losing its ascensional force seems to have acquired in its place additional expansive power. It is as though an omnipotent hand had lopped and overthrown them, shaking from their summits vast masses of snow which form the frozen cascades, clear turquoise in hue, called *ventisqueros* in the maps of the region.

Rivers great and small, some navigable as they are, others requiring only a little dredging, traverse the almost unexplored mainland in this part of Chile. Among them is the Yelcho, communicating (after a sand-bank at its mouth is passed), by means of a narrow and dangerous channel, with the lake of the same name, which is surrounded by forests of trees of the same species as those of the rest of southern Chile. One of these days it will provide an outlet for the products of the estancias

[1] The name given to the fjords in this part of Chile.

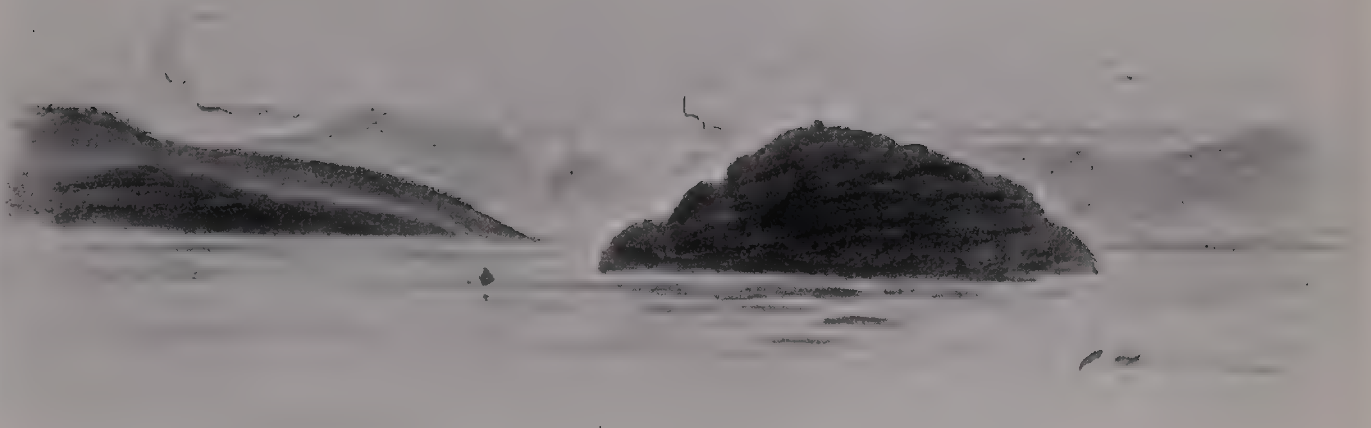
of the Dieciseis de Octubre Valley, on the Argentine side. The Palena, a little further south, also runs as far inland as the Argentine frontier, where its name is changed to Carrenleufu. A group of islands, amongst which is one called Gibraltar, bars the path of the Aysen fjord, an arm of the sea which reaches nearly forty miles inland amongst dense woods and lofty mountains whose gloomy green profiles are reflected in its limpid tide. This *estero* ends in the Bay of Chacabuco, an inlet bordered with snow-capped peaks, magnificently aloof, silently communing with the infinite across the arch of heaven, which the purity of the air renders remotely high. It was a great day for Nature when the hand of God set this jewel in the girdle of silver and emeralds which He flung along the edge of the Pacific !

Six miles further inland is the mouth of the river Aysen, which forks and serpentines through exuberant vegetation to receive the waters of numerous lakes and affluents. Hereabouts grow many dwarf palms, another variety of *copihues* called *coi copihue* (*Desfontanea*), a large number of ferns and—in the valleys—the *coiron*, which constitutes the forage *par excellence* of this region.

X

THE PHANTOM CITY AND THE MONSTER BELL

FROM the first years of the discovery and conquest of Chile up to quite recently there has been a lingering belief in the existence of a fabulous hidden city, vast and marvellously rich, somewhere in these parts of the country. It is a dream-city which, like the mirage of the desert, ever eludes the visionaries who seek it. Towards the end of the eighteenth century Fray Menendez, a Franciscan friar and a great explorer, made no less than four journeys in search of this imaginary " City of the Cæsars," thus named not because its foundation was attributed to the rulers of ancient Rome but because of one Francisco Cesar, a lieutenant of Sebastian Cabot's (the Venetian navigator), who headed



"FOR THREE HUNDRED MILES ONE CAN NAVIGATE THE CHANNELS AMONG ISLANDS AND GLACIERS . . ." (page 225).

an expedition into the interior and who, in 1529, claimed to have seen "great wealth of gold and silver and precious stones." Between 1525 and 1539 several vessels, fitted out respectively by Francisco de Camargo, Don Gutierre Vargas de Carvajal, the Bishop of Placencia and Fray Garcia de Loaysa, were shipwrecked in these latitudes, and the Indians, in order to curry favour with the rescued mariners, filled their heads as was their wont with tales of unimaginable riches. These fables flew on the wings of greed all over America and from America to Spain.

Padre Rosales, in his *Historia*, finished in 1674, relates how the shipwrecked crews made their way eastwards and, "finding a great lake and many people living hard by, built a fort there." Soon the fort became a large town, "near which," says Rosales, "there are others, belonging to the Indians of Perú, of the size of cities, and one of them so great that it takes two days to go from one end to the other of it; and here are many silversmiths and goldsmiths, and the people wear ear-rings and anklets of gold, and on their wrists bracelets of the same."

In Spain the brothers Fucar—Antonio, Gerónimo and Raymundo—German bankers who lent money to all the sovereigns of Europe and who were creditors of the Emperor Charles V, Philip II, Edward VI, and Mary Tudor, as well as of many German princes—were attracted by the lure of the legend and obtained from Charles V a concession of lands that began in the Strait of Magellan and ended at Lat. 11° south, in the north of Perú. Like good bankers, the Fucars wished to be on the safe side: their concession embraced not only all Chile but also the greater part of what is now Perú, Bolivia and Argentine.

Nothing was found: the City of the Cæsars was no sooner located in the Strait itself than it was reported to be on the river Huemules, or on the Aysen or the Cisnes or perhaps on the Palena or probably on the Yelcho or even on the Valdivia. Nevertheless one

fruitless quest succeeded another all through the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries.

The Court of Spain firmly believed in the famous city with the walls of gold and silver, and during the Colonial governorship of Don Ambrosio de Benavides (1780–1787) gave money for fresh expeditions.

The sailing-master of the Spanish Fleet, Don José de Moraleda y Montero, who traversed the region in 1786–1788 and in 1792–1796 (for which reason the Chilean Navy, a century later, gave his name to the widest and most important of the channels), believed that he had discovered the source of the Court's illusions in the shape of a memorial written by one Silvestre Antonio Diaz de Rojas, who had been held in captivity by the Indians but who escaped, made his way to Spain and presented the petition to the Council of Indies in 1715. In it he draws an alluring picture of the City of the Cæsars: "their houses are temples of brick and stone, and well roofed after the Spanish fashion; in most of them they have Christian Indians to help in their homes and estates, and by their education the Spaniards have converted them to our holy Catholic faith." In the vicinity Diaz de Rojas places "many mines of gold and of copper, and they are always mining these rich metals." "In the south and east," adds this prince of impostors, "are spacious level fields where they keep their cattle, which are very numerous." Then there were "country estates from which they take a great quantity of grain and garden-stuff," and groves of fruit trees, "each one of them a paradise." Some eleventh-hour scruple constrained him to admit that "they lacked only vineyards and olive-orchards," but this drawback he explained by the circumstance that they had "no shoots wherewith to plant them." Two leagues away was the sea, "teeming with fish and crustaceans." This monument of fiction is crowned with the following effort of imagination:

"And finally, not to weary you with description, I

vow that it is the best and most benign climate in America, for it seems like a second earthly Paradise with its abundance of trees: cypresses, cedars, elms, pines, oranges, oaks and palms; and its plenty of most luscious fruits, and the country so wholesome that the people die of sheer old age, for the climate does not allow of any sickness, being very cool owing to the nearness of the snow-covered mountains."

Diaz de Rojas must have been an inimitable joker to assert, over his signature, that the most benign climate in all America is one where rain falls incessantly, where fogs are frequent and where the cold in winter is intense. But he was not the only wag. In 1792 a worthy disciple of his, Mariano Muñoz by name, "stated that he and his companions, on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, were listening to the firing of a distant cannon whereby the Spaniards of the City of the Cæsars celebrated the festive occasion." Presumably they did not hear the sound of the colossal bell which—according to another traveller's tale—if it were rung would resound throughout the world.

In 1793 the total of imaginary cities in these parts amounted to five!

But is it so strange, after all, that imagination should thus run wild in a region where nobody, to this day, knows what really does exist? There are still great tracks untrodden by the foot of man, and, albeit no one will ever find the City of the Cæsars, who shall say what unknown riches lie awaiting the daring hand that shall rouse them from their slumber amongst the rivers, the forests and the mountains?

Except for the Sociedad Ganadera é Industrial del Aysen, which since 1913 has had a life of ups and downs, and for the Rio Cisnes enterprise, which is but a few years old, the whole of the region is sunk in idleness amidst its legends, its mists and its hopes.

Like a sentimental maiden awaiting the manly lover who shall carry her away from her solitude and make her a fruitful wife!

CHAPTER XIII

MAGALLANES AND TIERRA DEL FUEGO

" Where, in the teeth of the vexatious gale,
Th' intrepid Lusitanian forced his sail
Into the empire of the Neptunes twain."
(Argensola's *Elegy on the Death of Queen Margarita.*)

" The Strait of Magellan is and remains neutralised in perpetuity, and its free navigation is assured to the flags of all the nations. With the object of ensuring such liberty and neutrality no fortifications nor military defences that may be opposed to this purpose shall be constructed on the coasts."

(Article 5 of the Boundary Treaty of 1881 between Chile and the Argentine Republic.)

I. A Desert of Green and White—II. Living Things—III. John Byron, the " Wager " and the Cacique Martin—IV. Huiros, Light and Shade —V. Intermingling of Names—VI. Ultima Esperanza and Puerto Misericordia—VII. The Navigators of Four Centuries—VIII. The Hopes of M. de Jovin and the Fears of Antonio de Córdoba—IX. Punta Arenas and its Surroundings—X. Sheep Breeding—XI. The " Big People " of Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa—XII. The Land's End and a German Fairy Tale.

I

A DESERT OF GREEN AND WHITE

ALMOST touching the Tres Montes peninsula runs the imaginary line separating the province of Chiloé from the territory that bears the name of the illustrious Portuguese discoverer of the Strait of Magellan, the passage, eagerly sought by the navigators of the epoch, into the Pacific Ocean, where European imagination located islands and countries replete with fabulous riches.[1]

The Territorio de Magallanes, with its area of 65,100 square miles, is over four times the extent of Denmark

[1] A new territorial division has been made recently; interposing the Territory of Aysen between Chiloé and Magallanes. See note in chap. v.

". . . THE STRAIT OF MAGELLAN, THE PASSAGE EAGERLY SOUGHT BY THE NAVIGATORS OF THE EPOCH, INTO THE PACIFIC OCEAN . . ." (page 230).

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or Switzerland, twice as large as Austria, Greece or Portugal, half as big again as Bulgaria and nearly three-quarters the size of Great Britain. The distance between the southern boundary of the province of Chiloé and the southernmost point of the Territory of Magellan is greater than that which separates London from Turin, Dantzig, Hamburg or Biarritz.

And all this land is lifeless, save in the Strait and on the islands and channels in its vicinity. Elsewhere the inanimate works of Nature—rocks, ice, forests, winds, rain—rule undisputed. The fruitful plains and valleys which the region undoubtedly contains lie hidden from the gaze of man; only one or two explorers have hitherto succeeded in climbing a height from which they could see in the far distance how the forest sways in the well-nigh incessant breeze, how the chains of mountains crowned with eternal snow stand out against the horizon, how the great glaciers flow like cloaks of purest white down to the very brink of the sea.

It is a desert of green and white, this labyrinth of islands and channels that begins in the Gulf of San Esteban, is interrupted by the Strait, and thereafter continues until the islet on which is Cape Horn marks the end of the American continent proper. Yet this is not the austral limit of Chile, for fifty miles further south are the islands of Diego Ramirez, discovered on February 10th, 1619, by Bartholomé and Gonzalo Nodal, and named after the cosmographer who accompanied them on their expedition.

II

LIVING THINGS

THROUGHOUT this great territory it is the sea, not the land, that abounds with life. In the valleys about the river-mouths and estuaries there may be seen, now and again, the *huemul* (*Cervus chilensis*), which, transformed and idealised, shares with the condor

the honour of mounting guard on Chile's escutcheon; and the huanaco, which for centuries has been cow, sheep and mule to the natives, is occasionally found. Birds are scarce. In the vicinity of the Sarmiento Channel swans have been discovered of a species unknown in other parts, and Captain Parker King of the British Navy (who wrote the *Voyage of the Adventure and the Beagle*, 1826–1836) gave them the name of *Cygnus anatodoides*.

Indians are scarcer still. The few members that survive of the Alacaluf tribe roam the channels in their canoes bartering skins for food and liquor with the ships that pass their way and presenting a grievous and disconcerting spectacle of uncivilised wretchedness. These abject and hideous beings are, of course, very different from the Tehuelche Indians that people the region of Patagonia or the Onas that inhabit the great island of Tierra del Fuego. They somewhat resemble the Yaaganes, who, like them, wander about the Beagle Channel and the channels near Cape Horn in their canoes. Yet the Alacaluf Indian is not altogether without good points: he has a deep-rooted love for his family, a marvellous knowledge of the art of navigation and a physical constitution so tough and hardy as to enable him to live an amphibian life in these frigid latitudes. His canoe is his caravan, in which he and his, with the inevitable dog, huddle over an ever-burning fire laid amidships upon a bed of mud or clay. There they eat, sleep and gain their daily bread. They know the currents and the cross-currents, the entrances and the outlets, as if they had before them the best and completest chart ever mapped; for them the icy water of the channels, fresh from its contact with glaciers and exposed to numbing blizzards, is their natural element, and winter and summer alike they plunge into its depths. Sailors whose route lies this way have noted these characteristics of the strange race that has chosen to make its home in a canoe and adopted a maze of channels as its fatherland.

One afternoon, when the *Toro*, a Chilean naval tender, cast anchor in Port Eden in the Messier Channel (named after the celebrated French astronomer Charles Messier), a party of Alacaluf Indians came alongside in a canoe, went aboard, and after bartering some skins for provisions departed, leaving behind them, apparently overlooked, a little boy, whom the sailors promptly christened Domingo Toro Eden in memory of the day when he had come to them, the name of their ship and the port in which they were anchored. In due course the *Toro* weighed anchor for Punta Arenas, and at dawn of the third day's sailing the man at the wheel heard, first, a whistle which seemed to come from the shore and then the splash of a body falling into the water. It was the little boy, who had heard his parents' call and was swimming towards their canoe. A boat was immediately put into the water, but in spite of the considerable distance between the tender and the canoe the youngster was not overtaken. This occurred in mid-winter! Equally wonderful is the fact that in spite of the currents and cross-currents the canoe, propelled by oars, had chased and caught the steam-driven tender.[1]

Channel succeeds channel, all flowing into the Strait of Magellan. The majority of them, and of the islands which intercept and divert them or shelter them from the Pacific's furious blasts, bear the English names given them by the navigators who first explored the region.

III

JOHN BYRON, THE "WAGER," AND THE CACIQUE MARTIN

THE Gulf of San Esteban, as the bay protected by the Tres Montes peninsula is called, is further sheltered by Javier Island, which is cut off from the mainland by an arm of the sea named Cheape Channel, in memory of the Captain of a vessel, belonging to Lord

[1] Voyage of the *Toro* to Ultima Esperanza Gulf in 1901. Personal narrative of Captain von Schroeders.

Anson's squadron, that was wrecked in 1741 on an island still known as Wager Island. The *Wager* was the vessel in question, and she carried aboard her Midshipman the Hon. John Byron, later Lord Byron (1723–1786), grandfather of the famous poet. On this account the adjacent island, separated from Wager Island by the Rundle Channel, where the ship is said to have been piled up, bears the name of Byron Island.

The wreck of the *Wager* is one of the most tragic episodes in the annals of these waters, which were christened Golfo de Penas (" Gulf of Troubles ") by reason of the difficulties encountered in their navigation even by the comparatively shallow draught vessels of the three centuries following their discovery. In Lord Anson's squadron the *Wager* was the stores ship, carrying field-pieces, cannon and ammunition. The raging seas of the Golfo de Penas threw her on the rocks of Rundle Channel, leaving her " a musket-shot from the shore," as Anson says in his *Memoirs*, published in 1749. The crew mutinied; and after endless privations, which forced them in their hunger to eat pieces of decomposed flesh which came to the surface from the wreck, eighty of the hundred survivors set out for Brazil by way of the Strait of Magellan in a boat put together on Wager Island from the remains of the ship. Fifty of them were left en route, some dead of hunger, others put ashore at their own request, as they preferred even the solitary wilds of the Strait to the terrors of that desperate, incredible voyage. The remaining thirty reached Rio Grande do Sul.

Captain Cheape, Surgeon Elliott, Byron and two other officers, with six of the crew, had remained on Wager Island. Twice they endeavoured to cross the Gulf of Penas in one of the ship's boats, and each time the invisible bonds of the never-tiring winds held them back as though with links of iron. At last, aided by some Indians who arrived in a canoe, they succeeded in their endeavour and entered the channel that bears

Cheape's name. In the Gulf of San Esteban they landed on another island, also named after Byron; and here, in a little inlet (now Elliott Cove) the Surgeon died of exhaustion. The six sailors decamped in the ship's boat with some of the Indians, taking with them the provisions and leaving the unfortunate officers to their fate. By good fortune, however, there happened to visit the spot a certain cacique named Martin, with his canoe and attendant retinue of Indians. Martin, who spoke a little Spanish, carried a staff of office with a silver knob, the insignia of the authority over his tribe with which the Spaniards had invested him. Thus was the first contact established between the authorities of Chile and the shipwrecked men, who, piloted by the Indians, sailed up the river San Tadeo as far as what is now called the Isthmus of Ofqui. This they crossed, carrying their canoes, which they had taken to pieces, on their shoulders. On the banks of Lake San Rafael they put them together again and sailed by way of the Témpanos river, the Elefantes estuary and the Moraleda Channel to Chiloé, whence they proceeded to Valparaiso and Santiago.

Byron lived in Santiago for some little time, and has left in *Narrative*, published in London in 1748, a circumstantial account of their privations during the fantastic pilgrimage, together with some admirable pictures of the life of Santiago society in that epoch. His sufferings of 1741 did not apparently give him a distaste for the region in which he underwent them, because a few years later the Midshipman, now Captain, was cruising in the Strait of Magellan and around Patagonia in H.M.S. *Dolphin*.

IV

HUIROS, LIGHT AND SHADE

FROM the raging seas of the Gulf of Penas one may pass into the still waters, silent as the grave, of the Messier Channel and the endless other straits and estuaries into which the sea forks. Parts of

these sounds present the aspect of tropical aquatic forests, owing to the prodigious sea-weeds that flourish in the water. Chilean sailors call them *huiros*, and the professors have named them *Fucus giganteus*. Thousands of sea-creatures—small fish, molluscs, cuttles, star-fish—cling to their lank, gelatinous fronds like birds nesting in trees. The wash from a passing vessel, and sometimes even the movement of the tide, is sufficient to dislodge all this submarine fauna, which sink in an effervescence of silvery bubbles that burst into foam.

These *huiros*, which attach their roots to rocks as many as twenty fathoms deep, often spread along the surface of the water to a length of forty feet or more. They are extremely useful inasmuch as they betray the presence of hidden rocks or dangerous currents, indeed they are Nature's own buoys and beacons in these latitudes. It would be interesting to know whether the saying *coger el huiro*, quoted in *Cuervo's Dictionary* as signifying "to discover that which is concealed," has any connection with this peculiarity of the *Fucus giganteus*.

Smyth Channel, discovered and surveyed by officers of the expedition headed by Parker King and Fitzroy in 1829 and thus named in memory of an Admiral under whom they had served in the Mediterranean, is perhaps the most beautiful of the friths into which the sea has worried the mainland. Snow comes down to the very edge of the water, and the rounded crests of the mountains give the impression of gigantic white cushions lying on a steel-blue couch. The light-and-shade effects are weirdly strange. With the sun obscured by white or grey cloud-banks the panorama assumes a silvery tint; but when the wind blows the veil aside the luminary's rays flash through an atmosphere that sparkles with myriads of radiant molecules as though it were saturated with dew, while the snow on the shores and the little oily waves are gilded and adorned with a border as transparent and pure as the fine bracing air of these parts. No one who contemplates this fantastic scene

can fail to realise that the hand of God has traced on the earth's surface pictures which the hand of Man can never hope to imitate.

V

INTERMINGLING OF NAMES

SOME of the channels, islands, peninsulas and lakes of the region bear names that are celebrated in Chilean history. Thus Manuel Rodriguez Island commemorates a warrior of the Independence; the Muñoz Gamero peninsula a sailor and scientist who died in Magellan in 1851, a victim of his zeal to incorporate the territory into the national life; the Peninsula Vicuña Mackenna the famous writer; Almirante Montt Gulf one of the greatest and noblest, as well as one of the most modest, of Chile's Presidents; Lake Balmaceda, the statesman whose name is inseparably linked with that of Montt; and Lake Anibal Pinto another illustrious President. Others recall men who have figured no less prominently in English history; such are Collingwood Strait, Newton Island, Pitt Channel, Peel Cove, Chatham Island and Wellington Island, with George Island and Canning Island side by side, forming together the appellation of a statesman whom Chile does not forget.

By its intermingling of Chilean and English place-names the region reveals on the nautical charts that circulate all over the world the community of endeavour of the two Navies, the younger of which has been modelled on the elder from its cradle and has been trained in the same traditions: love of duty, love of knowledge and love of the sea.

VI

ULTIMA ESPERANZA AND PUERTO MISERICORDIA

HIDDEN away and hemmed in amongst this jumble of channels is the Golfo de la Ultima Esperanza—Last-Hope Gulf. It is well named, for when those who first explored the district had abandoned

all expectation of discovering a milder climate and a fertile soil in these snow-covered defiles the valleys that stretch eastwards from the estuary opened wide, smiling and fruitful before their eyes. To-day the district is one of the most important cattle-rearing and industrial centres in the Territorio de Magallanes. A bold, craggy mountain, frequently enveloped in clouds, bears the name of Balmaceda; another mighty mass, with contours suggesting a vast Satanic throne emerging from the bosom of the earth, is called "The Devil's Saddle."

Out at sea a group of four islets called The Evangelists indicates the western entrance to the Strait of Magellan. In the seventeenth century Sir John Narborough named them "Direction Islands," and this is the designation they merit to-day, for on one of them a lighthouse with a powerful lantern has been built at great cost and after endless difficulties.[1] So furiously rage the seas in these parts that a certain bay in Desolation Island, which forms the southern shore of the entrance to the Strait, was called Puerto de la Misericordia—Mercy Port—by Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa when, in 1580, he reached its shelter during a tempest.

VII

THE NAVIGATORS OF FOUR CENTURIES

LONG before the rest of Chile had been discovered—much less conquered—Hernando de Magallanes had sailed through the Strait that bears his name. In five ships, manned by 265 souls, this Portuguese, little of body, but great of spirit, sailed from San Lúcar on September 20th, 1519, to seek for the passage to the Southern Sea and the Molucca Islands; and on November 1st, 1520, he found it, and named it the Strait of All Saints in commemoration of the day. Posterity

[1] For three months the English engineer Slight, who built the lighthouse while in the service of the Chilean Navy, was unable to land on the island, owing to storms.

has preferred to do him justice rather than to respect his nomenclature: Magellan Strait it is and will remain.

It took him twenty-six days to navigate the Strait. On November 27th he emerged into the sea which he called the Pacific. Pacific it has rarely been, but it put on its best behaviour to welcome Magallanes.

During the sixteenth century the passage through the Strait was made by thirteen other navigators: one Chilean, Juan Ladrilleros, who was despatched from Valparaiso by Garcia Hurtado de Mendoza in 1557, and who nearly perished in the quest; five Englishmen, of whom the first and most famous was Sir Francis Drake (1578), followed by Thomas Cavendish in 1586, Andrew Merik in 1589, John Chidley in 1591 and Richard Hawkins in 1593; four Spaniards: Fray Don Garcia Jofré de Loaysa in 1525, Simon de Alcazaba in 1534, Alonso de Camargo in 1539, and the Galician Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa in 1580, and again in 1584; and finally two Dutchmen: Jacob Mahu in 1598 and Oliveiro de Noort in 1599.

Of all these the *gallego* Sarmiento de Gamboa was the man who left the deepest impress on the region. One of the most important channels to the north of the Strait is named after him, as also is the highest mountain in Tierra del Fuego (6,900 feet), and in the Strait itself Puerto Hambre commemorates the disaster that befell the expedition which Philip II entrusted to Sarmiento with the idea of colonising the territory. Twenty-three sail, carrying 3,500 persons all told, composed Sarmiento's fleet. Only five ships reached the Strait. After terrible privations Sarmiento founded, in 1585, a city which he named Jesús, and which was probably situated between the first and second narrows on the eastern side of the Strait, but of which not a vestige remains. Another city founded by him on the western side he proposed to call Ciudad del Rey Felipe; but to this day it is known as Port Famine, because out of 530 persons who settled there only two escaped death by starvation:

a certain Tomé Hernandez, who was picked up by the English pirate Thomas Cavendish in 1587, and another man whom Andrew Merik rescued in 1589. It was Cavendish who christened the place Port Famine, the name under which it figures in all the British charts.

During the seventeenth century the expeditions to the Strait decreased largely in number, perhaps as the result of the discouraging accounts that were current of the tempests that awaited navigators at its entrance and exit and of the desolation of its coasts. Joris Spilbergen, a German in the service of Holland, heads the list of the eighteenth century expeditionaries, making the passage in 1615. He was followed three years later by the Spaniard Bartolomé Garcia de Nodal and his brother Gonzalo, who in 1618 and 1619 carried out one of the most successful of Spain's expeditions, doubling the redoubtable Cape Horn, discovering the Diego Ramirez Islands and sailing through the Strait itself. Two British sailors, Sir John Narborough in 1669 and Captain Wood in 1670, or perhaps somewhat later, carefully explored the Strait and the channels, waters and islands in its vicinity. Another Spaniard, Antonio de Veas, went through the Strait in 1675.

But of all the expeditions of the seventeenth century perhaps the strangest and most interesting was that of the "Filibusters," a sort of limited company of highwaymen of the sea formed by "hard cases" drawn from many nations, including English, French and Flemish. They roamed the Strait and both the oceans, sacking and plundering and growing rich under a communist system whereby each man shared equally in the spoils. Two of them, Dampier and Cowley, sailed round the world in their vessels without passing through the Straits.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century the French navigators appeared on the scene. In 1683 Monsieur de Gennes, with six ships and 720 men, among whom were many distinguished young Frenchmen who

ANIMVM FORTVNA SEQVATVR

Cap. Thomas Candish Esquire

As thou ye world, so let the world embrace thee
As England thou, one so let England grace thee
And loue thy name, thy glory haue no bound
Who durst attemnt to girt the world around,
Thy fame than Neptunes let vs higher spread
Thou wentst about the world vnlimited

"IT WAS THE ENGLISH PIRATE THOMAS CAVENDISH WHO, IN THE YEAR 1587, CHRISTENED THE PLACE PORT FAMINE, THE NAME UNDER WHICH IT FIGURES IN ALL THE BRITISH CHARTS" (page 240).

had been attracted by the novelty of an enterprise to distant seas, returned to La Rochelle so short of victuals that in the last few days of the voyage "he was obliged to give his crews chocolate made from the merchants' cocoa and sugar. The beverage nourished the seamen well enough but they did not like it because it stupefied them."[1] In 1698 Monsieur de Beauchesne fitted out in La Rochelle a great expedition with the object of forming a settlement in the Strait; but owing to financial difficulties it dwindled to two ships, and after a series of contretemps he returned to France in 1701 without leaving any traces of his sojourn.

The first of the eighteenth century expeditions, however, fared differently. It was commanded by another Frenchman, Monsieur Marcant, who in 1713 cruised in his sloop *Santa Barbara* among the channels to the south of the Strait and christened one of them, which he discovered by accident on May 25th of that year, with the name of his vessel. His feat was emulated by Padre José Quiroga, a Spanish Jesuit, who sailed from Buenos Aires in 1748 but failed even to make the entrance to the Strait.

John Byron, the shipwrecked midshipman of the *Wager*, heads the list of the three English navigators who made the passage in the eighteenth century. With the rank of Commodore he sailed from England in 1764 in H.M.S. *Dolphin*, and, as though he wished to recall the horrors which he went through on the island in the "Gulf of Troubles," he touched at Port Famine to take in water. The other two English mariners who reached the Strait were Wallis (1766) and Carteret (1767), who had been a shipmate of Byron's on the first occasion. It would really seem that to the sailors of those times the scene of their sufferings and privations constituted an irresistible lure, giving them, no doubt,

[1] Antonio de Córdoba's *Viaje al Magallanes*. The cocoa and sugar had been taken on board in Martinique, where de Gennes called on his return voyage.

a deeper sense of satisfaction at having weathered every difficulty and won through the test.

Another French navigator, Monsieur de Bougainville, made the passage in 1767. On this occasion, it is said, he went on into the Pacific, discovered the island of Tahiti and for the first time carried the French flag in a voyage round the globe.

The last of the eighteenth century navigators of the region was the Spaniard Antonio de Córdoba, who in the *Santa Maria de la Cabeza* carried out his expedition in 1785–1786. Two years later he published in Madrid an excellent circumstantial account of the voyage.

VIII

THE HOPES OF M. DE JOVIN AND THE FEARS OF ANTONIO DE CORDOBA

FROM that account it appears that his observations had shown with the clearness of the light of day that the Territory of Magellan was one of those corners of the earth in which the Almighty had taken occasion to demonstrate that He has the power to create barrenness. Monsieur de Jovin, a priest and a Fellow of the Faculty of Paris, who was an enthusiastic admirer of the Magallanes region, had submitted to King Philip V of Spain a lengthy series of reasons for the settlement of the Strait. This step, said Monsieur de Jovin, would render possible the conversion, as recommended in the Papal Bull of Alexander VI, of a great number of heathen; further it would add to the Crown of Spain another kingdom, and the best part of the Indies at that; it would deprive foreigners of the *primo occupanti* pretext for establishing themselves there, as the English, French, and Dutch had already endeavoured to do; above all, in preventing occupation by the heretics it would also prevent the Indians from becoming established there, making common cause with the heretics, rising in arms and possessing themselves of Chile, leaving

Perú to perish of hunger (because it was from Chile that Perú derived its sustenance), introducing illicit trade, seizing all the ships navigating the Southern seas, and finally, seizing Perú itself and threatening the Philippines.

Surveying all these arguments that had been placed before the Spanish Court in favour of establishing a Spanish possession in the Strait of Magellan, Don Antonio de Córdoba says that, it having already been proved by him that it was not desirable to select this route to the Pacific, " there remains no reason of any kind, whether of utility, or of expediency, or of policy, to compel anyone to renounce his own country and undergo the severe punishment of settling in the Strait of Magellan."

It was not then written that these regions were to be populated within the three centuries that followed the discovery of America and the conquest of Chile; fate was reserving the glory of such an achievement for Chile when the first half of the nineteenth century should nearly have passed.

Even in the nineteenth century the first navigators failed entirely to foresee the future of Magallanes—a future which the twentieth century is beginning to depict with the brightest of colours. Neither Parker King nor Fitzroy, who between 1826 and 1836 surveyed the region in the *Adventure* and the *Beagle*, leaving on islands, straits, capes, gulfs, estuaries, bays, rocks and mountains the honourable marks of their patient investigations, realised the prospect which certain of the localities offered to the cattle and timber industries. Referring to the Port Famine disaster in the sixteenth century, Parker King says:

" This was the first, and perhaps will be the last, attempt made to occupy a country which offers no single attraction for any human being; a region where the soil is sodden, cold and unsuited for cultivation, and whose climate is utterly wretched."

Half a century later that region began to be converted into an emporium of wealth. Around Port Famine food became so abundant that meat was an exported product. It is in this part of Chile, desert for three and a half centuries, that the population increases most rapidly; the increase coefficient has for some years been 10.6 per cent, a figure that must be considered extremely high when it is recalled that in Argentine, a great immigration country, the coefficient is 3.1 per cent. And in 1918, when the pound sterling was worth sixteen pesos, property in Magallanes was assessed for the purposes of the land taxes at $420,000,000, so that ten years ago the valuation of a region which in 1830 "offered no single attraction for any human being" stood at £26,000,000. To-day its value must be considerably higher.

The country around Magallanes is still "utterly wretched," as Parker King declared, because forests of rather stunted trees alternating with bare level plains stretching to the sky-line do not make an attractive, cheerful landscape. The wind blows without ceasing. The fauna is scanty: apart from the wild duck, called *canquenes*, to which Parker King gave the name of "steamer duck" in allusion to the paddle action of its short wings, whereby it is enabled to swim at the rate of ten to twelve miles an hour, and of the native ostrich (*Rhea americana*), the only animals are those belonging to the cattle concerns, and scattered over ranches in several instances as large as certain of the smaller European countries. An observer has said that in Magallanes it is easier to make a fortune than a garden. The tallest trees are two species of beech (*Fagus betuloides* and *F. antarctica*). On the other hand there is an immense variety of shrubs, among them one (*Ribes antarctica*) that yields a sort of wild gooseberry, and another which faintly recalls the celery, and which the expeditionaries of the *Beagle* and *Adventure* frequently used as an anti-scorbutic.

IX

PUNTA ARENAS AND ITS SURROUNDINGS

THE centre of all the activities of modern Magallanes, and the capital of the Territory, is Punta Arenas. The site occupied by this, the southernmost city of Chile and of the continent, was named by Sir John Narborough in 1670 Sandy Bay, and by Byron in 1764 Sandy Point; but the city itself began life in 1849, when a Chilean colonel, Don José de los Santos Mardones, removed thither the garrison which had been established in Fort Búlnes. On July 8th, 1853, it was given the rank of capital of the colonisation Territory of Magallanes, and since then it has been the metropolis of the antarctic region of Chile and the generative nucleus of the commerce and industry which have developed so prodigiously in the last quarter of a century. The garrison of 1849 now boasts 21,000 inhabitants.[1] More than 2,000 ships enter and leave Punta Arenas annually. In 1885 it had not a thousand people. Its well paved streets, excellent buildings and busy traffic give the impression of a prosperous centre in which civilisation and prosperity are advancing with great strides. Statistics show that in Punta Arenas there is one automobile to every fifty inhabitants, whereas in England there is but one among 268, and in France one for every 402. It is said that Punta Arenas has turned out more than a hundred millionaires, and many of Chile's large fortunes are connected with Magallanes.

Punta Arenas has an Astronomical observatory and a Museum and publishes four daily newspapers for a population of which no less than 70 per cent can read and write. Of the infantile population 94½ per cent. attends the schools and the mortality rate—seventeen per 1,000—is the lowest in the whole of Chile.

What would Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa and the spectres of Port Famine say if they came to life again?

[1] The population of the Territory itself is over 40,000 inhabitants.

What would Antonio de Córdoba and Captain Parker King think if they could revisit the place?

This region, painted in such gloomy colours in the accounts of all the navigators of three centuries and a half, was in 1916 the harbourage of Shackleton, the explorer. It was to Punta Arenas that he and his shipmates of the *Endurance* came in the Chilean naval tender *Yelcho* when that vessel, after fruitless efforts by other ships, had succeeded in approaching Elephant Island and rescuing them from their prison of ice. Thus again the British and Chilean navies clasped hands and gave proof of their mettle.

The best roads in Chile are those which go from Punta Arenas along the coast of the Strait and towards the interior of Patagonia. One of the most serious obstacles to the development of Magallanes has been the lack of means of communication and transit. Thanks to the highroads and the automobiles this obstacle has disappeared. Agriculture is still in the pastoral stage, but as it evolves so the railways will come. To-day there are only some five and a half miles of railroad in a Territory which is four times the size of Switzerland! On the other hand, there are about 780 miles of good roads. The development of the Territory has begun now that free mechanical traction is replacing the confined rigidity of rails. Other industries are already being started in the Territory.

The climate is admirably suited to aviculture, and the poultry farms of Punta Arenas and its vicinity are the largest in Chile. The mean temperature varies between 45° and 58° Fahr. in summer, and 29° and 45° Fahr. in winter. There, too, and also in Tres Puentes, tanneries have been established to utilise the hides from the great herds of cattle; and saw-mills in Punta Arenas, Puerto Bories and Tres Brazos exploit the forests of the neighbourhood. During very recent years factories for the manufacture of boots, furniture, cigarettes, macaroni and brushes have been

established and even small shipbuilding docks. The annual value of the Magellan products is over £8,250,000.

X

SHEEP BREEDING

BUT the industry *par excellence* of the Magallanes region, the corner-stone of its prosperity, the magic wand that has transformed the horrors of Port Famine into the abundance of the present day, is the breeding of sheep. In the Territory there are over four million head, and the four cold-storage establishments (one in San Gregorio, another in Rio Seco, a third in Puerto Bories and a fourth in Poblacion Hoeneisen), with sundry tallow and preserved-meat factories, can annually convert 1,200,000 animals into foodstuffs. The agricultural area may be estimated at about eleven million acres and the annual output of wool at some 9,000 tons. It will not be long before the industries deriving from the wool production are installed, and then the Territorio de Magallanes will achieve the development proper to its elements of wealth.

In addition to the Estancia San Gregorio, which has an area of 395,000 acres of good pasture-land, and to other private properties, there are three great cattle companies possessing or leasing from the State enormous tracts of land on which they have developed cattle and sheep breeding to a point never dreamt of a few years ago. These are: the Sociedad de Laguna Blanca, which owns 340,500 acres and 206,000 head of stock and has accumulated funds amounting to £856,000; the Sociedad de Gente Grande, leasing land in Tierra del Fuego and on Dawson Island, owning just over a million acres in Neuquen (Argentine Republic), and having a capital of £600,000; and—most important and powerful of them all—the Sociedad Explotadora de Tierra del Fuego, which owns nearly two and a half million acres in Magallanes and around Ultima Esperanza Gulf, leases from the

State 2,905,115 acres in Tierra del Fuego, possesses 1,834,000 head of sheep and operates with a capital and accumulated funds amounting to £4,072,000.

All these companies employ the most up-to-date methods; mechanical shears that enable one to clip 150 sheep a day; dipping-tanks for preserving the hygiene of the vast herds of sheep and cattle; pens to systematise the consumption of pasture; telephones to maintain constant communication between all the centres of administration; roads that enable the runs to be traversed in automobiles; and so on. The coal-seams and marble quarries which abound throughout this region are beginning to be explored and worked, and copper-mines of a certain importance are now arousing interest.

In some places gold-washing is carried on with modern machinery and yields a certain quantity of that metal. Twenty-three years ago Magallanes experienced a gold-fever. Similarly with California and Alaska. The fever passed and left behind it only the washing machinery and the prospect of reasonable industrial results.

XI

THE "BIG PEOPLE" OF PEDRO SARMIENTO DE GAMBOA

THE majority of these huge concerns have been created and are still managed by Scotsmen who arrived there accompanied by their faithful collies, and who are living examples of the great qualities of their admirable nation. They and the Dalmatians and Scandinavians who came to Magallanes during the past quarter of a century are forming a race of energetic supermen destined to inherit in the annals of Chile the designation of "Gente Grande" which the first explorers of the Strait of Magellan gave to the aborigines they found there.

Gente grande—"big people"—was what Pedro Sar-

". . . SIR FRANCIS DRAKE SAYS THAT THE PATAGONIAN NATIVE DERIVED THIS NAME FROM A CORRUPTION OF 'PENTAGONS,' SIGNIFYING FIVE CUBITS, OR SEVEN FEET SIX INCHES, IN HEIGHT" (page 249).

miento de Gamboa called the Fuegian Indians, believing them to be giants; and Sir Francis Drake says that the Patagonian natives derived this name from a corruption of "pentagons," signifying 5 cubits, or 7 feet 6 inches in height. Little by little, however, the fantastic legend of the abnormal dimensions of the natives of Magallanes and Tierra del Fuego was dissipated. Loaysa (1526) found them to be smaller than Magellan (1520) had stated; Oliveiro de Noort (1599) speaks of them as people of the same size as the Dutch; Bougainville (1767) says they measured between 5 feet 10 inches and 6 feet 2 inches, and that it was their broad shoulders, large heads and well-developed muscles that gave the impression of giants.

None of these navigators, however, knew the Fuegian and Patagonian Indians so well as did Parker King and Fitzroy, whose knowledge was gained in lengthy and careful explorations of the Magallanes region in H.M.S. *Adventure* and *Beagle* (1826–1836). These British sailors were the first to treat the natives kindly and to examine into their mentality, manners and customs, and to distinguish and classify the various tribes: the *Tehuel-het*, or Patagonians, the Yaganes, the Alikhoolips, the Percherays, the Huemules and the Chonos. Parker King and Fitzroy went among them as friends. Their first act was to decorate the two oldest of the Patagonians, a man and a woman, with a medal bearing on the obverse the figure of Britannia and on the reverse the inscription: "George IV. *Adventure* and *Beagle*, 1826." In like manner they treated the Fuegians, and, thanks to the generosity with which they distributed medals and food and drinks, they were able in their ten years' sojourn to explore without much trouble the wildest and most recondite regions of Chile.

In his *Voyage of the "Adventure" and "Beagle"* Parker King gives a long and interesting account of the Fuegian Indians in their primitive state. Both men and women seemed to him to be physically feeble beings,

of small stature (5 feet 5 inches), ill shaped, with stiff, black hair which they anointed with whale or seal oil. They were beardless, for they removed the hair from the face with sharpened shells; their foreheads were low, their prominent noses had wide-open nostrils, their eyes were dark, mouths large, lower lips thick, teeth small, regular and discoloured, complexion copper-coloured and expression apathetic. Their sole covering was an otter pelt thrown over the shoulders and tied round the waist with a strip of the same skin, thus leaving unprotected a large portion of the body, which was daubed with red clay. The food of these savages consisted of lepas (a kind of shell-fish), sea-eggs, and the flesh of seals, sea-otters, porpoises and whales. Like the Alacaluf tribe they were deeply attached to their children, whom they called *peteet*. In spite of their dullness of intellect they gave proofs of an extraordinary aptitude for repeating, with wonderful precision, any sound or phrase, even though they understood not a word of what was said to them.

So interested did Parker King and Fitzroy become in these Indians that in 1830 the latter brought four of them to England on board of the *Beagle* with the intention of educating them and then repatriating them so as to give the others an opportunity of becoming civilised. Fitzroy gave them names which recalled the circumstances in which he had found them: one man, twenty-six years of age, he called "York Minster," from the cape of that name on Waterman Island; another, twenty years of age, he christened "Boat Memory," because he took him on board on the day when a group of Fuegian Indians stole one of his boats; a third, a boy of fourteen, he baptised with the name of "James Button," having exchanged him for a button much coveted by an unscrupulous uncle of the lad's; and the fourth, a girl of nine, he named "Fuegia Basket," because the sailors of the *Beagle*, who found her, took her aboard in a canoe made of basket-work covered with canvas.

On arriving in England with his protégés, Captain Fitzroy took as much care of them as if he had been the most solicitous of fathers. In a letter addressed to Parker King, his superior officer, Fitzroy held himself responsible for them, undertook to repatriate them on completion of their education and announced his intention of getting together a good supply of commodities of all kinds which the Indians should take back with them to Tierra del Fuego to distribute amongst their own folk and thus better their lot.

"Boat Memory" died of small-pox in the Naval Hospital, surrounded by as much care and attention—thanks to Fitzroy's intervention with the Admiralty—as though he had been a British seaman. In order that "Fuegia Basket" might escape contagion the Chief Surgeon at the Hospital, Dr. Dickson, took her to live with his own family.

Shortly afterwards, news of these Indians having reached the Court of Saint James, their Majesties William IV and Queen Adelaide expressed a desire to make their acquaintance, and in the summer of 1831 they were accordingly presented at St. James's Palace. The Queen gave Fuegia Basket a ring, one of her own bonnets and a little money.

After some time, during which they were being educated at Walthamstow under the care of the Rev. William Wilson, Fitzroy took them back to Tierra del Fuego in the *Beagle*. With them he took as tutor, a missionary named Matthews, who was to remain in Tierra del Fuego and direct the arduous task of civilising the others. The good people of Walthamstow loaded them with gifts of all kinds; in fact the poor Fuegians were treated and entertained by Fitzroy and by the lieges of His Britannic Majesty as though they had belonged to a powerful nation with a Government that kept a keen watch over the well-being of its nationals. All that Fitzroy told and promised them when he took them away from their native land was fulfilled religiously.

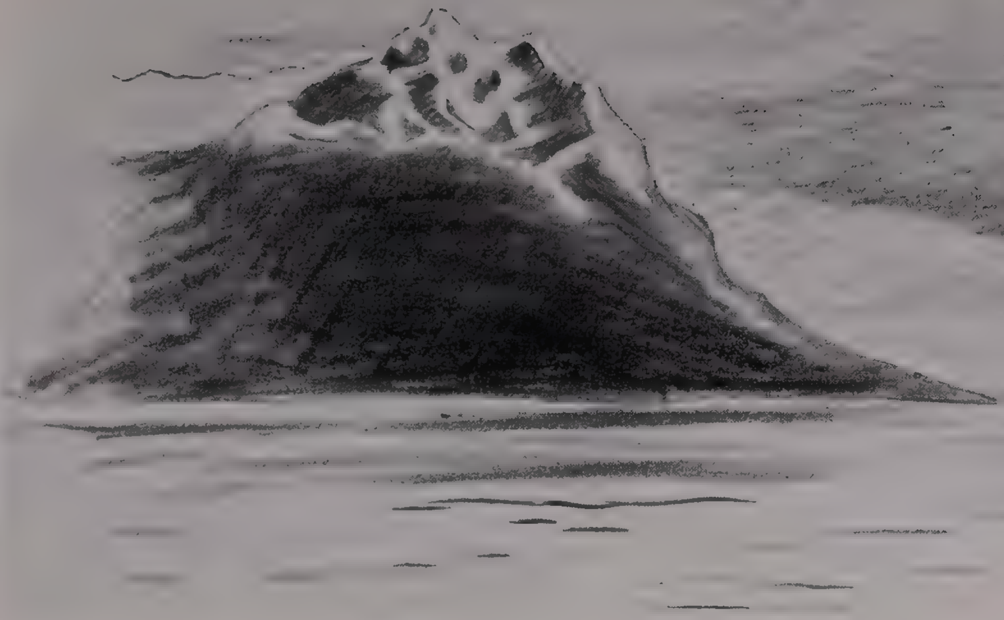
For some time a British mission, the most southerly in the world, carried on the work begun by Fitzroy and Matthews on the Hardy Peninsula. The mission was known as the Tekenica Mission, after the name of the tribe to which James Button belonged. Fitzroy was persuaded that the Fuegians would become civilised. "Cæsar," he said, "found the ancient Britons clothed in skins and painted with woad. Why then should not we Britons civilise the Fuegians, whom we found in the same case?"

XII

THE LAND'S END AND A GERMAN FAIRY TALE

TO the south of the Strait of Magellan there is a channel—the Beagle Channel—which perpetuates the memory of his ship. It flows between Isla Grande and the other islands of the three archipelagos which Magallanes named Tierra del Fuego by reason of the large number of fires which he saw on the coast when passing that way in November, 1520. On Isla Grande itself is a range of mountains that bears the name of the illustrious Darwin, who accompanied Fitzroy on his expedition.

As one goes south the cold, rainy climate grows even more severe and the land more rocky and inhospitable. Isla Grande, nevertheless, is the part of Magallanes best suited for sheep-rearing, and its stock is to-day reckoned amongst the healthiest and most productive. In times gone by, herds of huanacos and *huemules* grazed there. Other islands, such as Navarino, Picton and Nueva, are also fertile and valuable for agriculture. But the infinite multiplicity of inlets that everywhere cut through *terra firma*; the rocky formation of the dwindling islands and islets; the feebleness of the vegetation, which is composed exclusively of shrubs (*Arbutus rigida*, *A. berberis*, *A. parvifolia*, *A. veronica*, *A. cineraria*, *A. leucanthema*, *A. dysemore interifolia*); the great number of penguins;



"TO THE SOUTH OF THE STRAIT, THERE ARE ISLA GRANDE AND THE OTHER ISLANDS OF THE THREE ARCHIPELAGOS WHICH MAGALLANES NAMED TIERRA DEL FUEGO . . ." (page 252).

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the icy, cutting blast and the clouds that sweep over the sky with frightful rapidity—these are signs that the southern end of the great American continent is being reached; not far from here must be the much-feared and ill-named Cabo de Hornos, which the Dutch navigator Guillermo Schouter discovered in 1616, but of which Jorge Manrique and Francisco de Hoces, pilots of Loaysa's expedition, had had a presentiment ninety years before, because on returning to Spain in 1526 they related that "it seemed to them that here was the land's end."

The breakers of the world's two greatest oceans beat pitilessly upon the remnants of the great upheaval of land that formed America. Here, as the poet[1] says:

> "It rains, rains on without relenting;
> And, seen through the tremulous veil of the rain,
> The pallid sky and the streaming plain
> Are as faces blurred with lamenting."

The place-names testify to the force of the south-west winds that blow so hard and so fruitlessly. Hurricane after hurricane, whipping the seas to fury! Water falling upon water! Rocks that protect from the raging billows deserts utterly God-forsaken—such is the region of Cape Horn. Seafarers who pass that way can well appreciate the German fairy-tale that says:

"The Man in the Moon is a navigator who could not double Cape Horn. So he swore, exclaiming: 'What the Devil! If I do not double Cape Horn may I sit up in the Moon for all eternity!' And his ship was wrecked; and since then he has sat up in the Moon. And this is why our sailors still say, when the Moon shines bright: 'See the Moon! There is the navigator who could not double Cape Horn!'"

[1] Francisco Contreras: *El encanto de las Lluvias.* (The enchantment of the rain.)

FIFTH PART

THE LONELY SENTINELS OF THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER XIV

JUAN FERNANDEZ

"And now the helmsman's sure and cunning hand,
That the ship's course by chart and compass layeth,
Brings into view a distant point of land
Upon the starboard side; whereof he sayeth:
Lo! Juan Fernandez, worthy of all fame,
Yonder was first to land, and gave those isles his name."
(Mendoza Monteagudo's *Las Guerras de Chile.*)

I. Defoe's Fiction—II. Seven Juan Fernández and "The way to sail against the Souther"—III. The Mountain Island; Goats and Fish—IV. A Corsairs' Refuge—V. Vegetation, Birds, Dogs and Fish—VI. Banishment Island.

I

DEFOE'S FICTION

THERE are few places in the world which have more strongly appealed to the popular imagination than the island known to geographers as Más á Tierra and unintentionally immortalised by Daniel Defoe under the name of Robinson Crusoe's island. The scene of the prowess and adventures of Defoe's hero was, of course, an imaginary island set in other seas and different latitudes; but the prototype of his novel, Alexander Selkirk (or Selcraig, to give him his true name and not the cognomen which he adopted at his mother's instigation), lived on Más á Tierra four years and four months. His adventures came to Defoe's ears by way of Captain Woodes Rogers, who in H.M.S. *Duke* rescued Selcraig on January 31st, 1709; and Defoe's imagination converted them into a story that shares with *Don Quixote* the glory of having been translated into every known language. Defoe enjoyed, on excellent grounds, the reputation of a master of the art of fabricating fiction and imposing it upon the world as the image of the purest,

clearest truth. But first and foremost he was a journalist, in particular a political pamphleteer, and of all his writings, *Robinson Crusoe* was perhaps that which he himself held in least esteem. Nevertheless it is *Robinson Crusoe* that has kept his name alive these two centuries or so, delighting the ingenuous and thrilling the tender-hearted of every race and tongue. As a mere political polemic he would have been forgotten long ago, however voluminous his output and however mordant his pen. And if few children can state the latitude and longitude of the island of Más á Tierra de Juan Fernández, is there one who does not thrill when told that it was there that Robinson Crusoe lived?

II

SEVEN JUAN FERNANDEZ AND "THE WAY TO SAIL AGAINST THE SOUTHER"

THE islands comprising the Juan Fernández group are three in number: Más á Tierra, 360 miles west of the Chilean coast; Santa Clara, separated from Más á Tierra by an arm of the sea, a mile and a half wide, opposite Punta O'Higgins; and Más á Fuera, 92 miles west of the other two. Of the three the first-named is the largest and best known and the last the richest in fisheries.

The group bears the name of the sailor who discovered them on November 22nd, 1574—Saint Cecilia's day. Juan Fernandez himself called them Saint Cecilia's Islands, following the Spanish navigators' custom of giving the geographical points they discovered the name of the saint of the day; and as Islas de Santa Cecilia they were known for half a century. Posterity, however, wishing to do justice to Juan Fernandez, named them after him. If posterity had proceeded in the same way with all the countries he discovered, New Zealand would be bearing his name, and perhaps Australia as well;

since about 1576, he went as far as there, with the expedition organised by Juan Jufré.

A notable navigator, owing his skill more to practice than to study, his name is a common one in Spanish-speaking lands. Several Juan Fernandez contemporaries of his roved the Pacific coasts, and many historians have confused them with him. It has, in fact, been stated that Juan Fernández was a fraud, an impostor whom the Lima Inquisition had tried for witchcraft following his voyage to the Chilean coast in less than a third of the time then usually taken. Undoubtedly this voyage of his was a nautical event that created an extraordinary sensation, but the ignorance of his contemporaries, though profound, did not go so far as to explain it as a phenomenon of black magic. His principal discovery was not the islands; it was the trade winds which prevailed out at sea, and which the other mariners could not use because they persistently hugged the coast. To them the explanation was that Juan Fernandez had, as they put it, "found the way to sail against the Souther"—the wind that prevails on the coast during the greater part of the year. And the Lima Inquisition did not inquire into the matter, as stated by many historians, who have perhaps confused the navigator with Juan Fernandez the Cartagena merchant, who was condemned round about 1592 for declaring that all who had been baptised were saved; or with Juan Fernandez Bautista, punished for blasphemy in 1601; or with Juan Fernandez Gullio, tried in Quito in 1595 on a charge of heresy; or with Juan Fernandez de Las Heras, burnt alive about the same period for certain theological eccentricities; or with Juan Fernandez de Pablos, sentenced for blasphemy in 1608; or perhaps even with Juan Fernandez Darraña, tried many years later (*circa* 1648) for having advised newly baptised Indians not to go to mass! These were the only Juan Fernandez tried by the Lima Inquisition, and none of them was a navigator, bearing the title of "Pilot of

the route to the Indies," which the discoverer of the Juan Fernandez islands assumed with a perfect right, albeit he had not passed the examination in Seville whereby it was obtained.

Before Juan Fernandez's discovery, the voyage from Callao to Valparaiso took ordinarily three and a half months. There were even instances in which the navigators, wearying of the delay imposed by a southerly wind that seemed likely to blow for ever, landed on the coast and pursued their journey on foot. The vessel which went to succour Almagro [1] was four months on the voyage. The case was different, of course, on the return voyage, which was performed in from twenty to twenty-five days. Juan Fernandez, besides discovering his group of three islands, reduced the voyage from Perú to Chile to a matter of thirty days, and although he derived no personal profit from the achievement, yet neither did he suffer persecution or censure therefor; like a good sailor, he went on navigating until the infirmities of old age compelled him to retire to the benign climate of Rautén, in the Quillota valley. And there, in 1599, this *villano*, a native of the port of Palos, whence Christopher Columbus sailed to discover America, passed quietly into the better life.

> "A pilot born, and one who made his mark
> In these enchanted seas when other men
> 'Twixt port and port would grope as in the dark,"

as the poet says.

Arriving in Chile in 1551, with Chile's first admiral, Juan Pastene, at the age of twenty, Juan Fernandez died aged sixty-six or sixty-seven. His island Más á Tierra he had colonised with Indians, stocked with goats and sown with garden-stuff, and for this he received not a penny of reward or recompense.

[1] See chap. v.

III

THE MOUNTAIN ISLAND; GOATS AND FISH

OF the three islands which form the group, Santa Clara is of no value whatever. Más á Fuera is but a hill, some 6,000 feet high, precipitous on the eastern side and sloping gently, except for some deep ravines, to the west. Its geological formation is the same as that of Más á Tierra, its aspect wilder and more inaccessible. Oval in shape, it has an area of five and a half square miles. Its gorges abound with springs and waterfalls, and its pasture-lands are sufficient to maintain large herds of wild goats. In its skies wheel flocks of the lead-coloured, white-breasted sea-hawk and of *pardelas*, a bird rather larger than the pigeon, sometimes black, sometimes grey, that roosts in caverns and plunges into the sea for its food. The sea around it teems with whales, and especially with seals (*otaria porcina*), in such abundance that Lord Anson (1740) declared that they deafened one with their nocturnal bellowings. To this day, notwithstanding the relentless persecution of which they are victims—and seal-hunting is easy, for a light blow on the snout will kill them—they continue to multiply exceedingly, to the detriment of the valuable edible fish which swarm around the island, and which they consume in pantagruelian rations of three to four hundred a day. Time was during the first years of the colonial epoch, when the skins of these seals were greatly esteemed in Lima, where they were made into hats, of which Padre Rosales says that "when the weather is damp they give out an unpleasant smell of the sea." According to the same author the seals were "so fat that when they are lying on the rocks they melt, and a great quantity of oil runs from them, until they grow weak; whereupon they go back into the sea and eat of the multitude of fish that are there, and then they climb upon the rocks again, nor can they stir for fatness; and they begin once more to drip oil."

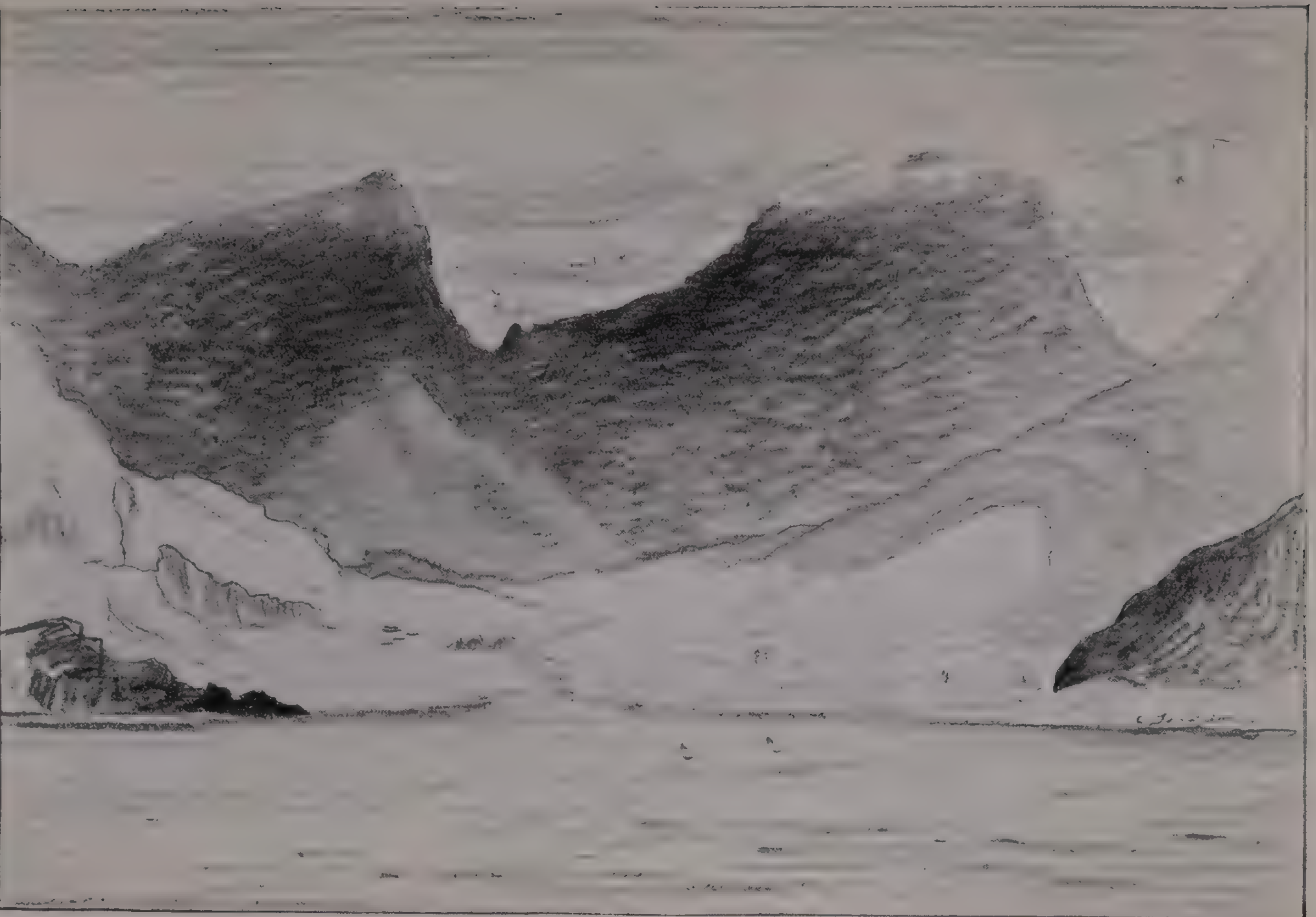
On this island (Más Afuera), which is all mountain, goats and fish, there landed in 1845 an illustrious South American, Don Domingo Faustino Sarmiento, later on President of the Argentine Republic. He marvelled at the wildness of Nature there and was astonished at the number of the goats (which, plainly exaggerating, he estimated at 50,000). In the manner of one who signs the visitors' book at an ancient castle, he left his name carved on a tree, as he tells a friend of his, Don Demetrio Peña, in a letter written in 1849.

IV

A CORSAIRS' REFUGE

THE island of Más á Tierra, which has brought universal renown to the group, is the richest of the three not only in flora and fauna, but also in history and tradition. It is shaped like a half-moon, with the horns pointing south, and on clear days can be seen from a great distance (forty miles or more), thanks to the Yunque, its highest point, a mountain encrusted with lava betraying the volcanic origin of this outpost of Chile in the Pacific Ocean. The slopes of the eastern side are steep, craggy and riven into many deep gorges, where the vegetation is exuberant without being rank or tangled. Cumberland Bay, which is situated N.N.E., gives safe harbourage to ships of any draught. The western slopes are smoother and their vegetation less luxuriant, and the only natural harbour there is the Bahía del Padre, which has a very narrow and difficult entrance.

It is really in Cumberland Bay that the whole history of the island is concentrated. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it served as a sure refuge and a refreshing landfall for the scurvy-decimated crews of the British and Dutch buccaneers. Of all the corsairs that roved the Pacific, none left a more lasting memory in Cumberland Bay than Lord Anson, who arrived there



"CUMBERLAND BAY, WHICH IS SITUATED N.N.E., GIVES SAFE HARBOURAGE TO SHIPS OF ANY DRAUGHT" (page 262).

with his fleet on June 9th, 1740. Seeing that the island was well wooded and watered and fertile with edible herbs and legumes, and noting the abundance of goats on land and fish in the water, he felt that he had come upon one of those spots where Nature lavishes her favours; and in a place still known as Anson Park, of which a picture appears in the first edition of his book, he set up huts where he and his men rested from the fatigues of their long and perilous voyage. Not only that, but he smoothed the way for other mariners who might land there by sowing seeds of lettuce, carrots and all manner of green-stuff. So charmed was he with the island that he says in his book:

"Some particular spots occurred in these valleys, where the shade and fragrance of the contiguous woods, the loftiness of the overhanging rocks, and the transparency and frequent falls of the neighbouring streams presented scenes of such elegance, and dignity, as would with difficulty be rivalled in any other part of the globe."

In the cropped ears of the goats Anson thought he saw traces of the handiwork of Alexander Selkirk, who, as will be seen later, had left the island thirty-one years previously. In support of such a hypothesis, which it is difficult to reconcile with the age ordinarily attained by these animals or with the natural laws of reproduction (since these, fortunately, do not permit of mutilations being transmitted from one generation to another), he gives the following description of the first goat he saw on Más á Tierra:

"This was indeed an animal of a most venerable aspect, dignified with an exceeding majestic beard and with many other symptoms of antiquity. During our stay on the Island, we met with others marked in the same manner, all the males being distinguished by an exuberance of beard and every other characteristick of extreme age."

In 1744, by order of the King of Spain, Don Jorge Juan and Don Antonio de Ulloa took a fleet to Juan

Fernandez in order to dislodge Anson, who had converted the islands into a centre of operations. Before they arrived, however, Anson had put to sea.

History repeats itself, and 171 years later (March 9th, 1915), there cast anchor in Cumberland Bay the German cruiser *Dresden*, which, like the privateersmen of two centuries ago, patrolled the Pacific on the look-out for merchantmen from Great Britain and France. From the waters of Southern Chile the cruiser arrived, like Anson, with an exhausted crew and a damaged hull in search of the traditional asylum of the *francs-tireurs* of the sea; and her captain asked the Maritime Governor of the place for permission to remain there eight days and repair his engines. In obedience to the laws of war and the duties of neutrality permission was refused him, and on the expiry of the customary period of twenty-four hours the *Dresden* was interned. Five days later (March 14th) a British naval division, consisting of the *Kent*, the *Glasgow* and the transport *Orama*, entered the bay in search of the *Dresden*, precisely as Juan and Ulloa had come to look for Anson. They were, however, better informed than the Spaniards, for they found their prey. Opening fire they called upon the *Dresden* to surrender; but her captain preferred to sink his ship by blowing up the ammunition store. Her remains lie at the bottom of Cumberland Bay; and in the archives of the Chanceries of Chile and Great Britain lie the Notes exchanged with respect to this violation of Chile's neutrality, for which, with their traditional courtesy and sense of equity, His Britannic Majesty's Government gave the most ample and friendly explanations.

V

VEGETATION, BIRDS, DOGS AND FISH

THE two characteristic features of the flora of Más á Tierra are the abundance of the bamboo-like palms known as *chontas* (*Juania australis*), from whose trunk, seven or eight inches in diameter,

". . . LORD ANSON ARRIVED THERE WITH HIS FLEET ON JUNE 9TH, 1740, AND CONVERTED THE ISLANDS INTO A CENTRE OF OPERATIONS" (page 264).

walking-sticks are made that are much in demand, and whose tender shoots form an appetising salad; and the great quantity of sandal-wood that at one time grew there. Every visitor to Juan Fernandez for centuries past has noted the abundance of dead sandal-wood in the island, though of the living tree there are now very few specimens. Its leaf resembles that of the pear-tree; it is heart-shaped, light green on one side and whitish on the other. The trunk commonly attains in Juan Fernandez a height of 30 feet.

In spite of their short distance from the mainland the Juan Fernandez group has a flora of its own. According to Philippi,[1] of the island flora 27 per cent is represented by ferns of thirty-six distinct species, 16 per cent by *composite* plants (twenty-two species), 7 per cent by grasses (ten species), and the remainder by trees (forty-eight species), of which 36 per cent are ligneous. Amongst these the commonest is the *naranjillo*, a tree resembling the European beech, with a trunk eighty to one hundred feet high and a diameter of between six and ten feet. Its wood is soft but does not decay, and from time immemorial boats and other craft of a rather rough description have been made of it. It owes its Spanish name to its seed-pods, which have the appearance of Lilliputian oranges.[2] The natives called it *mayu*, and modern botanists style it *sophora tetraptera*. Here also abound the *peralillo*, so called from the resemblance of its leaves to the pear-tree's; the *michai*, a thorny shrub with a yellowish wood, one of the several species of *berberis*; the *resina*, a shrub that yields an aromatic essence; the blue *aromo*; the *quebracho*, a kind of carob that puts forth a mass of yellow flowers; the *pangue* (*Gunnera chilensis*), with monstrous leaves from which, it is said, Robinson Crusoe made an umbrella; the *maqui* (*Aristotelia maqui*), whose

[1] Rodulfo Amando Philippi, a German naturalist and savant who settled in Chile in 1851. See chap. x.

[2] Some travellers have been wont to call the *naranjillos* "pimientos," or peppers, from the likeness their seeds have to those of the pepper-plant when scattered on the ground.

mulberry-coloured fruit is delicious and very popular; the *palqui* (*Cestrum parqui*), which has a disagreeable odour but remarkable medicinal properties, especially against fever; and the inevitable strawberry (*Fragaria chilensis*), whose seeds seem to have been spread over Chile by those southerly winds which Juan Fernandez overcame, and which in their passage from the polar regions sweep across the forests of Araucania. Finally, turnips, radishes, water-cress, and mustard grow wild in profusion.

The native fauna of the island of Más á Tierra is scanty. Amongst the birds the prettiest is the *picaflor* (*trochilidoe*), which, as its name indicates, flies giddily from flower to flower. The male bird is feathered in brightest red, with a head like burnished copper; the female is green. Its worst enemy is the kestrel, which grows fat on the *picaflor* without the slightest regard for its fine feathers. The wild goats which abound on the island were doubtless taken there either by the discoverer himself or by the Jesuits, who became owners of the group, as of so many other parts of Chile, in the seventeenth century. So wonderful was their increase that in 1675 a Spanish pilot, one Antonio de Veas, set loose a number of fierce dogs with a view to ending the race of goats, for, thanks to the fresh meat with which they furnished them, the British and Dutch privateers had converted the island into a naval base. It then became the dogs' turn, and they so multiplied that there came a time when Más á Tierra was overrun with them. Still less desirable were other fauna left there by navigators, such as rats, flies and fleas. In a poem, *La Fernandina*, written by Juan Egaña[1] in 1814, during his exile on the island he reveals his state of mind, saying that he:

> "Will not invoke the Muses with his theme
> But to the Devil himself will straight blaspheme,"

[1] A Chilean patriot, exiled, with many others, during the reconquest of Chile by Mariano Osorio.

and puts on record his opinion of the insect life of the place:

> "These are not flies, Sir, they are flying scorpions!—
> Winged tigers! ravening lions of the air!"

But, if the land has not been fortunate enough to become the home of a useful or attractive fauna, the sea affords compensation generous to the point of munificence; there can be few parts of the world that possess a greater variety of fish, some of them delicious eating, others of value in industry. Amongst these latter is the "tollo," from whose liver is extracted an oil almost as fine as that of the olive, and the former include the lobster (*Palinurus frontalis*), in which nowadays a very active export trade is done, not only with the Chilean mainland, but with other countries also. The abundance of lobsters is such that in six hours a single canoe, handled by two men, can catch 300 of these crustaceans.[1] Apart from the lobster, which is the best-known product of these wonderful fisheries, the tepid water swarms with a species of cod (*Perca fernandeziana*), very similar to the Newfoundland product, and with eels, *bidriolas*, *bretalas*, *brecos*, flying-fish, congers, *cierras*, *morenas*, *palometas*, *pámpanos*, *pejerreyes*, *corbinillas*, *cabrillas*, cuttle-fish, *jerguillas*, *fureles*, soles, *locos*, dog-fish, toad-fish and "old women."

One of these days the inexhaustible wealth of the waters around these islands will be exploited scientifically and methodically. The industry requires, first of all, regular and constant communication with the continent and an appreciable increase in the consuming population.

VI

BANISHMENT ISLAND

IF one were requested to give the island of Más á Tierra a name that should recall its traditions, one would have to christen it "Banishment Island."

[1] Lobster fishing is prohibited in the months of October, November, and December.

Beginning with the goats and the dogs, which were exiled there until Nature completed her work and turned them wild again, and continuing with the five sailors abandoned there in 1690 by an inhuman navigator and rescued by Captain Strong, there is a long list of shipwrecked mariners, exiles and hermits that enwraps the island in an atmosphere of romance and adventure.

The marooned sailors of 1690 were followed by the most famous of all the island's inhabitants—Alexander Selkirk (1676–1721). Son of a shoemaker, one John Selcraig, of Largo, a village in Fifeshire, Scotland, Alexander as a boy longed to be a sailor. His father was opposed to his choice of a profession, but his opposition was vain, for when in 1695 Alexander was summoned to appear before the magistrate for having behaved "indecorously" in church it was found that he had secretly gone to sea. He was nineteen years of age, and the call was not to be resisted. Six years later he was back in Largo. Sea life had not corrected his turbulent propensities, for we find the parish priest rebuking him publicly for his quarrels with his brothers. Two years afterwards (May, 1703), Selkirk returned to the sea in the little squadron commanded by the celebrated Dampier, privateer and man of letters, one of the best hydrographers of his time, a wonderful observer of natural phenomena and author of the treatise *A Discourse on the Winds*, considered a classic amongst writings on physical geography. Of Dampier it was said that he was as correct in his writings as he was loose in his conversation. His example, then, would do nothing towards improving Selkirk's behaviour.

In September, 1704, the *Cinque Ports*, the vessel in which Selkirk had sailed as boatswain, anchored in what is now Cumberland Bay, and took on board two individuals who had been accidentally marooned there some months earlier. The incident coincided with a violent altercation between Selkirk and Captain Stradling, who was in command of the *Cinque Ports*, and Selkirk

requested that he might be landed on the island where the sailors they had picked up had been able to subsist without difficulty. Stradling took him at his word and set him ashore with a modest outfit, consisting of his books, a few cooking-utensils, an axe, a little tobacco, a matchlock and one pound of gunpowder. It was not long before his small store of ammunition ran out, and thereafter he was forced to obtain the goat's flesh, which was his principal food, by chasing the animals up hill and down dale and killing them with his bare hands. Little by little he acquired extraordinary dexterity in this strange sport. Knives made from the hoops of old barrels served him for skinning the goats and scraping their hides, from which he made himself clothing when the apparel he was wearing began to fall to pieces.

Twice during his exile he sighted passing ships; but they flew the Spanish flag, and, fearing an imprisonment more rigorous than his open-air reclusion, he hid himself so that they might not see him.

He had lived four years and four months of this strange life when Dampier himself, in command of another squadron, cast anchor in the same bay in the evening of January 31st, 1709. One of the ships, the *Duke*, was commanded by Captain Woodes Rogers, who was later to become Governor of the Bahamas. On nearing land they had seen a light ahead, and thought it might belong to an enemy vessel. The dawn, however, revealed no ship of any kind, and Woodes Rogers sent his second-in-command, Thomas Dover, to explore the beach. Dover returned bringing with him Alexander Selkirk, clad in the skins of goats and speaking English with difficulty. There had happened to him that which, according to Don Jorge Juan and Don Antonio de Ulloa (*Relación de Viaje á la America Meridional*), happened to the dogs set loose to do away with the goats:

"Of the dogs of that island there was noted the peculiarity that they were never heard to bark, and although some were captured and taken aboard they

did not do so until, put with some house dogs, they began to imitate them; but untimely, and as if learning to do what the others did, the same being strange to them" (Vol. III, p. 291).

Dampier, a navigator of high standing by reason of his great knowledge, warmly recommended Selkirk, and Captain Rogers made him sailing-master of the *Duke*. Shortly afterwards he gave him command of the *Increase*, one of the vessels of the squadron. Two years more and Alexander Selkirk reached the Thames, no longer half-dumb and clothed with goats' skins, but full of vigour and spirit and carrying in his pocket £800 as his share in the booty. In a pamphlet written by himself, *Providence Displayed; or a Surprising Account of one Alexander Selkirk*, he told the public of his adventures. Captain Woodes Rogers also recounted them in his book *A Cruising Voyage round the World*.

Sir Richard Steele, a playwright, politician and publicist of the period (1672–1729), editor of a periodical called *The Tatler*, who knew Selkirk and describes him as a sensible sort of man with a rugged countenance and a serious expression, but cheerful withal, took a great interest in him. The tale spread by Steele and Rogers came to the ears of Daniel Defoe, and in 1719 the latter's *Robinson Crusoe* appeared. Its success was immense. By 1727 over 300 imitations and plagiarisms had been printed, apart from the numerous translations.

So remarkable a furore exasperated Charles Gildon, another pamphleteer of the period, to such an extent that he declared there was not an old woman who would not buy the book and bequeath it in her will "along with *Pilgrim's Progress*, the *Practice of Piety*, and *God's Revenge against Murther*."

Meanwhile the hero of the story had returned to his native village early in 1712, and in the garden of the paternal dwelling built himself a cave wherein he would shut himself to meditate and dream. Would he be thinking, as La Bruyère did, that *tout notre malheur vient*

de ne pouvoir être seul? Or, recalling his Más á Tierra days, would he be feeling, with Goethe, that there is no greater torment than to be alone in Paradise?

Alexander Selkirk died as he would have wished to die—at sea—aboard H.M.S. *Weymouth* in 1721. In Largo a bronze statue commemorates the hero of children of all races and tongues; on the island a tablet set up in 1868 by Commodore Powell and the officers of H.M.S. *Topaze* recalls his years of vigil and solitude. In the novel he lives surrounded by natives and domesticated animals; history shows him in the company of sailors and publicists.

The island on which he lived was destined to continue to be a land of hermits, exiles and daring navigators. In 1763 a hero of another description became a resident of the isle, and in its very suitable environment produced a little work entitled *Arte de Perseverar en Gracia*, which first saw the light in Lima in 1766, and was given the honour of a second edition in Madrid in 1807. Its author was, as may be supposed, a mystic—one Domingo Anthomas, born in Castilla la Vieja (Spain), and ordained in Santiago in 1742, whom President Guill y Gonzaga sent to the Solitary Isles of Juan Fernandez to convert the heathen!

Half a century later, in 1810, when Chile was in the throes of her Independence, three sinners against the faith were sent by the Lima Inquisition to purge their supposed offences on Más á Tierra. They were José Alvarez, Alberto Palomino and José Salado, and every one of them was fated to remain in reclusion there longer than Alexander Selkirk—from five to nine years.

The first Government Juntas of the "Patria Vieja" (1810–1814) desired the abolition of the penal settlement of Juan Fernandez, which they detested; and Don Francisco de la Lastra accordingly declared it swept away. But shortly afterwards came the reconquest by Spain (1814–1818), and General Mariano de Osorio re-established it in order to consign eighty-one patriots

to its safe confinement. Among the more eminent of these—in fact the life and soul of the party—was Don Juan Egaña, and the remainder included Don Luis de la Cruz, Don Manuel Salas and the man who was later to become Admiral Blanco Encaladá. It was during this period of banishment that Juan Egaña wrote his satiric poem *La Fernandina*, in which he thus describes the islands :

> " In mid-Styx three islets stand,
> Lecherous goats their population ;
> Barren lava all the land,
> Radishes sole vegetation.
> These three muck-heaps, Vulcan planned 'em
> To increase Man's irritations ;
> Fenced their shores with crags and manned 'em
> With sea-wolves and fierce crustaceans. . . ."

and, referring to the breeze which incessantly sweeps over Más á Tierra, adds :

> " Blasts of wind not only shaking
> Rocks and trees and goats in herds,
> But, like ill-bred upstarts, taking
> From one's mouth the very words ! "

Which goes to show that it is not the eyesight but the state of mind that colours the scenery.

In March, 1817, after the battle of Chacabuco, the exiles of 1814 left the island in the brigantine *Aguila*, which had been sent to bring them away. But Más á Tierra, destined by atavistic influences to be the home of proscripts, was not long to remain without its proper inhabitants, for in 1821 Don Bernardo O'Higgins, Supreme Director of Chile, peopled the place with the partisans of his enemies the brothers Carrera.

Another four years passed, and on March 11th, 1825, Captain Winter, in command of the Chilean brigantine *Galvarino*, rescued from the shore of Más á Tierra ninety poor fellows whom an inhuman monster, one Captain Sister, of the North American barque *Adonis*, had abandoned to their fate there. A strange, magnetic force is that of environment !

Eight years later Don Diego Portales, in his homeric struggle to create order out of the chaos in Chile, condemned to exile in Juan Fernandez the ringleaders of what was known as Arteaga's conspiracy. As Governor of the islands at this time there had been appointed the notorious Colonel Francisco de Paula Latappiat, a satrap who, in a note addressed to the Government in 1834, informed them, with regard to certain of his subordinates who resisted his tyranny, that "it was urgently necessary to shoot them." In his anxiety to bring everything under his rule and guidance Latappiat set up on Más á Tierra a tribunal which was to supervise "the fidelity of married couples and the mysteries of our holy religion." For the inculcation of religious feeling he made the fathers of families responsible under pain of imprisonment and the lash. Article 22 of his curious regulations ordained that the woman proved guilty of "an offence against her husband" should be given nine lashes every eight days for a month, and at the same time should have her hair and eyebrows shaved off as a mark of her infamy. Article 23 condemned the erring husband to a greater number of lashes, but spared him the shame of depilation. Latappiat—possibly an onomatopœic appellation—had a mania for the lash. In a place where lobsters swarmed to such an extent that no one knew what to do with them he ordered that twelve lashes should be administered to anyone who should steal one for the first time, twenty-five for a repetition of the crime, and fifty for the rogue so hardened in sin as to lay, for the third time, felonious hands on the sacred crustacean.

In Portales's time deportations to Juan Fernandez were frequent. In 1836 an ex-Supreme Director of Chile, General Ramon Freire, arrived there with twenty-seven companions in misfortune. These were the last political deportees to the island group, which in 1837 returned once more to its solitude.

In 1834 there landed in Más á Tierra a mysterious person named Archibald Osborn, accompanied by a boy

who went by the name of "Johnny." Osborn desired to emulate Selkirk, but fate had another end in store for him. Almost simultaneously with him there arrived a family who had previously lived on the island but who had abandoned their estates there when the place was depopulated in 1837. The "Maurelios"—as they were called—began to dispute his kingdom inch by inch, and in one of the frequent fights which occurred Osborn succumbed.

Finally, in 1877, Don Alfredo de Rodt, a respectable personage born in Berne, but of Saxon descent, who had served as a cadet in an Austrian regiment of Cuirassiers in 1864, leased the group and went to live there. He was the first voluntary proscript, and beyond all question it is he who has done most towards converting the penal settlement of yesterday into the fishing centre of to-day.

So the Calvary of the proscripts of Juan Fernandez ended with a redeemer, and the isles which hitherto had inspired only fear began to contribute to the wealth of the country which owns them. Their geographical position will always make them a centre of naval operations and a refuge for mariners in difficulties, and for this reason there has been installed there a "wireless" station, where antennæ feel for the transmitting wave as in former times Fernandez the pilot felt for the trade-winds. They are Chile's watch-tower over the vast Pacific, across which the overflow of inhabitants of other races and other continents might flock to her threshold.

History repeats itself with extraordinary frequency in Juan Fernandez.

CHAPTER XV

THE ISLAND OF MYSTERIES

I. "Paasch Eyland"—II. Jacob Roggeveen Arrives—III. Felipe Gonzalez y Haedo—IV. "Paina," "Kaunga" and "Koro"—V. Cook, La Perouse and Beechy—VI. "Big Ears" and "Little Ears"—VII. Their Majesties Poie and Kainga and the Prophetess Huri-Huri—VIII. Melanesian or Polynesian—IX. Kakai and Gekakai—X. The Cult of a Migratory Bird—XI. The Cradle of the Overthrown Statues—XII. King or Seal ?—XIII. Arikis—XIV. Chilean Easter Island.

I

"PAASCH EYLAND"

IN mid-Pacific, 2,030 miles from the coast of Chile, and practically due west of the port of Caldera, lies the strange island which, ever since its discovery in 1722, has been a lure to navigators and to the scientists who seek to learn from the abstruse and deceptive book of Archæology the past history of mankind. To-day, despite many an attempt on its secrecy, it is still a riddle, defying the most painstaking investigation; all that can be said of it is based on conjecture and deduction. No one knows how its native population came there; no one can explain the phenomenon—assuredly unique—of an island with a greater number of statues than of inhabitants.[1]

To this islet (for its area is but forty-five square miles) its people first gave the name of "Te-Pito-te-Huena"—"navel of land"; and when one sees the many circular craters, resembling huge sunken basins, with which its strange surface is pitted, one is struck by the aptness of the appellation. Subsequently they called

[1] The inhabitants do not exceed 270, whereas the statues, some fallen, some half-buried, considerably exceed that number.

it "Rapa-Nui" ("Big Paddle"),[1] possibly in memory of the long sea-voyage that brought them thither.

Before it was discovered its existence was vaguely indicated by the name "Davis Island," for in 1686 the British buccaneer of that name declared that when 500 miles off the Chilean coast he had sighted a low-lying, sandy island. On these grounds it is frequently claimed that Davis was the discoverer of the mysterious island, but neither the distance mentioned by him nor the latitude and longitude which he indicated support the claim; it is probable that the land he descried was the Sala and Gomez Rocks.

The glory of the discovery belongs solely to the Dutch Admiral Jacob Roggeveen, who reached the island on Easter Sunday (April 5), 1722, and out of respect for that day called it "Paasch Eyland." Thus it received its European baptism in the language of the Low Countries.

Forty-eight years later (November 19th, 1770), the Spanish Commodore Felipe Gonzalez landed there and in homage to his sovereign, Charles III, named it St. Charles's Island.

The British and French navigators who touched there—James Cook in 1774, La Perouse in 1780, Beechy in 1825, H.M.S. *Topaze* in 1868—knew it only as Easter Island, and this name was definitely bestowed on it when Chile took possession in 1886.

It is as Easter Island, too, that Chile's (and indeed Latin America's) only colonial possession is known to the museums and to the savants whose interest is aroused by anything that conceals a secret. By them the door of the past has been half-opened, but up to now the obscurity of ages has been penetrated only by the feeble beam of the dark-lantern of supposition, which lights up recondite corners but fails to reveal in its entirety the scene of this drama of a race that, dying, leaves behind it a necropolis of vast monuments. A strange land is Easter Island. It has neither fauna nor flora worth

[1] In this case a double-ended paddle.

". . . THE PHENOMENON—ASSUREDLY UNIQUE—OF AN ISLAND WITH A GREATER NUMBER OF STATUES THAN OF INHABITANTS" (page 275).

mentioning, mineral deposits nor industries—nothing, in short, that might have produced wealth and welfare; nevertheless it has a tradition of sculptural art whose origin is lost in the remote past. No trees, no flowers, no birds, no animals; but hundreds of statues and pyramidal or quasi-pyramidal constructions called "ahu" in which the natives buried their dead. Traces of avenues, with monuments one either side, lead to a sacred mountain, Rano-Raraku, in the crater of which lies the secret of this sculpture-mania—nowadays expressed by the fashioning in "toro-miro" (*Sophora tetraptera*) of "moai-miro" ("wooden idols"), or "moai-Kava-Kava" ("idols with the ribs showing"), that a few of the natives make to sell as curios to the infrequent visitor.

In form the island resembles a three-cornered hat, and as if to emphasise the shape an extinct volcano rises at each of the three points. At the northern end is Rano-Aroi,[1] or Rana-Hana-Kana, 1,800 feet high, with four craters; at the southern point stands Rano Kao (1,300 feet), whose rounded crater, 1,100 yards in diameter, resembles a vast bowl full of water set in the midst of a thick growth of reeds; and the eastern extremity is marked by Rano Raraku, the least of the three (being but 540 feet in height), but at the same time the most interesting, since from its depths issued the great population of stone men that litters its vicinity.

The island is purely volcanic, yet there is no record of volcanic eruptions. The craters have become lakes of rain-water, thus compensating the inhabitants for the lack of springs. Here, then, is another of the strange features of the island, which in addition to its anthropological secrets holds a geological mystery. Its surface grows sufficient pasturage to support a few flocks of sheep and two or three herds of cattle and some horses.

[1] Routledge—*The Mystery of Easter Island*—calls it "Rano Aroi"; Walter Knoche, in his *Tres notas sobre la Isla de Pascua* (Vol. II of the *Revista Chilena de Historia y Geografía*), refers to it as "Rana-Hana-Kana."

The only population is that which inhabits the wretched village of Hanga Roa ("Great Bay"), thus named because it is the island's best harbour. The British navigator, James Cook (1728–1779) gave it this name when he anchored there in 1774, but took occasion to remark that "no nation need contend for the honour of the discovery of this island, as there can be few places which afford less convenience for shipping."

II

JACOB ROGGEVEEN ARRIVES

EASTER ISLAND has altered little in appearance during the two centuries that have elapsed since it was discovered by the Dutch West India Company's squadron under Roggeveen. What he and his 223 men saw when they arrived there in the *Arend*, *Thienhoven*, and *De Afrikansche Galey*, with sufficient provisions for two years and four months, is what anyone sees who visits the island to-day.[1] True, some vegetables and fruits have been introduced and the cultivation of such native plants as yams, bananas, pineapples, figs, and sugar-cane has been improved, while some ground has been fenced and a few buildings constructed to assist the breeding of cattle; but its general aspect is unchanged and its progress but modest.

It fell to the crew of *De Afrikansche Galey* to discover Easter Island. First they saw a turtle, some floating sea-weed and a wheeling flight of birds; then, a moment later, appeared a mass of land which at a distance seemed low and sandy and might well have been the island answering to this description seen by Davis. But soon, as they drew near to it, they saw some moderately high mountains and perceived that what had looked like sand was in reality pasture-land, somewhat burnt by the sun.

[1] The Hakluyt Society published in 1903 an extract from Roggeveen's official log in which appears a detailed account of the discovery of the island.

Then they saw smoke rising from the ground, indicating human dwellings. The captains—Jan Koster of the *Arend*, Cornelius Bouman of the *Thienhoven*, and Rollet Rosendaal of the *Afrikansche Galey*—met in council of war under the presidency of Roggeveen and resolved that the island be explored. It was decided that on the following day armed parties from the *Arend* and the *Thienhoven* should land in two pinnaces. They were, however, to make friendly advances and only to use their weapons for defence in case of attack. But hardly had the conference ended when a visitor from the island clambered on board from a frail, ill-made canoe. He was friendly disposed, if inquisitive, and ran up and down the *Thienhoven* enchanted at the sight of a vessel so much greater than any he had seen, wondering at the sails, which to him were a novel means of propulsion, at the strange, monstrous cannon, of which he could not understand the use, and finally at a looking-glass wherein appeared, as though by magic, another native in the same state of nudity who moved in unison with himself. To gain their visitor's friendship, and to cause him to spread accounts on land of their generosity and amicable intentions, the sailors bestowed on him two necklaces of blue glass beads, a mirror and a pair of scissors.

On the following morning, as the pinnaces of the *Arend* and *Thienhoven* drew near the land, they were able to see, much to their astonishment, that the natives were not walking about unclothed like the specimen who had called upon them but were dressed in garments of all colours and wore many ornaments. They invited the sailors, by signs, to land; but, bearing in mind the resolutions of the council of war and the instructions they had received, they did not do so. However, the two parties had got into touch, and soon the natives, no doubt encouraged by the reports of their compatriot, embarked in their canoes and paddled towards the ships. It took them some time to arrive because their ten-feet craft, constructed of laths with a light wooden hulk

attached, shipped water to such an extent that the paddlers had to spend half their time baling. During their tumultuous mass visit the natives displayed a covetousness beyond all control. One of them climbed through the skylight of a cabin and made off with a table-cloth ; others appropriated whatever took their fancy, and all of them showed a special weakness for the sailors' caps.

The Dutchmen suffered the invasion with patience and good humour and, resolving to pay a return call, organised a landing-party of 134 men armed with muskets, pistols and cutlasses. As soon as they set foot on shore the first sanguinary encounter which the natives had had with Europeans took place. One of the Easter Islanders tried to snatch a musket from a sailor, who without more ado felled him to the ground with a blow from the butt. On seeing this the natives threw a volley of stones, and the Dutchmen replied with a round of ball, killing ten or twelve islanders. This act of terrorism had immediate results. Appalled at the white men's supernatural power the natives took to flight, returning later, however, with offerings of various kinds—fruit, roots and birds ; while on their side the Dutchmen, desiring to wipe out the first unhappy impression, presented the natives with pieces of cloth brought from their own country.

Peace had been established, and under its wing the Europeans were able for the first time to study the natives of the island at close range. Some of them, it was observed, had the lobes of their ears pierced and stretched to such an extent that they dangled on their shoulders, the apertures being occupied by round or oval ornaments resembling plates, two inches in diameter, made of some vegetable material. When they moved, these uncommon adornments swung about their heads, and to rid themselves of the embarrassment they would remove the ornaments and loop the ring of flesh over the tips of the ears. In other natives, however, the ears were normal.

There were, then, in 1722, "Big Ears" and "Little Ears," so that the island legend of the terrible war between these two tribes finds a certain degree of support in the records of these eye-witnesses of two centuries ago.

For the rest, the natives were tall men, well built and muscular. Some had a light yellow skin; others were darker; all had black hair and short beards, and their teeth were so strong that they could crush nuts as hard as peach stones.

The constructions in which they lived were well protected against wind and rain, but the doorways were so low that to enter them it was necessary to crawl on all fours, and they were very dark owing to the entire absence of windows. The natives used to take the air in the evening and at night, seated on a kind of stone veranda, or "stoep," as Roggeveen calls it, built in front of each house.

What the Dutchmen most wondered at was the profusion of statues, constructed, as they believed, of a mixture of clay and stones. "They kindle bonfires raised to a great height," says Roggeveen, "in front of certain stone figures." These they worshipped, bowing their heads and clasping their hands.

With the sole exception of the initial affray, the visit of Roggeveen's squadron to Easter Island was peaceful and joyous. Among other presents the natives offered the Admiral chickens cooked Creole-fashion, that is, in a hole dug in the ground and filled with red-hot stones. Finally the "ariki" (chief, or prince) of the island asked Roggeveen to visit him, but the Dutchman had already fulfilled his mission and on the following day the first European squadron to visit Easter Island set sail with the discoverers. They did not, however, leave the Dutch flag flying over the island: the first act of sovereignty on the part of a European nation was reserved for Spain.

III

FELIPE GONZALEZ Y HAEDO

NEARLY forty-eight years passed before a European vessel again visited this lonely spot. November 19th, 1770, saw the arrival of the naval division sent by Don Manuel de Amat, Viceroy of Perú and sometime Captain-General of Chile, to take possession of the island. The expedition was composed of the man-of-war *San Lorenzo* and the frigate *Santa Rosalía*, with Captain Felipe Gonzalez y Haedo in command. Its mission was not, like that of the Dutch squadron, "to see and enquire into what the inhabitants wore, whether by way of ornament or for other purposes, or what they had in the shape of provisions, vegetables, fruit or beasts which they could barter," but to bring the unannexed island under the Spanish yoke; and they proceeded to do so with all the solemnity customary among the Spanish conquistadores in all parts of America.

According to the official accounts of this memorable expedition,[1] at half-past four of the clock in the morning of the day mentioned, 250 Spanish sailors landed on the island and formed up in a column of eight companies. Over 800 natives, this time docile and timid, accompanied them, lining up in their rear. As a first step the Spaniards taught them to repeat mechanically the words "Ave María!" and "Viva Carlos III, Rey de España!" and these syllables, utterly incomprehensible to them, they imitated with a fidelity not uncommon amongst savages. The Spaniards, like the Dutchmen, had come in peace; in fact one of the officers, Don Cayetano de Lánjara, ordered his men under pain of the lash to take nothing from the natives without giving something in exchange. The population, the Spaniards estimated,

[1] Notes of the Viceroy of Perú to the Secretary of State for the Indies in Madrid; reports from Don Felipe Gonzalez to the same Minister (Don Julian de Arriaga); orders-of-the-day issued by Gonzalez in Easter Island, and reports from his officers.

was about 2,000. The island was reconnoitred on the day of their arrival, and on the following day the sovereignty of Charles III was proclaimed, this high mission being entrusted by Gonzalez to Captain José Bustillos, Knight of the Order of Santiago.

Under the personal command of Captain Buenaventura Moreno the Spanish forces disembarked, accompanied by eight officers and one petty officer. In accordance with custom the procession was headed by the ship's chaplains, Don Felix Camuñez and Don Francisco de Guebara, robed in full vestments and intoning the litanies. Many of the natives went in front of them, spreading before them, by way of carpet, their garments of "tapa," a cloth beaten out of the white inner bark of the mulberry tree (*Bronsonettia papyrifera*) with a club called "pawo," dyed red and yellow with mineral colours and sewn with threads of hibiscus bark; others offered birds, both cooked and uncooked, and ejaculated in unison, with a respect bordering on veneration, "Maca-Maca," which is to say "Priest of the Idol." Ensign Juan de Hervé, one of the officers present, says in his official report that while the litanies were being intoned the natives repeated incessantly the words "ora pro nobis."

The Spaniards had landed in what is now called La Perouse Bay (after the famous French navigator who arrived there sixteen years later), and they proceeded inland a short distance towards three mountains which they took to be the highest points in the island in order to set up three crosses they had fashioned for the purpose of indicating the divine origin of their King's sovereignty. On reaching the summit they dug holes and erected the three crosses simultaneously. "Attention!" cried Captain Bustillos, and in a silence scarcely broken by the murmur of the drowsy waves below them he read the proclamation he had brought with him. The troops fired three rounds and shouted seven times "Viva el Rey!" and hardly had the last "viva" died away on

the breeze when the *San Lorenzo* and her consort replied with a salute of twenty-one guns.

This ceremony completed, there followed the signing of the solemn declaration of annexation. Don Antonio Romero, the ships' Commissary, acted as "Minister of Faith." It was the wish of the Spaniards that the natives too should sign the document, "in testimony of their satisfaction and assent." They made no objection and affixed their marks.

The relations between conquerors and conquered were thus from the very first established on the basis of the latter's complete submission. And very cordial these relations proved to be: the natives flocked on board with such enthusiasm that it became necessary to set a limit to their numbers, and some were required to return to land before others were allowed on deck.

IV

"PAINA," "KAUNGA" AND "KORO"

THANKS to this intimacy, the Spaniards were able to observe the customs of the natives at close hand, and in particular to form some idea of their attitude towards the profusion of stone images which they found in the vicinity of the volcano Rano Raraku. The log of the frigate *Santa Rosalía*, Commander Francisco Antonio Agüera é Infanza, says with regard to these that the natives held the carven statues, called by them "moay," in great veneration, and showed displeasure when the Spaniards approached to examine them closely. According to this account they had another idol, a portable one, stuffed with straw and dried grass, 12 feet in length, resembling an effigy of Judas. It differed from the stone idols in that it had arms and legs, a head crowned with a tuft of black "hair" made of dyed grass and a face on which a nose,

mouth and eyes were crudely indicated. This strange figure, it seems, was "Copeca," the god of pleasure, and they carried it with them to their dances and feasts. The natives' festivities were held in honour either of a father or brother, when they were called "Paina," or of a mother, in which case they were known as "Kaunga," or else of all three, when they were styled "Koro."

The feast in honour of a father or brother was held in the summer, and lasted from two to four days. Dancing was the main feature of the merrymaking and the *pièce de résistance* of the banquets was—rats!

The feast in honour of a mother was held on a kind of platform 200 feet long and 2 feet wide, built of rough stones and called "Kaunga"—whence the name of the feast. On this platform men and women danced in files, carrying a "rapa," or paddle, in their hands.

The general feast, or "Koro," was an exceedingly important affair, for as many as a hundred natives took part in it and it usually lasted for several months. Often young couples danced incessantly, while the elder *convives* sang love-songs, some coarsely sensual, others showing poetic feeling. One, still current in the island, exalts the matrimonial tie with the words: "We shall nestle beneath the plumage of thy parenthood."

The Spanish naval division set sail two days after their arrival at the island, which they named "St. Charles's Island," leaving the three crosses as the sole outward and visible sign of the sovereignty they had declared with so much ceremony.

V

COOK, LA PEROUSE AND BEECHY

FOUR years later Captain Cook arrived, landing on the opposite side of the island, and the notes he made of his stay there tally with the accounts of Roggeveen and Gonzalez. It was the statues that princi-

pally attracted his attention, and he believed that they were made, not of stone, but of some sort of composition or conglomerate. Next he was struck by the monstrously stretched lobes of the natives' ears. Cook observes that these savages " were the most expert thieves he had ever come across," and as a circumnavigator of the globe his experience in this matter would be extensive and peculiar.

In 1786, as has been said, the famous Frenchman La Perouse visited Easter Island. He stayed there only a few hours—long enough, however, for the natives to show him that they were past-masters of the art of purloining portable property, for they even made away with his hat! This was a great set-back to La Perouse, who had arrived eager to make friends with the inhabitants and had made them presents of sheep, goats, pigs and many other things which he thought might be useful to them.

Thirty-nine years passed before another European expedition set foot on the island, and then, in 1825, Beechy arrived there in H.M.S. *Blossom*. Of " Big Ears " he saw few, and the statues with which Roggeveen, Gonzalez, Cook and La Perouse had been so struck had diminished in number. It is probable, then, that if the legend current in the island of a struggle between the " Big Ears " and the " Little Ears " has any foundation in fact, the period between 1786 and 1825 was that during which the latter very nearly annihilated the former.

This is one of the most deep-rooted and widespread legends in the island.

VI

" BIG EARS " AND " LITTLE EARS "

ACCORDING to the most popular version the " Big Ears " lived in stone houses in Hanga Roa and were masters of the eastern side of the island. They were an uncouth tribe with unpleasant

customs and they bore themselves arrogantly towards their neighbours. It was this tribe that made the enormous statues inside the crater of the volcano Rano Raraku and built the "ahu" in which they bury their dead, forcing the "Little Ears" to labour for them. The "Little Ears" held sway over the western half of the island, where they grew yams and bananas and sugar-cane, raised poultry and fished. They were a humble, industrious people, endowed with much common-sense. In spite of the dividing line between the two tribes, "Big Ears" would be found living amongst "Little Ears" and vice versa. Now it happened that one of the "Big Ears" died in the territory of the "Little Ears," and in accordance with their custom the "Big Ears" desired to bury him with much ceremony. The "Little Ears," mortal enemies of all pomps and vanities, would have none of it: he must, they said, be buried quietly. And so he was; but the "Big Ears" vowed vengeance. Stealthily they dug a trench, hundreds of yards long and several yards wide, in which to roast all the "Little Ears" alive. In charge of this diabolical work they put a "Big Ears" man named Toi, who by an unfortunate coincidence had a wife, Anguneru, belonging to the "Little Ears"; and she, being unable to resign herself to seeing all her kinsmen perish, resolved to betray her husband. She therefore warned all the "Little Ears" of the trap that was being set for them, and they hastened to convert it into a tomb for the "Big Ears." Anguneru was to give the signal for attack by taking her seat on the threshold of her house and beginning to weave a basket.

The ghastly massacre that followed lasted for two days. Taken unawares, all but two of the "Big Ears" fell into the trench they had dug for the "Little Ears," and were roasted alive. The "Little Ears" celebrated the victory by a monstrous banquet at which they ate their enemies.

The two "Big Ears" who had escaped hid in a cave

near Anakena, whence they only emerged at night to seek food on the seashore, imitating the cry of sea-birds in order to frighten people away from their place of concealment. But in spite of these precautions one of them was taken and killed. The other, Ororoine by name, married a woman of the "Little Ears," and a descendant of his, one Aarone, became sexton to the priest of the island after its conversion to Christianity.

VII

THEIR MAJESTIES POIE AND KAINGA AND THE PROPHETESS HURI HURI

THIS is not the only legend in the island based on a fight to the death between two tribes, of which one, to judge by the descriptions of travellers and especially by their custom of enlarging the lobes of the ears, would seem to be of Melanesian origin, while the other, being of lighter complexion, would probably be Polynesian. There is the tradition of a war between King Poie, who governed in Hanga Roa, and King Kainga, who ruled in Hotu Iti. The epoch referred to in this legend coincides roughly with the interval between La Perouse's visit in 1786 and Beechy's in 1825.

King Poie was a man of peace and quietude and common-sense—a temperament proper to the "Little Ears." Kainga, on the contrary, was an incorrigible adventurer and an intrepid sailor. He owned a great canoe in which he was wont to make long voyages, bringing back with him loads of the sea-birds' eggs that, as will be seen, have always been the island's apple of discord and bone of contention. The armies of Poie and Kainga, so the story goes, fought near the hill Puhi, in the centre of the island. The war was a lengthy one, and the number of combatants increased as time went on. On the summit of the hill an ancient prophetess named Huri Huri presided over the conflict with complete

impartiality, tirelessly encouraging the disheartened and urging on the victors with harangues, battle-songs and gesticulations. Clothed in a robe of *mahute* (*Morus papyrifera*), with a hair-girdle around her loins, her long, unkempt locks streaming in the wind, her wrinkled, her bony visage madly grimacing, her immense skinny arms, terminating in claws, threshing the air—Huri Huri was the awful spectre of war, egging men on to mutual extermination in order that she might feast on the most succulent of the captives. Of the verses she chanted the following pithy fragment has been preserved by oral tradition to this day:

To eat men
Be astir betimes.

The war between Poie and Kainga was so long-drawn-out that a day came when the latter's son, Huru Avaid, a boy of fourteen years, engaged in single combat with Hotu Airi, the champion of the hosts of King Poie. The latter so despised his frail opponent that on catching sight of him he "made *haka porero*"—put out his tongue—a deadly insult to which Huru Avaid replied with a well-aimed stone that struck his adversary in the midriff and killed him instantly, whereupon the hosts of King Poie, burning with rage at the death of their chief, made an onslaught on Kainga's men.

Now Kainga had another son, Gnaranhiva Arina e Rua, who, as his lengthy name indicates, possessed two faces. These were an advantage in fleeing from the foe, for the rear face could urge on the front visage when pursuers approached too near; yet they were the cause of his death. At a critical moment, it appears, the face in front wished to see for itself what was happening, and as it was vulnerable, like the heel of Achilles, his enemies took advantage of his curiosity to kill him.

As a crowning misfortune Baha, Kainga's Prime Minister, slew the King's other son, Huru Avaid, because Hotu Airi, whom the boy had killed for "making *haka*

porero," happened to be the Minister's son. Kainga punished Baha's treachery by putting him to death and having him served up, well seasoned, for the consumption of himself and his friends. Shortly afterwards King Poie, betrayed by his wife, fell into the hands of Kainga; but Poie was old and thin and unappetising; no one wanted to kill him, much less eat him. At last, however, he was done to death by a boy of fifteen, whose parents Poie's men had slaughtered and eaten.

VIII

MELANESIAN OR POLYNESIAN

IN these and other legends which have been preserved, there figure combats *à outrance* between two tribes: the destruction of their dwellings, the use of stones as missiles, and cannibalism with all its horrors. It is strange, however, that they should contain no mention of the stone statues.

Undoubtedly there is more than one race in Easter Island; the Melanesian and Polynesian types are very clearly marked. The eminent anthropological expert Sir Arthur Keith, who examined the skulls brought to England by the *Mana* expedition, says that they resemble the Melanesian rather than the Polynesian type. On the other hand Professor Sidney Herbert Ray, an authority of no less eminence on the Oceanian languages, has stated that the native tongue of Easter Island is of Polynesian origin; and J. Walter Knoche, in his paper in the *Revista Chilena de Historia y Geografía* (Vol. II, p. 443), corroborates this opinion, saying that the ancient speech of the island must have been similar to that of the Marquesas and New Zealand. He adds that at the present time only some half-dozen old men, over seventy years of age, speak this language.

The fact is that no one knows where the inhabitants of Easter Island came from or how they got there. In

their oral traditions the idea prevails of a voyage following a flight from their homes, where they had been conquered in battle. Some authorities affirm that those of Polynesian origin came from the Gambier Islands, where a French admiral, Monsieur de Lapelin, came across a tradition of a war in which a certain chief and his tribe, defeated in battle, had fled in canoes and, favoured by the winds, had reached a large island; and that those of Melanesian origin are from the Solomon Islands. In this connection Routledge[1] points out a series of illuminating coincidences: the Solomon Islanders, like the natives of Easter Island, were accustomed to stretch the lobes of their ears; moreover, they worshipped a bird which they called the frigate-bird, and which bore a singular resemblance to the drawn or carved figures of birds discovered in Easter Island; and, finally, in the Solomon Islands drawings are found of bird-headed human figures scarcely differing in any respect from those found in the upper part of Ana-Kai-Tangata ("the cave for the eating of men"), where, it is said, the Easter Islanders held their great cannibalistic orgies.

In this same cave, by the way, some untaught, faltering hand has traced a vague outline of a European sailing-ship, a circumstance which suggests that the man-eating feasts continued after the discovery of the island in 1722.

IX

KAKAI AND GEKAKAI

ACCORDING to the legends collected by the British expedition in the yacht *Mana* there were in Easter Island ten "Mata" or tribes, divided into two large groups: one called Kotuu or Otuu, dwelling in the western half, and the other Hotu Iti ("little hill") which inhabited the eastern portion. It is probable

[1] *The Mystery of Easter Island.*

that "little hill" was their name for the volcano Rano Raraku, which, as will be remembered, is the lowest of the island's mountains. These two groups were also known by the names Mata-nui ("Big Tribe") and Mata Iti ("Little Tribe")—appellations which have some analogy with "Big Ears" and "Little Ears."

So far as tradition reveals their character the wars between the two groups consisted of spasmodic attacks made on behalf of some individual with a grievance by members of his tribe. The strategic move most favoured was the bottling-up of the enemy in caves, where they either surrendered through hunger or were burnt to death.

Both in the accounts of the first travellers and in the Easter Island legends, stones figure in the dual capacity of weapons and missiles. It is probable that their word for stone is used to indicate obsidian, a black or dark-green vitreous mineral found in abundance in the volcano Rano Raraku. Of this material they made spears, harpoons and darts, which, according as they were shaped, were called "fish-tails," "rat-spines" and "banana-leaves." Specimens of these weapons were collected by the *Mana* expedition.

The object of the war seems to have been cannibalism. With regard to this it is curious to note that the word "kakai" means "to eat" and "gekakai" to fight. The island contains many significant traces of cannibalism, which probably ceased—as was the case with the Polynesian races—before the spread of Christianity.

It is said in the island that the last man to eat human flesh was one Ko-Tori. This favoured individual would shut himself up in a cave on the south side of the crater Rano Kao, in the south-east, to eat his fill. The islanders held him in great veneration, and to this day they believe that he died "in the odour of sanctity." The *Mana* expedition found in this cave the skeleton, including the skull, of the man-eating Ko-Tori, whose last wish, it seems, was to be buried in the place where he had spent

so agreeable a time. The jawbone of Ko-Tori, which was brought to London in a basket and now lies in the Royal College of Surgeons, had lost its fangs, and Routledge justly remarks that "to judge by his toothless jaw, if he had not deserted his sins they must long ago have deserted him."

Cannibalism can only have been practised as an outcome of war, for the Easter Islanders declare even now that "when they were not fighting they were all like cousins."

Funerals amongst them were occasions for great festivities. They buried their dead with faces turned seawards. The task of burying a murdered person was particularly laborious, for while the victim's friends were seeking the assassin with a view to vengeance the body might have no rest day or night, but was supposed to be taking a ghostly part in the search.

X

THE CULT OF A MIGRATORY BIRD

WEDDINGS were as simple as the funerals were complicated. The frequency of polygamy explains the total lack of ceremony with which man and woman were made one.

Until the missionaries converted them to Christianity, the Easter Islanders had no religion, properly so-called; and although, as has been said, the first European navigators speak of the stone statues as idols which they worshipped, lighting bonfires before them and bowing to them, there is nothing in their legends or traditions to show that they were indeed objects of adoration.

A French missionary, Brother Eugène Eyraud of the Order of the Sacred Heart, who arrived at the island in 1864 and lived among the inhabitants for many years, fulfilling his apostolic mission with a fervour and a Christian charity never to be sufficiently praised, says that not once did he see them perform any act of religious

worship. For the first eight or nine months of his sojourn he was quite alone, and the Easter Islanders not only took from him everything he possessed but also reduced him to a kind of slavery, obliging him to do all manner of manual labour for them; so that he knew them intimately enough.

A weird mixture of superstition and mythology, scarcely concealed nowadays by a thin veneer of Christian teaching, forms the basis of the spiritual ideas of the Easter Islanders. In the old times they had no priests, but to certain individuals called "Koromaké" they attributed a supernatural power to cause the death of their enemies. Others called "Ivi-atua"—who could be of either sex—they believed to be endowed with a spirit of prophecy, and more particularly with ability to find hidden articles and to indicate where there would be an abundance of fish and turtles.

The only religious belief of which there are traces in the island—for it has survived the Christian epoch and there is a deserted village, Orongo, which was wholly dedicated to its exercise—is that of a certain migratory sea-bird. The securing of the first egg of this bird was an occasion partaking of the nature of a religious pilgrimage combined with a sports meeting.

Orongo is situated quite close to the crater of the volcano Rano Kao. Some fifty houses are still standing, looking out over the sea towards Motu-nui ("Big Island"), Motu-Iti ("Little Island"), and Motu-Kao-Kao. These islands are the temple of the Bird-God, of which there are seven distinct species. The Bird-Gods, as a rule, first land on Motu-nui, and in due season the islanders would flock to the dwelling-places at Orongo to watch for their arrival. The floors of these houses and the rocks which surround them are covered with carvings in which the predominant figure is that of a man with a bird's head. Orongo might be described as the open-air (and therefore fitting) temple of a religion that recognises a bird as deity. A religious silence reigns

"ORONGO IS THE OPEN-AIR TEMPLE OF A RELIGION THAT RECOGNISES A BIRD AS DEITY" (page 294).

in the place, broken only by the raucous cries of the sea-birds. It was at Orongo, in 1869, that H.M.S. *Topaze* found the broken statue Hoa-haka-Nanaia ("breaker"), which now adorns one of the porticos of the British Museum.

Below Orongo is a cave called Haka-Rongo-Manu ("hearing the birds come"), in which a look-out would mount guard and watch for the Manu-Tara (a species of black tern) to land on the islets opposite for the purpose of laying their eggs. To secure the first egg and keep it in his tribe was the great object in life of every Easter Islander. The eggs represented four deities: two masculine—Hawa-tun-také-také and Maké-maké—and two feminine—Vie-Hoa, wife of the first named, and Vie-Kenatea. Each of these deities had four servants, who likewise were supernatural beings.

Those who took part in the struggle for the egg were obliged to have supernatural gifts, and to abide in Orongo. They had to be Tangatu-manu ("bird-men"), and none gained this distinction until an Ivi-atua (prophet) dreamed that he was the chosen of the gods. Their part was to despatch other individuals—their pages, as it were—to the islets, and particularly to Motu-nui, in quest of the egg. The happy man who was the first to find one announced his triumph by bawling out to his master, who awaited him in Orongo, the new name which he assumed as a reward for having discovered it—usually that of the bird which had laid the egg. He would then paint his face red and, observing a strict fast so long as the relic was in his keeping, set out to swim to Orongo, carrying it in a basket. So soon as the find was announced a bonfire was lighted on the summit of Rano Kao. The "tangatu-manu" who had secured the egg carried it in his hand, wrapped in a piece of mulberry-bark cloth, and danced about the slopes of Rano Kao wearing a kind of crown made of hair; throughout the rites attending his success he refrained from washing himself.

About 1868, when the conversion of Easter Island to Christianity began, the ceremonies of the worship of the bird-god and its first egg commenced to degenerate, and soon afterwards died out altogether. There remain, however, the narratives of eye-witnesses of these rites.

XI

THE CRADLE OF THE OVERTHROWN STATUES

NOT so with the statues. The Easter Islands have no legends or traditions that throw the least light on the origin, the object, the destruction or the means of transporting these huge figures, some of which weigh over fifty tons. The *Mana* expeditioners used their best endeavours to glean from the legends some hint that might at least put them on the track of the truth, but got no farther than a fantastic, if picturesque, fairy-tale about a certain aged woman—a cook—who lived on the mountain and who possessed the power of making the statues move from one side to the other. One day, it seems, when the islanders omitted to invite her to help them to eat a lobster they had caught, she ordered all the statues to throw each other down, and thus it came about that some are half-buried, with only their heads above ground, while others are lying on their sides or backs and not a few are upside down.

The probability is that many of these stone images were destroyed in the guerrilla wars among the tribes, their foundations of piled stones being ransacked to furnish missiles. If this be so it would not appear that the images inspired the tribe that destroyed them with any sort of religious awe. Some have been disinterred by European travellers who wished to take them to the museums of the Old World but abandoned them on account of their weight and the difficulties of shipment.

Earthquakes or other seismic disturbances do not

seem to have been the cause of this destruction. Easter Island legends and songs contain no allusion to phenomena of this kind, and the natives, who like all primitive races, have the faculties of physical observation highly developed, would have preserved some record of such cataclysms had they occurred.

One of the statues most recently destroyed was found in an "ahu" or tomb on the north shore of the island. It measured 32 feet in height, and according to the islanders' version its destruction is connected with acts of cannibalism. Some people of an eastern tribe ate a woman of a western tribe. Her son, in reprisal, shut thirty of the enemy into a cave and, with the assistance of some companions, ate them in turn. Owing to these unfriendly acts war broke out between the two tribes, and the statue fell during the fighting. Until a short time ago there still lived an old man who was a boy when this happened.[1]

In one "ahu" in Tongariki there are fifteen fallen statues.

It is probable that even in 1840 no statue remained standing in the island. Seventy years before that Don Felipe Gonzalez speaks of them as being of such a height and bulk that they had the appearance of enormous columns. This is perhaps further indirect proof that the great tribal war in Easter Island took place at the end of the eighteenth or the beginning of the nineteenth century.

At one time it was believed that Easter Island is all that remains of a vast submerged continent, and that the statues had been brought thither from parts which to-day lie beneath the surface of the Pacific Ocean. But the minute and scientific examination of the figures performed by the *Mana* expedition in 1914 proves that they were sculptured by the Easter Islanders in the island itself. To-day, as we have seen, they fashion out of "toromiro" images which they call "Moai," or "Moai-

[1] Routledge: *The Mystery of Easter Island.*

Kava-Kava" when their ribs are showing. And, whereas only the vaguest notions exist as to the sculptors of the stone figures, there is a legend which attributes to one Tuukoihu the artistic paternity of the first "Moai-Kava-Kava," in which he desired to commemorate in wood two apparitions he had seen—men with their ribs showing. It is said that Tuukoihu, who was a Tangata-maori (" clever man ") was one of the first that came to settle in the island.

Routledge says that the islanders told him of twenty-one distinct species of these wooden idols.

Certain of the stone statues have names. Tradition has it that one, called "Taiharé-atua," was the first made on the island and is named after the artist. It seems then possible that, just as Tuukoihu was the founder of the wood-carving art, Taiharé-atua was the first stone-mason. Others of the effigies bear the names of Easter Island tribes and descriptive appellations such as "Bad Smell," "Waterfall," "Flying Kia-Kia" and "Seated Kia-Kia."

The volcano Rano Raraku, which seen from the sea resembles the letter V formed of mountains, was, as has already been said, the incubator of such of the stone people as have not been sculptured *in situ*. On the edges of its crater, now a lake, one sees the largest known group of images in the island and also the quarry of the peculiar material—a kind of compressed volcanic ash, reddish-grey in colour with incrustations of fragments of metamorphic rock—of which they are made. It was this uncommon mineral that gave the first European visitors to the island the idea that the statue had been moulded out of clay and stones. Routledge says that with the exception of a dozen or so all the figures in the island are hewn out of this material.

In Rano Raraku there cannot be less than 150 statues in every conceivable position—some half and some wholly finished, and not a few beautifully polished with a pumice-stone called "punga," of which pieces

have been found lying near the buried statues. That they were sculptured *in situ* there can be no doubt, because Routledge found, and reproduces in his book, the ledges on which the workers stood and the tools they used, of which one was of a make still current in the island. Some of the statues in the volcano are 66 feet in length, but the largest of those found at a distance is only 36 feet long. The larger indications of ledges discovered by Routledge seem to show that several sculptors could work on them at a time, and it would seem that to finish a statue took about fifteen days.

This is really all that it has been possible to glean, in this island of the unrecorded past, as to the origin of the stone giants that mount guard over the door to the chamber of secrets.

XII

KING OR SEAL?

NOTHING definite or precise can be learned from legend or tradition as to the "ariki" (chiefs, princes) who commanded the various tribes. According to one tale the first chief who sought to be King of the island paid dearly for his ambition. He was called Tanga Roa, and lived on a distant island, where he meditated deeply on the uncivilised state of the Easter Islanders. Finally he made up his mind to swim over to them—an unfortunate resolution for him, because they took him for a seal.

"Arahi-ariki, Tanga Roa mea" (I am a King; my name is Tanga Roa"), he told them on setting foot ashore. But the Easter Islanders, shocked at his presumption, would not listen to him. "A pakia, reo ke" ("Liar, thou art a seal!"), they replied.

And without more ado they cut his throat and roasted him with red-hot stones in a pit. But although they cooked him for hours and hours he remained, to their

amazement, absolutely raw. Whereupon the fear took them that he might have spoken the truth and that he was indeed a King; so in order to rid themselves of the *corpus delicti* they despatched the remains of Tanga Roa to the people of another island. Here the roasting was resumed, but Tanga Roa remained decidedly underdone. He was, in fact, uncookable; but unfortunately for them he was not incorruptible. In the end they were obliged to consign the body to the deep.

Shortly afterwards the giant Teteko, a brother of Tanga Roa, came to the island. So vast was he that only his legs could be seen, his body and head being hidden in the clouds. In three strides he crossed the island from one end to another, asking for his brother; but as no one answered he went his way.[1]

XIII

ARIKIS

WHEREFROM it would seem that the idea of being governed by outsiders was repugnant to the Easter Islanders, and that they exterminated with impunity any who visited them with "ariki" pretensions.

To judge by another story, the island "ariki" themselves were held in great repute and commanded the respect of their tribes. Not very long ago there lived an "ariki" called Ngaara who enjoyed the reputation of being able to read the cabalistic signs on tablets which are still to be found, and which up to now have not been deciphered. When the *Mana* expedition was in Easter Island in 1914 there was an old man, one Te Haha, who was said to have known Ngaara. In this ancient's time an annual meeting was held of "rongo rongo" ("men of the sacred words"), presided

[1] *Chilean Historical and Geographical Review.* King Tanga Roa and the Giant Teteko. Legend discovered by Ignacio Vives Solar.

over by the chief in question and his son Kaimokoi. All sat round on benches formed of tablets, holding another tablet in their hands and wearing plumed hats in the professional manner. They read the tablets in turns, or occasionally two would read one together. When the younger men read badly they were corrected, but if one of the older members made a mistake he was dragged away by the ear.

The tablet-reading would last for a whole day, with an interval for dinner. The "ariki" would make the closing speech, in which he expounded the duties of the "rongo rongo," and would then reward with a chicken those who had passed with honours.

Such was the fame of Ngaara's learning that when he died his head was stolen. As to his tablets, they were distributed amongst various persons, and there they remain; no one knows what they have to say. Routledge believes that the inscriptions are a kind of shorthand in which a single sign stands for whole sentences, these being known by heart and constituting the oral tradition.

The last of the Easter Islanders' "ariki" is Juan Tepano, who completed his military service in Chile as a non-commissioned officer and was recognised as chief by the Chilean authorities in the proclamation issued on the island by the Captain of the gunboat *General Baquedano* in July, 1902.

XIV

CHILEAN EASTER ISLAND

THE modern history of Easter Island is essentially commercial—even as to the manner in which it came to be incorporated into the sovereignty of Chile (1888), and attached to the province of Valparaiso (1916). Before 1888 the only ground for considering it an integral part of the old Spanish colonial dominions was its annexa-

tion in 1770 by Don Felipe Gonzalez in the name of King Charles III, and by order of the Viceroy of Perú, Don Manuel de Amat. In 1862 a number of vessels from Perú visited the island and took away many of the natives to work on the guano beds of the Lobos Islands —among them the "ariki" of the period. This had much to do with the depopulation of the island, which nowadays has only some 270 inhabitants, whereas in 1770 Gonzalez's expedition estimated their number at over 1,000.

Two years after the Peruvian incursion the first missionary—the Frenchman Brother Eyraud—went to the island, and, notwithstanding the sufferings the natives inflicted upon him and the hard labour they forced him to perform, he stayed with them from 1864 to 1866, endeavouring to improve them and teach them the civilising doctrines of the religious faith. In 1866 he went to Valparaiso, but returned to Easter Island with another missionary, Father Roussel, who was the first to compose a vocabulary of the native language. The captain of the sailing-vessel that carried them, one Dutron Bornier, established himself in the island and began to buy up the natives' lands. He also began to take natives away with him to Tahiti, to work on John Brander's plantations there, and as the missionaries objected to these deportations, and serious disagreements arose between them, both Brother Eyraud and Father Roussel left the island, Bornier remaining there alone to carry on his business with Brander in Tahiti. Thus Easter Island to a large extent fell into the power of persons who lived on another island under the French flag, and hence it came about that, in an application made in Papeete (Tahiti) for the liquidation of the partnership into which Bornier and Brander had entered for the purpose of exploiting the island, the French Court of Tahiti declared itself competent to intervene and ordered the sale at auction of the greater part of its exploitable area. On June 24th, 1884, Brander became sole pro-

prietor of these lands. An appeal was lodged at the Bordeaux Courts, which on June 20th, 1893, upheld the judgment.

As will be seen, these events threatened to result in Easter Island being attached to the Island of Tahiti and coming under French jurisdiction. Until then, Chile had no other interest in Easter Island than that which she derived from the purchase from the French missionaries of the small holdings they had acquired during their stay in the island from another Tahiti Frenchman named Tati Salmon.

A Commander of the Chilean Navy, authorised by the Government of the Republic, purchased from Brander, by a deed signed at Papeete on January 2nd, 1888, the whole of his property in Easter Island, which thus virtually became Chilean. All that was now necessary was to perform an act of sovereignty with all the formalities required by international law, whereupon the island would be fully incorporated into Chilean territory. On September 9th, 1888, the same officer, Captain Toro, proclaimed throughout the island a solemn Act of Recognition of Chilean Sovereignty, which, like that other of 1770, was signed by all the "ariki" or heads of tribes. This Act runs as follows:

"We, the undersigned chiefs of Easter Island, being able to read and write, hereby declare that we cede for ever and without reservation to the Government of the Republic of Chile the full and complete sovereignty of the said Island, maintaining nevertheless the title of Chief with which we are invested and which we now enjoy." Given at Rapa Nui, September 9th, 1888.

The Act having been signed, Captain Toro proclaimed in the following terms Chile's sovereignty over the island:

"We, Policarpo Toro H., a Captain in the Chilean Navy and Commander of the cruiser *Angamos*, at present here, declare that we accept, subject to ratification by our Government, the full, complete and unreserved

cession of the sovereignty of Easter Island which has been made to us by the Chiefs of the said Island for the Government of the Republic of Chile."

This done, the Lone Star flag was hoisted, and it has fluttered ever since, respected by the inhabitants and by all the peoples of the world, over that part of Chile which is most distant from Chile herself. And there it will remain, for there is no nation with an arm as long as that of the legendary woman of Easter Island, who could reach from one shore to another to devour a child.

SIXTH PART

THE REALM OF THOUGHT

INTRODUCTION

BEHIND that which is perceived by the material eye is that which is only visible to the soul. Hidden behind material colours and lines is the intangible which gives them reality and movement. Only intellectual myopia could lead to the belief that a country is but the landscape of its valleys and mountains or a linking together of the episodes in the lives of some travellers on the rough road of life. It would be impossible to penetrate even the first superficialities of Chilean individual character, the outcome of the psychology of the people who live in the country at which we have just glanced, if we did not recall, however rapidly, those who have moulded Chilean intellectuality from the first days of the Spanish conquest when was brought to those far-off lands the first spark of Spanish culture until the times in which we are living and seeing it developed, renewed, reflecting the environment and acquiring the force and vigour of indigenous growth.

To see Chile through the diverse stages of her literature is to perceive her through the eyes of the soul and at the same time to lift a corner of the veil which still hides the character and destiny of a people which is only now attaining racial prominence in America.

The sum of her writers is the mentality of the nation; they form her culture, awaken curiosity and interest by their wit, educate taste by the art of expression, purify instincts by showing in bold relief national characteristics; turn, in fact, the prosaic materialism of that animal life which is unchanged throughout all latitudes and is unaffected by those groupings of humanity called "peoples" into a community of ideals, aspirations, memories and hopes which constitute the unity of a nation.

CHAPTER XVI

EPIC LITERATURE OF THE PERIOD OF THE CONQUEST

I. The Singer of the Glory of Araucania—II. Pedro de Oña and "Arauco Domado"—III. Chroniclers of the Sixteenth Century.

I

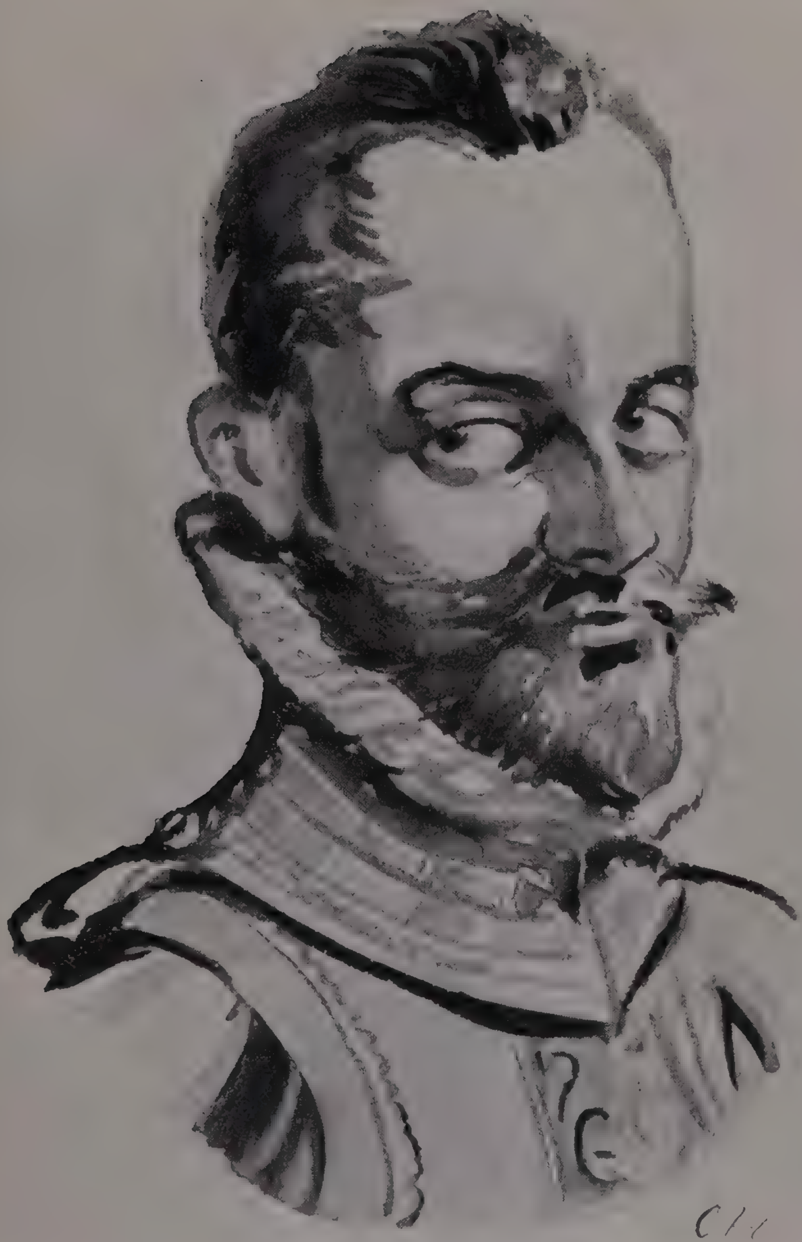
THE SINGER OF THE GLORY OF ARAUCANIA

THE poem *La Araucana,* written by the soldier-poet Alonso de Ercilla y Zúñiga, had an even greater influence on the very formation of the national soul than in the domain of literature.

It was said by Andrés Bello that Chile was the only modern nation whose foundation had been immortalised by an epic poem. The renowned critic Marcelino Menendez y Pelayo expressed the opinion that it was "the best Spanish historical poem," and added that it was "undoubtedly the first work in the domain of modern literature in which contemporaneous history was elevated to the dignity of an epopee."

Its influence upon literature was immense. Nearly all the works in verse and prose that appeared during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and even some of more recent date, drew their inspiration from the magnificent stanzas of Ercilla.

The tragic figures of Lautaro, Caupolican and Galvarino were constantly being recalled in the thoughts and speech of the patriots who, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, were fighting for another liberation no less ardently desired and even more transcendent. Thanks to the genius and inspiration of Ercilla the memory of the achievements of those early defenders of



"ERCILLA, WIELDED BY A GENIUS WHOSE BRILLIANT IMAGINATION INVESTED WITH AN ATMOSPHERE OF SUBLIMITY THE HEROIC DEEDS OF SAVAGES WHO WERE FOLLOWING THEIR NATURAL INSTINCTS IN DEFENDING THEIR NATIVE SOIL AND THEIR HOMES" (page 309).

their native soil remained fresh for two and a half centuries.

It is certain that the figures of those native heroes would not have become subjects of legend if they had not been immortalised by the pen of Ercilla, wielded by a genius whose brilliant imagination invested with an atmosphere of sublimity the heroic deeds of savages who were following a natural instinct in defending their native soil and their homes.

Alonso de Ercilla arrived in Chile with Garcia Hurtado de Mendoza on April 23rd, 1557, and in 1560, at the end of three troubled years, he was banished to Perú by order of the arrogant Don Garcia, who believed that the poet had shown disrespect to his person. It will be remembered that the poet barely escaped with his life.[1]

During those years the beauty of the forests of Araucania made a deep impression on his mind and fired his imagination. The magnanimity of his nature enabled him to appreciate the heroism with which the aborigines were defending their native soil.

His poem abounds in tributes to the indomitable spirit of the Araucanians, who neither gave way before the onslaught of the conquistadores nor were dismayed by the scythe of death which mowed them down in thousands.

Strictly speaking, *La Araucana* is not an epic poem but a versified history of the conquest of Araucania. That is how nearly all critics regard it.

" Without intending to do so," says the Chilean historian Guevara, " the poet exteriorised the intellectual, emotional and ethical life of the conquistadores. On the other hand the poem does not attain the same degree of psychological fidelity as regards the native characters. The two so fundamentally different types of men are confounded with one another in Ercilla's mind, and Spaniards and Araucanians think, feel and act alike." That is also the general opinion.

[1] See chap. x.

Following upon superb descriptive passages and chronological data of the greatest value to historians, we find in *La Araucana* horrifying details of cruelties committed by the conquistadores related with a crudity of expression which is an offence against good taste. One may say that these details are related with anatomical realism, in view of the circumstantiality with which mutilations consisting in the tearing off from the body of various members are described.

There is no heroine in *La Araucana*, nor does love play any part in the dramatic narrative. The most interesting female character is Guacolda, the wife of Lautaro, whom Ercilla portrays as an affectionate and sensitive creature, faithful to her husband.

That faithfulness existed only in the poet's imagination. From the very earliest times Araucanian women have been taboo for warriors. That was explained to Francisco de Pineda y Bascuñan, the poet who became a captive in the hands of the Araucanians, by an aged cacique. The custom has persisted to the present day.

Equally a product of Ercilla's imagination was the character of Fresia, the wife attributed by the poet to the Toqui Caupolican and whom he depicts as disowning their son on learning that Caupolican was a prisoner in the hands of the Spanish forces in Cañete.

Ercilla puts the following words into the mouth of Fresia:

> " Take, take thy son, of wedded love the token,
> That once bound me to thee, a sacred tie !
> Behold me now, by sorrow aged and broken,
> These breasts, once founts of life, now shrunk and dry !
> Suckle him thou, for—shame that it be spoken !—
> Thy body, once a man's, hath changed its sex, and I
> Will not own motherhood—disgrace too dire !—
> Of the despisèd son of a dishonoured sire."

In view of the state of subjection, or even degradation, in which the Araucanians kept their women, such an episode would appear to be very improbable. The

critic Guevara says that in these stanzas Ercilla represents the Araucanian women as having the same feelings as the Spanish women who accompanied the conquistadores. Moreover, he represents Fresia as making an unjust accusation against Caupolican, because the fact was that the latter fell into the hands of the Spaniards only after an heroic resistance.

Tehualda, another woman who figures in the poem, is likewise an entirely imaginary character. The sentiments which he attributes to her and the circumstantial account he gives of a tournament (a thing absolutely unknown among the Araucanians), in which a certain Crepino (this name is also not an Araucanian name) wins the hand of Tehualda, are fine, but absolutely misleading, efforts of the imagination. As is well known, the methods employed by men desiring to marry Araucanian women consisted, and still consist, in either eloping with them or simply buying them outright. The chivalrous tournaments in which love, as understood by Spaniards, plays so important a part were quite alien to the mentality of the Araucanians. The nearest approach they had to a tournament was the *lonkotun*, in which two persons, seizing each other by the hair, endeavoured to throw one another to the ground.

Professor FitzMaurice Kelly says in his *History of Spanish Literature* that Ercilla shines in declamatory eloquence, and he specially praises the oration which Ercilla puts into the mouth of the Cacique Colocolo.

In his critical study of *La Araucana* the historian Medina says:

"Undoubtedly the poet's artistry and taste are admirably displayed in the speeches he attributes to the savage and untamed Araucanians; but these are nothing more than embellishments of his work and it will easily be believed that they have no foundation in fact."

His descriptions of battles are full of colour, but, like the majority of the chroniclers of the period, he exaggerates their importance.

Nor is the suicide of the Indian Maullen in accordance with reality and Araucanian customs. No Indian commits suicide unless he is mad or under the influence of alcohol.

But it is a fact that cannot be denied that Ercilla's poem, with all its historical mistakes and fantastic inventions, is the one great legend of Chile and has formed the soul of the nation on the lines of a stoical patriotism which prefers death to submission to the foreigner.

Moreover, *La Araucana* has been a source from which many of the poets and chroniclers of Chile have drawn inspiration.

II

PEDRO DE OÑA AND "ARAUCO DOMADO"

PROBABLY the most remarkable of these, and the oldest Chilean poet, was Pedro de Oña, who was born at Angol. He passed his childhood and a good part of his youth in that town or on the Araucanian frontier.

A talented and erudite man, Oña may perhaps be regarded as the founder of Chilean literature. His famous poem *Arauco Domado* (Araucania Subdued) is an epic of the conquest of Araucania, although what he really intended to write was a life-history of his patron, Garcia Hurtado de Mendoza. The latter defrayed the cost of the first edition, which was published at Lima in 1596 in one volume, quarto, embellished with a portrait of the author at the age of twenty.

The Viceroy of Perú instructed Father Esteban de Avila, one of the most notable of the Jesuits who went to America, to examine Oña's work in order to see whether it was in accordance with the canons of the Christian faith and the rules of good conduct. The illustrious Jesuit made the following report:

"I have seen this book, which is entitled *Arauco Domado*, and there is no offence against our holy faith in it; it is a useful book, because it contains many weighty sayings of great importance for human life; and by its lofty style it is very fitted to inspire knightly minds to great and heroic deeds in defence of the Christian faith and of their king and country, even at the risk of their life, and experience shows very clearly how necessary that is for the preservation and advancement of the Faith and of our commonwealths and kingdoms; and all this shows how great is the genius with which God has endowed the author. I therefore think that there is good reason why the book should be printed."

Things that have nothing whatever to do with the conquest of Araucania figure in Oña's poem, such as, for instance, the mutiny of Quito and the victory over the corsair Hawkins, to which events Oña devotes six cantos on the pretext that an Indian woman saw them in her dreams.

The title of the poem is misleading, because Araucania does not appear in the work as being subdued—far from it. The death of Oña himself, who was cut to pieces by the Araucanians, bears tragic and eloquent witness to that effect.

The poem contains descriptive and illustrative passages of great beauty and originality, such as, for instance, the description of the tempest by which the fleet was assailed whilst on the voyage from Coquimbo to Talcahuano; the narratives of some of the battles; and the account of the apparition of Lautaro's ghost to the Indian Talgueno.

Oña pays a beautiful tribute to his father, who died fighting against the Indians in 1569, in the following lines:

"This only will I say: Wast born 'midst war's alarms,
'Midst war didst pass thy youth and gain renown in arms;
'Midst clash of sword on sword first saw the light thine eyes,
By foeman's hand cut down, thou diedst as hero dies.

> Thy sole reward was this: to serve thy King in strife
> And for his better service gladly yield thy life,
> Leaving to us who proudly claim thee as our sire
> Naught but that glorious pride—more can no man desire!"

Oña's work is saturated with the influence of Ercilla, and one may presume that it was because he recognised how difficult it would be for him to rival the Spanish poet in descriptions of scenes of the conquest of Araucania that he transferred the narrative to other parts of America which Ercilla had not sung and which had remained untouched by his poetic muse.

III

CHRONICLERS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

THE example of Hurtado de Mendoza was followed by other Governors, such as Alonso de Sotomayor. More or less well-informed chroniclers received instructions to relate the important events that occurred during their terms of office, and these writers fulfilled their task so conscientiously that their writings became real panegyrics of the respective Governors.

Nearly all the works written by the soldier-poets of the period of the Conquest are full of imperfections; generally speaking, the compositions are stilted and lacking in inspiration and originality. Even the best of them seem at the most to be the work of skilful versifiers.

It is not difficult to discover the reason for such literary poverty. The life led by the conquistadores, amid constant warfare and great privations, did not provide a suitable atmosphere for such work. The leisure and serenity necessary for the accomplishment of literary work of real value were lacking. Ercilla was able to obtain such conditions only when he was far away from the scene of the events which he relates in his poem. In an out-of-the-way corner of Spain he was able to devote himself to the thorough revision and correction of his stanzas.

In addition to being the source of inspiration for numerous poetical works, *La Araucana* also gave rise to the writing of more or less important and trustworthy chronicles.

The first of these was that written by the Andalusian Captain Alonso Góngora de Marmolejo (1536–1575), and the second was that written by Captain Pedro Mariño de Lobera. Both of these saw the light only recently.

Góngora de Marmolejo wrote a *History of Chile*, which he completed shortly before his death in 1575. He was born in Carmona in Spain in 1536 and it is inferred from a statement made by him that he arrived in Chile in 1549. He spent the greater part of his life in the town of Valdivia.

Garcia Hurtado de Mendoza, not content with having had his renown sung by the muse of Pedro de Oña, desired also that his activities as Governor and his exploits as a soldier should be recorded in a chronicle, and with that object he caused that written by Mariño de Lobera to be converted into a personal panegyric of himself by the Jesuit Bartolomé Escobar. The alterations thus made in the original text deprived the work of much of its historical value.

CHAPTER XVII

THE INFLUENCE OF RELIGION ON THE LITERATURE OF TWO CENTURIES

I. Intellectual Influence of the Jesuits—II. Pineda y Bascuñan—III. Writers of the Eighteenth Century.

I

INTELLECTUAL INFLUENCE OF THE JESUITS

IN the seventeenth century the level of enlightenment of the inhabitants of the Colony was a very low one, and only very few were able to read and write. Men who had any knowledge of law or literature were looked upon as being enveloped in the august effulgence of wisdom. Such men were in general members of religious orders or of the Tribunal of the Royal Audience, or men in administrative positions. The scarcity of libraries gives some idea of the intellectual condition of Chile in the seventeenth century. The best-furnished library of that period was that belonging to Don Melchor Jufré de Aguila, which consisted of eighty-three volumes. Foreign works entering the country were subjected to the strictest censorship. Only books of a religious character, or such as had for their object the maintenance of the monarchical power, were admitted.

Schools for the teaching of the humanities had been in existence in the Dominican and Jesuit monasteries since the end of the sixteenth century. The Jesuit seminaries were the most noted of their time, and it was in these that nearly all the Chilean writers of that period were educated.

The first of these in chronological order, and prob-

ably the most illustrious, was Father Alonso de Ovalle. He was born in Santiago and became a Jesuit at the age of sixteen in spite of the opposition of his parents, who wished to send him to the University of Salamanca in Spain in order that he might prepare himself to take up his inheritance later on. Ovalle renounced his inheritance and joined the group of self-denying missionaries who were preaching the gospel in Araucania.

His celebrated history *Varias y Curiosas Noticias del Reino de Chile*, consisting of eight volumes, was written in Rome, to which city he had been sent in the capacity of Procurador by the Colegio of Chile. It was published at the end of 1644. No doubt he wrote his work with the object of dispelling the general ignorance regarding the affairs of his country and, as José Toribio Medina says, "with the object of finding priests willing to accompany him when he went to preach among the pagans of Araucania."

In the first and second volumes he gives a description of the natural features of Chile; in the third he gives an account of the customs of the country; in the fourth and fifth he describes the Spanish conquest; in the sixth he writes of the Araucanian war; and in the seventh and eighth he gives an account of the work of the renowned peacemaker Father Luis de Valdivia. Two strong feelings which stirred the soul of the illustrious Chilean Jesuit inspired this work—his love for his native country and his ardent faith in the miraculous influence of Christianity upon the Araucanian Indians.

Unfortunately, the faith of the missionaries did not save them from being frequently killed and quartered by the Indians.

His beautiful descriptions of the valleys, mountains, forests and lakes of Chile, and his account of the customs of the Araucanians, are written in a style of such perfection that the Real Academia of Spain honoured him by including his name in its catalogue.

Twenty years later, Father Diego de Rosales, who

was born in Europe and was likewise a Jesuit, began in Concepción the compilation of his *Historia del Reino de Chile*, which undoubtedly occupies a foremost place in the literature of the colonial period. Rosales arrived in Chile about 1629.

He was undoubtedly a remarkable missionary. He repeatedly traversed the territory comprised between Concepción and Valdivia and stretching from the Cordillera to the sea, preaching in the Mapuche language, which he had learned to perfection, and everywhere gaining the good-will of the Indians, who " served him and listened to him with signs of great pleasure," according to the account of one of his contemporaries.

Rosales acted as adviser to the Marqués de Baides at the famous Parliament of Quillín, and an idea of the influence exercised by the Jesuit over the Governor can be gained from the fact that the latter entrusted him with the pacification of the Pehuenche Indians. Rosales had already partially succeeded in pacifying the " Huilliches."

The peacemaker's journey to the heart of the Cordillera was attended by good fortune, because in addition to being able to make peace with the rebellious tribes he gathered valuable geographical, botanical and geological information.

On another occasion the Governor Acuña sent him from Boroa on a mission of pacification to the Pehuenches, Pulches and other tribes inhabiting the valleys of the Andes.

He was successful in that mission and returned to Boroa shortly afterwards accompanied by forty chief caciques, who offered humble subjection to the conquistadores. From this journey to the Andean plateaux he brought back a large collection of shells and fossils, a proof of his unceasing researches as a naturalist and historian. Having so successfully accomplished this diplomatic, spiritual and scientific mission, the missionary returned to seclusion in Boroa Fort. He was still there

when a fresh Indian rising took place, and he displayed extraordinary heroism in the defence of the fort, holding his own, together with a handful of Spaniards, against innumerable hordes of Araucanians. They offered to respect the Jesuit's life if he would abandon the fort, but he refused to do that. "There were moments when there was no lead in the bullet-moulds, and in that extremity he had recourse to the household silver of the warden of the fort, and when that was exhausted, Rosales, like a new Peter the Hermit, cast the sacred vessels into the melting-pot." That is the account of the episode given by the famous Chilean historian, Benjamin Vicuña Mackenna, in the preface to the *History of Father Rosales* which he published a few years ago.

From some of his volumes it can be gathered that he began to write his history of Chile whilst living in Concepción, and it is probable that he commenced its compilation after the siege of Boroa and the general rising of 1655.

II

PINEDA Y BASCUÑAN

THE education given by the Jesuit seminaries continued to produce results. Francisco Nuñez de Pineda y Bascuñan, one of the pupils of the Company of Jesus, received his first education from Father Juan del Castillo. He remained under the tutelage of the Jesuit Fathers for eight years, devoting himself to the study of the Latin classics and to religious practices. In contrast to his compatriot Father Ovalle, Bascuñan did not feel any vocation for the religious life, and he left the convent at the age of sixteen to become a soldier in the Spanish forces on the Araucanian frontier.

On May 15th, 1629, he was taken prisoner by the Araucanians in the battle of Las Cangregeras and remained a captive in the hands of the Cacique Maulican for more than six months. His experiences during that

period of peril form the theme of his famous work, *El Cautiverio Feliz* (Happy Captivity), in which he shows his gratitude to his captor in the following lines:

> " 'Tis true thou hold'st me captive by force and by thy strength,
> But still more am I a captive to thy clemency."

"*El Cautiverio Feliz*," says the Chilean historian Eyzaguirre, "is a historical narrative which has a definite value as such."

Bascuñan gives proofs in his work of possessing a high sense of justice, and he protests against the atrocities committed by the Spanish soldiers during the conquest of Araucania.

Much of the poetry contained in *El Cautiverio Feliz* consists in reality of translations and adaptations from some of the Latin poets.

A Franciscan friar preserved the manuscript of Pineda's work, and it is believed that Bascuñan wrote it eleven years after his liberation. In his judgment the Araucanian war was interminable owing to the cruelties committed by the soldiers and the blunders of the Governors. He was of opinion that the Araucanians were tractable if treated with justice and mildness, and he put his trust in the miraculous effects of the Christian faith for that purpose.

The most interesting feature of the book is the account he gives of his life in captivity and of the customs and character of the Araucanians. He had better opportunities of studying the latter than any other man of his time. The great Spanish critic Marcelino Menendez y Pelayo is of opinion that some of the scenes in the book, for example the *Vuelta del Cautivo a los brazos de su Padre* (The Return of the Captive to his Father's Arms), contain more genuine poetry than almost any of the other poems written in imitation of Ercilla. He adds that it is not easy to find among the other American poets of that time, for instance, among the innumerable scribblers who were writing rubbish in Lima, such a

simple, terse and tranquil mode of expression as one finds in the following lines:

> " Stay thy wheel not, O Fortuna,
> Until once more it raises me ;
> For the chances of its turning
> Are misfortune's only solace.
> Time was when on high didst set me,
> 'Mid the changeless stars of heaven ;
> Now to deepest depths hast brought me,
> Now than me no man lies lower.
> Thy inconstant, fickle nature
> Shows itself in freakish changes ;
> Now thou humblest the most worthy
> Now thou raisest the most worthless.
> O Fortuna, stay thy wheel not
> To my hurt. O say, why didst thou
> Curtail thus the space of gladness
> I had thought would prove enduring ? "

Bascuñan's work was not published until forty years after it was written.

Some of the narratives of the early chroniclers are fantastic. Describing the abundance and good quality of the various kinds of food in Chile, a certain Tribaldos de Toledo, who wrote in 1634, said: " So manifold are the excellent things in this good climate that one may in a few words give an idea thereof by saying that even the mice which breed in the fields are eaten and are esteemed as a more dainty dish than the best rabbits are in Spain."

III

WRITERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

THE first of the historians who wrote after the death of Father Rosales was Major Pedro Pascual de Córdova y Figueroa, who was educated at the Jesuit seminary in Concepción.

The history written by this soldier comprises the period from the discovery of America to the governorship of Ustariz in 1717. For its compilation he made use of some well-known works, such as Ercilla's *La*

Araucana and the *Histórica Relación* of Father Rosales. Although the work is, generally speaking, of little interest, it contains a few important items of information regarding the conquest of Araucania.

Of much greater historical value than the foregoing work was that published by the Jesuit Father Miguel de Olivares, who had travelled as a missionary over a great part of the country, from the Valley of Quillota as far as the Archipelago of Chiloé, collecting information regarding what had been accomplished by other missionaries as regards the propagation of the Christian faith. In 1736 he wrote his *Historia de la Compañía de Jesús en Chile.* According to Barros Arana, "the book contains a considerable amount of information regarding the inner history of the Company of Jesus, the work of its missionaries, the manner in which its great wealth was acquired, and all matters which contributed to its fame and prestige." Nevertheless, the great readiness with which the Jesuit Father accepts all kinds of miraculous events, relating the most marvellous tales of apparitions, conversions of Indians and supernatural occurrences, is to be condemned. Their faith inspired the missionaries with confidence in their propaganda work and at the same time sweetened their relations with the natives. How full of contradictions does that dark epoch appear when one remembers that the indomitable Cacique Caupolican, who was tortured to death by the Spanish soldiers, was nevertheless baptised when expiring! It was an epoch in the history of Christianity in which the Crown of Thorns predominated!

Twenty years later Olivares wrote his *Historia Militar, Civil y Sagrada del Reino de Chile* (Military, Civil and Religious History of the Kingdom of Chile). As Father Olivares belonged to the group of Jesuits expelled from the country, his manuscripts remained in the hands of the Spanish authorities and many of them were lost. Only the first volume has come down to us.

Three other priests, members of the Order of St.

Ignatius, wrote works of considerable merit. These were Molina, Lacunza and Guillermo.

The Abbé Molina was born in Talca and studied at the Jesuit College in Concepción. At the age of fifteen he became a Jesuit.

From a very early age he displayed a liking for the scientific studies which were destined to make him justly renowned later on.

His first work was *El Jovenado,* a biography in Latin verse of his teacher, Father Miguel de Olivares; and later on he wrote, in Italian, the *Analogía de los Tres Reinos de la Naturaleza* (Analogy of the Three Kingdoms of Nature), which led to his arraignment before the Vicar of Bologna.

It was in consequence of his having been expelled from Chile that he went to that city, where he published his *Compendio de la Historia Geográfica, Natural y Civil del Reino de Chile* (Compendium of the Geography, Natural History and Civil History of the Kingdom of Chile) in 1776. The Abbé Molina wrote that work in Italian with the object of spreading knowledge of the Kingdom of Chile, about which little had been known in Europe up to that time. He was an exceptionally well-educated man. He was a perfect master of several languages and during his stay in Bologna he earned his living by giving lessons in natural science.

When Napoleon entered Bologna in 1803 he appointed Molina Professor of Natural History and Botany at the Instituto with a life-pension of 18 escudos per month. When the Empire fell, Molina passed an anxious time, because he was accused of being disaffected towards the temporal power of the Popes. His fame was so widespread that the celebrated savant Humboldt made a journey to Bologna with the sole object of holding intimate intercourse with him.

When he learned, after a long sojourn abroad, that his country had made itself independent of Spain, Molina wished to return to Chile. The Dean of Santiago

Cathedral, Don José Ignacio Cienfuegos, who had been appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the Holy See, went to Bologna for the express purpose of seeking him out, but he found that he was very aged and feeble and unfit to undertake such a long journey. Shortly afterwards, on September 12th, 1829, the learned and pious old man died, begging in his delirium for " fresh water from the Cordillera."

A few years later the town of Santiago erected a monument to him and the Government honoured his memory by giving his name to a town in the southern part of the country, in the province in which he was born.

His *Natural History of the Kingdom of Chile* was translated from Italian into Spanish by Domingo Arquellaneda. It is possible that the Abbé Molina preferred to write in Italian in order that he might be more widely read, but in view of his origin, his education and his pre-eminently Chilean mentality, he must be regarded as belonging to the number of genuinely Chilean intellectuals.

Among the Jesuits living in Italy was the celebrated theologian, Manuel Lacunza, whose treatises on the Bible gave rise to heated discussions. He was born in Santiago on May 14th, 1747, and became an alumnus of the Company of Jesus when barely sixteen years of age. He took the " fourth vow " in 1766.

One year later he was expelled from the country with the other members of the same Order and took up his abode in Inmola (Italy). For five years he remained entirely inactive there. At the end of that time he installed himself in two rooms in a house in the suburbs of the town, where he passed twenty years of his life as a kind of nocturnal hermit. He went to bed at daybreak and worked during the night, and no one ever penetrated into his rooms. He rose at ten o'clock in the morning to say Mass, then went out to buy his food and afterwards shut himself in again until the evening, when he again went out to take a solitary walk in the country. He

lived in this manner until one day he was found drowned in a well. Such is, in brief, the story of the famous author of *La Venida del Mesías en Gloria y Magestad* (The Coming of the Messiah in Glory and Majesty), a work in which he undertook to prove that the second coming of Jesus Christ, which Christians await and which is one of the articles of their faith, would not, as is commonly supposed, take place on the last day of the world, but a great deal earlier, and that it would be followed by the conversion of all the peoples of the earth to Christianity and by a long period of peace, for which the Apocalypse gives the definite term of 1,000 years. After that, Satan, to whom, in the Jesuit's own words, " God will give rein," would renew his temptings and would again succeed in corrupting all the peoples of the earth save one. Then Jesus Christ, who would not have left the earth, would ascend His throne and judge all mankind.

He wrote his book under the Hebrew pseudonym of " John Jehoshaphat Ben-Ezra." In the preface he says that he has four main objects, namely :

(1) To make known the adorable person of Jesus Christ.

(2) To awake among ecclesiastics a love for the study of the Bible.

(3) To correct incredulity.

(4) To bring consolation to the Jews, *his brothers* (sic), and to inspire them so that they come to know the true God.

According to Lacunza, the Messiah was to come twice to the earth. The first advent, that of the *Passion*, has already been accomplished. The second will be the *coming in glory*. The symbols of the Apocalypse of St. John were his main inspiration. Previous to the advent of the Messiah, Antichrist, who is not a person but a moral entity composed of various persons or consisting in a political movement, will come. (According to Vicuña Mackenna, the popular belief in Chile is that the

Antichrist will be a she-mule that has recently foaled.) A rain of fire will then purify the earth and the reign of beatitude, which will endure for 1,000 years, will commence. The twelve tribes of Israel will be reunited in a city 12,000 stadia in extent, each side of which will be four leagues in length and which will have twelve gates, one for each tribe. There will then be a perfect community of mankind and only one language. Lacunza was a forerunner of the Christian socialists. But in setting forth his system of communism, he was careful to make it clear that the tribe of Levi, that of the priestly caste, will receive twice as much as the others when all things are divided.

At the termination of the millennium the Hebrews will begin to sin again, the gates of hell will open and the giants Gog and Magog, personifications of human pride, will attack the New Jerusalem with armies of malcontents, and God, angered by the ingratitude and evil-heartedness of the human race, will cause it to be utterly destroyed by fire. That will be the Last Judgment.

Lacunza's book is divided into three parts. In the first he sets forth his conception of the millennium, explaining which ideas of it have been rejected by Doctors of the Church, although generally accepted by the faithful in the first centuries of Christianity, and which have remained undisputed. In the second part he unfolds his doctrine of the coming of Christ, which he derived mainly from the prophecies of Daniel (the image made of four metals and the four beasts). And in the third part he explains the consequences of the second coming of Christ.

Several editions of Lacunza's book were published. One of the first of these appeared in London in 1826, with substantial alterations in the original text. In the opinion of the historian Eyzaguirre, an authority on the subject, this is the best of all the editions issued.

Father Juan José Guillermo, a Jesuit born in Cerdeña, wrote two books which may be regarded as forming part of the literature of Chile. One of these bore the curious

title of *Náutica Moral* (Moral Navigation), and in it he set out to solve, with the aid of the teachings of St. Thomas, the questions most frequently arising in connection with the administration of the sacraments. The other book contained some Latin poems and elegies. Both works were printed in Genoa in 1709.[1]

The elegies are written in hexameters and pentameters and display imagination and a knowledge of Latin metrical art.

The first and most complete of the chroniclers of the colonial period was Vicente Carvallo y Goyeneche, who was born at Valdivia in 1740.

Carvallo y Goyeneche gave proofs of genuine literary talent when, at the request of several religious Orders, he composed, whilst in camp on the Araucanian frontier, the sermons to be preached at the religious festivals in the towns in that region.

Ambrosio O'Higgins commissioned him to write a general description of Araucania. At first Goyeneche objected to writing such a work, and that is perhaps the reason why the Governor, in a report to the Spanish Court, called him "insubordinate and captious, and further accused him of being a gambler."

When the author had finally decided to carry out the work with which he had been charged, he spared no efforts, according to his own statement, to make his history as complete and exact as possible.

He made a thorough study of all the works on the subject that had been published up to that time; collected and classified a large number of documents; carefully examined the Royal Decrees preserved in the Government offices and, finally, went through the archives of the cities of Santiago and Concepción.

In spite of his assiduity and industry the author did not have the good fortune to see his work published, and it was not until sixty years after his death that it appeared, under the title of *Descripción Histórico-Geo-*

[1] Eyzaguirre: *History of Chile*, Vol. II, p. 298.

gráfica del Reino de Chile (Historico-Geographical Description of the Kingdom of Chile).

In the first part of his history he deals with the events which had taken place in the Colony from the time of its discovery up to the year 1788, and, thanks to his courageous frankness, men and things appear in their true aspect, the whole forming an interesting picture of the life of the colonial period.

The second part of his work, in which he treats of geography, is greatly inferior to the first part. It suffers from its author's lack of scientific knowledge. Carvallo y Goyeneche is one of the best writers educated in the schools of the Company of Jesus.

In the eighteenth century facetious poetry flourished greatly in the monasteries. Among the friars who attained the greatest distinction in this species of literature was a certain Father Lopez, who gained well-merited renown for his ingenuity and wit. He lived for a long time in the Province of Coquimbo, where his name is still associated with innumerable witty verses and sayings. As time goes on his memory is attaining a legendary aspect.

He was a remarkable improvisator and it was not without justification that the critic Valderrama called him " the Chilean Quevedo."

The enmity existing at that time between the Jesuits and the Dominicans led him to exclaim, on hearing the bells of the Church of the Company of Jesus, which belonged to the former of the two Orders :

" Tres cuartos para las tres
ha dado el reló vecino
y lo que me admira es
que siendo reló Teatino
dé cuartos sin interés."

(The neighbouring clock tells a quarter past two,
And, seeing that the Theatins own it,
It surprises me yet
Even a quarter to get
Without paying interest on it !)

Owing to his inexhaustible good humour, the Dominican friar was an indispensable guest at all gatherings of gay people in those somnolent days. On one occasion, being annoyed by a lady who wished to embarrass him by stretching out her foot for him to take it as a *pié forzado*[1] in verse, a custom in very general use for the purpose of making difficulties for improvisators, the gay Dominican recited the following verse to her without hesitation :

> " Os hacéis muy poco honor
> poniéndoos en tal postura
> pues viéndoos se me figura
> que yo soy el herrador
> y vos la cabalgadura."
>
> (The attitude which you assume
> But ill befits you, Madam ; indeed,
> To see you thus, one might presume
> I was the farrier, you the steed !)

The gay Father Lopez had a rival in the person of the Artillery Captain Lorenzo de Mujica.

In order to appreciate the latter's ingenuity as an improviser, it is sufficient to recall that famous stanza on a *pié forzado* entirely devoid of sense : " *Salero sin sal sino* " :

> " La mujer que da en querer
> Para todos tiene sal
> Y es salero universal
> El amor de la mujer ;
> Más si da en aborrecer
> No tiene sal diré yo ;
> Por cuya razon se infiere :
> Salero es con sal, si quiere
> Salero sin sal, sino."

[1] *Pié forzado*, literally translated, would be " forced foot," and means that the improvisator is forced to conform to certain consonants given him beforehand.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHILEAN LITERATURE

I. Influence of Mora and Bello—II. Jotabeche—III. Sanfuentes—IV. Other Poets—V. Bilbao.

I

INFLUENCE OF MORA AND BELLO

A POWERFUL influence was exercised at the birth of the national literature of Chile by two illustrious foreigners, namely, José Joaquín de Mora, a Spaniard who held several professorships and was the mainstay of the literary periodical *El Mercurio Chileno*, and the Venezuelan Andrés Bello, an eminent philologist, poet and jurist who passed thirty years of his life in Chile, devoting himself to teaching and taking an active part in the work of government.

Nearly all the illustrious Chilean writers of that period were pupils either of Mora or of Bello, or of both.

At the Liceo de Chile, a college founded by Mora, José Joaquín Vallejo, José Victorino Lastarria, Manuel Antonio Tocornal and others were students.

Among those who received lessons from Andrés Bello were, in addition to Lastarria and Tocornal, Salvador Sanfuentes, Francisco Bilbao and Manuel Antonio Matta, all of them men who played a great part in politics and in literature.

From among these illustrious pupils came the founders of four political parties—Tocornal the Conservative, Lastarria the Liberal, Matta the Radical and Bilbao the Socialist—and the forerunners of two schools of literature—José Joaquín Vallejo, the eminent writer on

social life, and Salvador Sanfuentes, the poet of the southern regions.

The pupils of those two learned men collaborated with enthusiasm in a literary periodical entitled *El Semanario de Santiago* (The Santiago Weekly), which made its first appearance on July 14th, 1842. That periodical marks an important epoch in the development of Chilean literature. The most distinguished pupils of Mora and Bello published about a hundred of their best literary productions in its columns.

II

JOTABECHE

JOSE JOAQUIN VALLEJO, who adopted the pseudonym of "Jotabeche," was perhaps the most notable writer on social life that the country has had. According to Alberto Edwards, who bases his statement on authentic documents, Vallejo adopted the pseudonym of "Jotabeche" as representing the initials of Juan Bautista Chenan, an Argentine who was very popular at that period in Copiapó, the town in which Vallejo was born in 1811. Lacking in means, he was, however, rich in imagination, and one would feel inclined to say that his father, who was a silversmith, had moulded his son's heart in that precious metal.

In his youth he earned his living as Secretary to the Intendancy of Maule. His energetic and passionate temperament is revealed in his writings, and especially in his articles in the Press.

According to Alberto Edwards, "the very qualities as a powerful observer which distinguish him in the portrayal of scenery and characters rendered him incapable of apprehending abstract doctrines."

His great literary career began with his articles on social life, when, in 1841, he abandoned the thankless and sterile field of political polemics and returned to Copiapó.

Jotabeche was the creator of the native literature, full of realism combined with acute observation of Nature and a no less acute understanding of the national psychology.

He was the first of the purely Chilean writers and he always kept himself aloof from foreign influences. In his fervent campaign against romanticism, which was beginning to penetrate into the national literature with such disastrous results, Vallejo endeavoured to fight for the nascent native literature by calling upon his fellow-writers to seek their subjects among the natural features of their country and their psychological themes in the characteristics of the race.

In one of his articles he gives expression to his opinions regarding romanticism in the following terms:

"For goodness' sake become a romanticist; see, you have only to open your mouth, to attack and despise the aristocracy, to exalt democracy to the skies, to talk of literary independence, to write so that no one can understand, to be full of arrogance and conceit, and to treat Hugo, Dumas and Larra with familiarity, speaking of them as if they were boon companions with whom one associates *sans compliments*."

Vallejo has been called, with a certain amount of justification, "the Chilean Larra." "I worship Larra," he says in a letter dated March 10th, 1843, "and I seldom lie down to sleep without reading some one of his works."[1] But Vallejo was more truly Chilean than Larra was Spanish.

In his private diary Vallejo gave vent to his sentimentalism in the following terms:

"When we hate one another our hearts groan with pain; when we forgive one another our hearts weep from tenderness. At the moment when you forgive your enemies an angel of the Lord kisses you on the brow. That angel, who is one of the most beautiful there are in Heaven, stands beside you very sad when thou art

[1] Alberto Edwards.

thinking of taking vengeance. If thou revengest thyself he takes flight to Heaven, and the loud laughter of the demons resounds in chorus, making mock of thy misery. Never revenge thyself."

III

SANFUENTES

SALVADOR SANFUENTES, a contemporary of Jotabeche and an enthusiastic disciple of Andrés Bello, whose teachings were imbued with respect for tradition and love of classical culture, fell unconsciously under the spell of romanticism even whilst professing to despise it.

He was the first to introduce descriptions of natural features into the national poetry. His Indian legend, *Inamí*, which was written on the shores of Lake Ranco, abounds in beautiful pictures of those same scenes that inspired Ercilla.

His first noteworthy work, *El Campanario* (The Belfry), in which the influence of José Joaquín de Mora is noticeable, appeared in the *Semanario de Santiago* in 1842.

In the case of many of his legends he draws inspiration from the chronicles of the conquistadores and from the Araucanian war, and that is why his characters sometimes act somewhat erratically.

Sanfuentes was born in Santiago on February 2nd, 1817, and from a very early age he devoted himself to the study of literature. He was a master of Latin, Italian, French and English, and correctly translated the works of Virgil, Tacitus, Byron, Victor Hugo and Voltaire.

He was as eminent in politics as in letters, occupying the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs several times.

IV

OTHER POETS

THE generation of 1842 was fertile in poetical geniuses. As proof of this we have Guillermo Matta, who wrote verses as vehement as harangues; Eusebio Lillo, a lyric poet and sentimentalist, and author of the verses of the National Anthem; Eduardo de la Barra, a prodigy of literary activity, for there was no branch of literature which he did not cultivate; and Guillermo Blest and Antonio Soffia, both of them writers of smooth and melodious verse. Of all these poets, the two last were, perhaps, those who gave the best expression to their own feelings. The others wrote under the influence of French and Spanish romanticism, which was penetrating into the minds of all the poets of that period, alienating them from their own modality with disastrous results. It was impossible for that romanticism, thoroughly European in spirit and origin, to produce truly national poets.

The sighs and lamentations of the European romanticists sounded rather ridiculous on the lips of men living at the foot of rugged and gigantic mountains facing the free Pacific Ocean. The Chilean spirit is not of the kind that indulges in tears and in cursing life, surrounded as the Chileans are by open seas and virgin forests where they can breathe freely.

The amorous plaints and the odes against tyrannies, mostly imaginary, passed away like a spurious fashion imported from abroad. "That period lacked a poet able to give form to the restlessness of the time or capable of standing out as a great figure above his intellectual surroundings."[1]

[1] Armando Donoso.

V
BILBAO

ONE of the boldest and most violently attacked authors of that generation was Francisco Bilbao. He was born in Santiago on January 9th, 1823, and passed his life in poverty, immersed in dreams of the reign of an era of justice, performing acts of charity and preaching a socialism strongly tinged with Christianity.

Bilbao, who was of a highly-strung temperament and whose style was obscure, suffered from hallucinations similar to those of the Jesuit Lacunza. Throughout his writings the strong influence exercised upon him by the Abbé Lammenais' work "The Words of a Believer" is apparent. The following extract from Bilbao's *Boletines del Espíritu* (appr. Spiritual Bulletins) shows the justness of that observation:

"The sun is darkened and the cold of the Poles is sweeping over the earth. Humanity, where art thou? I see selfishness enthroned; every man for himself, and every man, being without God and without a soul, enveloping himself in the black winding-sheet of indifference. One solitary soul alone keeps watch upon a rock, contemplating the victories of Death, who advances and retreats before Him; and from Him proceeds a voice, saying: 'Hither shalt thou not come,' and lo! the sun shines once more to display the rainbow of hope again. And he who brings this to pass and spreads the life-giving warmth of his Word from Pole to Pole is the Christ, the immortal watcher and the blessing of all who call upon His name. For what should we do without God? We should be nameless things wandering without hope in the shadows. Let us believe and hope, for ours is the end."

Bilbao, whose passionate desire was to return to Chile, died in exile in Buenos Aires on February 19th, 1865, and was buried by the side of his father, whom he

loved to the point of idolatry. Banishment must have seemed hard to a man who had so great a love for his native country, and even more harrowing must it have been for him to find himself accused of being a demagogue and agitator, when his soul was imbued with a species of political mysticism which raised him above all that was harsh and violent. He did not regard his spirit as a devouring flame, but as a light-giving torch.

CHAPTER XIX

HISTORIANS.

I. Chilean Predilection for Historical Studies—II. Lastarria—III. Vicuña Mackenna—IV. The Brothers Amunátegui—V. Barros Arana—VI. Don José Toribio Medina—VII. Don Crescente Errázuriz—VIII. Don Gonzalo Bulnes—IX. Don Tomás Guevara—X. Amunátegui Solar—XI. Thayer Ojeda.

I

CHILEAN PREDILECTION FOR HISTORICAL STUDIES

IMMEDIATELY after the defeat of the Spanish army in the Battle of Maipú, the Cabildo resolved that an exact narrative of the memorable events of the Independence Revolution should be published.

Bernardo O'Higgins entrusted this work to two illustrious foreigners, Monteagudo and Egaña, but neither of them was able to accomplish it. O'Higgins suffered the consequences of their failure, because when he was banished to Perú the work, which was to have been written during his term of governorship, was converted into a diatribe against his actions as Governor. In 1821 Manuel José Gandarillas, an ardent partisan of O'Higgins' most formidable rival, General José Miguel Carrera, began to publish in the columns of *El Araucano*, at that time the official journal, a political essay entitled *Don Bernardo O'Higgins, historical notes on the Chilean Revolution*. That was the first historical essay published in Chile since that country had attained independence.

The predilection for historical studies is one of the characteristics of Chilean mentality. The Chileans are in general not of an imaginative turn of mind and are greatly attached to tradition.

The chronicles written during the colonial period were numerous and the nineteenth century produced a large number of historians. The University, which imposed upon its members the obligation of submitting to it a paper on the national history, and the intellectual movement of 1842, exercised great influence in favour of scientific and historical studies.

The personality of Andrés Bello made itself felt in that class of literature. Many of the historians who wrote during the first half of the nineteenth century were pupils of the learned Venezuelan.

Acting upon Bello's advice they wrote their works after making exhaustive researches into the documents of the period, abstaining as a rule from any attempt at philosophical criticism and deductions of a general character.

Chile has produced more historians than any other country in Spanish America, as witness the brothers Amunátegui, José Victorino Lastarria, José Ignacio Eyzaguirre, Diego Barros Arana, Benjamín Vicuña Mackenna, Crescente Errázuriz, Isidoro Errázuriz, Gonzalo Bulnes, José Toribio Medina, Tomás Guevara, Ramon Sotomayor Valdés, Tomas Thayer Ojeda, Alejandro Fuenzalida Grandón. All of them men of very pronounced personality, they have treated the history of the country from different angles.

II

LASTARRIA

LASTARRIA, born in the historic town of Rancagua barely two and a half years after the eclipse of the Old Country,[1] completed his first studies under the direction of José Joaquín de Mora and became imbued with the liberal convictions of that Spanish teacher. When the college directed by Mora was closed, he continued his literary and scientific studies at the

[1] He was born on March 22nd, 1817.

Instituto Nacional. Later on, in 1832, he became a student at the Academia de Letras y Práctica Forense, where Andrés Bello was his teacher, and was called to the Bar on March 21st, 1839.

In that same year he was appointed professor of law in the Instituto Nacional. Thus he began his career teaching and writing under the joint influence of Mora and Bello. His first text-book, entitled *Lessons in Modern Geography*, appeared in 1836. The work was so noteworthy that a Frenchman, a certain M. Letrone, took the liberty of translating it and publishing it in Paris as his own original work. Shortly afterwards it was re-translated into Spanish by Mariano Torrente and adopted as text-book in the Madrid schools.

His first article was in defence of the liberty of the Press. It appeared in the journal *El Araucano* in 1836. The same year he founded the *Nuncio de la Guerra*, a periodical in which he defended the Government's action in taking up arms for the purpose of overthrowing the Bolivian dictator Santa Cruz.

Lastarria published, in 1842, the first literary periodical that appeared in Chile and started in its columns an intensive intellectual movement. It was called *El Semanario de Santiago*, and became the spiritual home of all the young writers of that generation, illumined by so many vigorous intellects. Not content with this, Lastarria founded the *Sociedad Literaria de Santiago* (Santiago Literary Society) in 1842. From that time onward, Chilean literature began to develop rapidly on solid foundations.

Argentine emigrants, victims of the tyranny of Rozas, came during those years to Santiago and founded various journals, to which Mitre and Sarmiento,[1] among others, contributed.

Sarmiento raised the standard of revolution in literature and began boldly to combat the omnipotent influ-

[1] Bartolomé Mitre and Domingo Faustino Sarmiento, who became great Argentine statesmen later on.

ence of Andrés Bello. According to him the illustrious Bello, with his attachment to classicism and tradition, was keeping the individuality of American writers in trammels.

A fierce struggle broke out between the disciples of Bello, all of them brilliant writers of the period, and those who gave ear to the inflammatory counsels of the apostle of romanticism among the Argentine emigrants.

Sarmiento, carried by his fiery campaign, demanded the banishment of Bello in order that such a pernicious influence to the intellectual and political development of Chile might be completely extirpated.

Sarmiento was mistaken. Classical literature is eternally modern, for it is nothing but the artistic crystallisation of immutable verities.

Lastarria, the poet Matta and Juan Bello, the son of the illustrious Master, vigorously combated this Argentine movement in the columns of the *Siglo*, which made its appearance in 1844.

That year Lastarria submitted his noteworthy historical paper entitled *Investigaciones sobre la influencia de la conquista y sistema colonial de los Españoles* (An inquiry into the Conquest and the colonial system of the Spaniards) to the University.

In that work he initiated the system of philosophical criticism of historical facts and departed from the custom, very general at that time, of writing circumstantial chronicles of bare facts without adding commentaries or drawing inferences. Shortly afterwards he published his *Lecciones de Política Positiva* (Lessons in Positive Politics), thereby bringing about a downright intellectual revolution which burst the chains by which Chilean thought was bound to the antiquated and crude mentality of the colonial period and liberated it from its aversion to free discussion and from its dread of liberal doctrines. Lastarria showed himself indeed worthy to be called the apostle of Liberalism.

In 1849 Lastarria started the *Revista de Santiago*

(Santiago Review) in order to give a still greater impetus to the ethical reformation which he had initiated in 1836 with his first article against the institution of trial by jury and in defence of the liberty of the Press. Ten years later he formed another literary society, *El Círculo de Amigos de las Letras* (Club of the Friends of Literature), and exercised an even greater influence upon the national literature. Perhaps the greatest of his works was the last one he wrote, namely, his *Recuerdos Literarios* (Literary Memories). It was the story of the development of the national literature in which he had played such a brilliant part.

His fertility as a writer was unbounded, though he concentrated his efforts chiefly upon the subjects of Law and History.

This intellectual giant breathed his last at Santiago on June 14th, 1888, amid general mourning.

III

VICUÑA MACKENNA

VICUÑA MACKENNA'S name occupies a foremost place both in the domain of literature and among those of the politicians who have made their mark in the history of the country.

He was endowed with an immense power of imagination and wrote in a vigorous although imperfect style. All his historical works are read not only with pleasure but with an emotion which gives one the impression that the author exercises an unearthly magnetic influence.

The creative faculties and powerful imagination of this illustrious historian would have enabled him to become one of the best of American writers of fiction had he so chosen. All his historical works possess the grace of language of a high-class work of fiction. They seem to have been composed with a brush and palette abounding in local colour, rather than with the pen.

He is unrivalled in his power of surrounding his heroes with an atmosphere. At times his passionate temperament leads him to idealise certain historical figures and to portray the defects of others for whom he has an antipathy with such force as to convert them into repulsive creatures. He had Irish blood in his veins, being a direct descendant of one of the most famous generals of the War of Independence, Juan Mackenna. The Carrera blood which also flowed in his veins pulsed strongly in his heart.

The house in which he was born was the home of José Miguel and Juan José. It was situated in the Calle de las Agustinas (" Street of the Augustinian Nuns ")—" Sunshine Alley "—as he himself relates in his article on the streets and homes of Santiago. He spent eight years of his childhood in the fields of Llay-Llay and there his love for the Chilean countryside was kindled.

His name frequently figured in the lists of those who did not take their scholastic obligations seriously at the college of Cueto, at which he received his education. On several occasions he failed to pass his examinations. What he was really fond of was reading historical works. During the hours set aside for recreation he used to hold forth to his companions with admirable lucidity upon the histories he had been reading.

In his private notes he relates that he had a " sudden attack of industry," and thanks to that he received the degree of Bachelor of Law in May, 1849. The vicissitudes of his life, rich in romantic episodes as his works themselves, did not allow of his being called to the Bar until 1857.

In his childhood he used to play the truant, running off to that same Santa Lucía upland which his genius was to convert into a beautiful walk later on. On the appearance of his first historical work, *El sitio de Chillán* (The Siege of Chillán), Andrés Bello remarked that it was " written with great talent and in vigorous style," adding that it was a pity to see it marred by so many

grammatical errors. "However," added Bello, "you appear to have such a dislike to the study of grammar that I prefer not to modify my praise on that account. Write and go on writing, without troubling about grammar; and you will always write well and what you write will always be read."

High praise indeed coming from Bello, who attached such importance to correctness of style and purity of wording.

In the *Sociedad de la Igualdad* (Equality Club), presided over by the celebrated socialist Bilbao, to whom he was Secretary in 1850, Vicuña Mackenna became imbued with the revolutionary spirit, and a year later, on April 20th, 1851, he took such an active part in the events which disturbed the capital that he was taken prisoner and condemned to death. He succeeded in escaping, however, and fled to the north of the country, where the real centre of the subversive movement was to be found. After the suppression of that rising Vicuña Mackenna lived in concealment on the Hacienda of Tabolango, posing as a French doctor. During this period of seclusion he compiled the material for the history which he wrote later on the revolution in which he had played a part, and started writing his *Vida del General don Juan Mackenna* (Life of General Juan Mackenna).

In 1852, actuated by his adventurous spirit, he became purser on board a sailing-vessel named *Francisco Ramon Vicuña* after a former President of Chile, one of his ancestors, and thanks to a salary of 1,500 gold pesos he was able to visit various parts of South America, the United States and Europe. He returned to America in 1856 and shortly afterwards published a beautifully written book giving his impressions of his travels.

In the following year he published *El Ostracismo de los Carrera* (The Banishment of the Carreras), portraying those leaders in the struggle for independence with enthusiasm and affection. At the same time he con-

tributed articles to the Press and wrote with feverish and superhuman activity historical works of marvellous vividness and dynamic vigour in rapid succession.

Shortly afterwards he became again involved in political conspiracies and the Government imprisoned him once more. After a few days' captivity he was deported, together with other political leaders, such as the poet Matta and the journalist Gallo, on board an English ship to Liverpool and remained away from Chile for five years. On his return he took up the editorship of *El Mercurio*.

During those five years he copied the most important documents in the Archives of the Indies. In Valencia he obtained possession of the manuscript of the celebrated history written by Father Rosales during the colonial period, and subsequently published it with a preface of his own.

Between 1860 and 1865 he published his *Historia de la Revolución en el Perú* (History of the Revolution in Perú) and *El Ostracismo de O'Higgins* (The Banishment of O'Higgins), and became involved in a lawsuit brought against him by the latter's descendants.

Tired and disillusioned of political life he wished to devote himself wholly to literature.

"During my thirty-five years' life as a writer," he says in a letter to one of his friends, "I have published eighty volumes, and if I am able to publish another twenty or twenty-five they might be of some benefit to my children and to my own name."

Alas, it was not his destiny, for in 1875 he became presidential candidate with the enthusiastic support of the youth of the country and the democratic sections of the population. His personality, with its vigour and vehemence, reflected the salient features of their most advanced aspirations.

Practised pens, such as those of the Arteaga Alempartes, and eloquent speakers, such as Isidoro Errázuriz, supported his candidature, but in spite of their powerful

help and of the general sympathy with his cause he was not successful.

Four years afterwards, in 1879, the War of the Pacific broke out, and Vicuña Mackenna becomes the champion of the national cause and fills the Press with his vibrant and enthusiastic articles.

With his death a shining light whose rays illuminated the darkest and most obscure spots in the national chronicles and lit up the horizon of Chilean intellectuality with the ardent fires of his imagination was extinguished. He sleeps the sleep of eternity in that very Santa Lucía Ridge, dominating the city of Santiago which he portrayed so wonderfully as it was across three centuries.

IV

THE BROTHERS AMUNATEGUI

"MIGUEL LUIS and Gregorio Victor Amunátegui," says Vicuña Mackenna, "did not come into the world at one and the same moment, like the Siamese Twins, nor were they united, like these, by a connecting band through which the blood of one was transfused into the veins of the other. But from the cradle their mentalities were so bound up with one another that it would be a kind of impiety, almost like fratricide, to separate their lives." And in another part of his biography of the illustrious brothers he adds: "It must be admitted that the brothers Amunátegui are better entitled to the glory of having been the founders of the historical school than either Lastarria, who proved himself to be solely a philosopher and prose-writer, or Tocornal, a dry narrator and contemporiser, or Benavente, who was a satirist as well as a historian."

Miguel Luis Amunátegui was born in Santiago on January 11th, 1828, and from the age of fourteen he was obliged to earn his own living and that of his brothers. During those troubled years he received many kindnesses

from General Ramon Freire. Amunátegui always preserved with pride the first watch which the General presented to him. Freire thus repaid nobly a debt of gratitude to Don José Domingo Amunátegui, the father of his protégé. The latter had defended him when a prisoner and accused of the gravest offences, and when no one else dared brave the anger of the authorities.

From the time of his entering the Instituto Nacional in 1840 he revealed his studious temperament and intellectual capacity.

When passing his examination in Latin he made an admirable translation of the Odes of Horace, and Andrés Bello, who was one of the examiners, paid him a tribute in the following words:

"This young man, who has just given such a splendid proof of his powers, is capable of becoming one of the most distinguished teachers in our country and is destined later on to be one of the greatest glories of our literature." The learned Venezuelan was then already speaking of the country and literature of Chile as his own.

Owing to lack of means Miguel Luis Amunátegui and Gregorio Victor Amunátegui were obliged to study from the same text-books.

In 1846 the Ministry of Education decided to institute a competition for the Chair of Humanities at the Instituto Nacional. Amunátegui had not attained the age of twenty-one prescribed by the regulations and was obliged to apply for exemption from the rule relating to age; that exemption was granted to him by the Board of Public Instruction at the request of Andrés Bello. At the examination to which he had to submit himself he proved his complete mastery of the Latin language, translating Cicero and criticising the works of the famous Roman orator. Among the members of the jury was José Victorino Lastarria, with whom the brothers Amunátegui maintained a close friendship for a period of forty years, in spite of the difference in their

political opinions. It was to Lastarria that the brothers Amunátegui dedicated their first historical work, dealing with the period of the Reconquest, which they wrote when barely twenty years of age.

In 1849 the University instituted a competition for the best historical treatise on the Reconquest. The prize was adjudged to the brothers Amunátegui. For this work the two historians had obtained valuable particulars from General Las Heras and also from José Antonio Alvarez Condarco, who had served as an engineer under San Martin and subsequently became Minister Plenipotentiary of Chile in London.

The Spanish Reconquest—Notes for the History of Chile, 1814–1817—thus was this work entitled with a modesty which recalls what Sir Francis Bacon said of Julius Cæsar:

"Cæsar in modesty mixed with greatness, did for his pleasure apply the name of a Commentary to the best history of the world." [1]

In 1850 Miguel Luis Amunátegui obtained another University prize for a work entitled *The First Years of the Revolution in Chile*.

During the dispute concerning the sovereignty of Chile over the territories in the extreme south of the Republic, he took up the defence of the rights of Chile, publishing two works of exceptional value without remuneration. In 1863 a similar dispute with the Bolivian Republic led to his writing another work entitled *The Boundary Dispute between Chile and Bolivia*.

In conjunction with the renowned historian Diego Barros Arana, he founded the *Revista Chilena* (Chilean Review) in 1875, and at the same time he published one of his best works, *La Crónica de* 1810 (The Chronicle of 1810).

He became Minister for Foreign Affairs in 1887 and died shortly after his appointment to that office, leaving behind him a reputation for nobility of character, good-

[1] *Proficience and Advancement of Learning*. Book I.

heartedness, mental power and tenderness in his affections which made him an example to the statesmen and writers of the Republic. His dominant passion was for study; his most outstanding virtue, modesty. History, philosophy, literature, grammar, politics and administration were the fields in which his erudition and his talent were displayed, and the congenial atmosphere of his home was imbued with his mentality, where his sons grew up eager for his counsels and gazed in the mirror of his pure life seeking an example for the guidance of their own.

His brother, Gregorio Victor Amunátegui, was born at Santiago on March 10th, 1830, and at the age of twenty-five, after having obtained his degree in Law, devoted himself *con amore* to the practice of his profession.

In order to become a member of the Faculty of Humanities and Philosophy, he wrote a treatise entitled *The Philological Study of the Latin Language*, which appeared in the Annals of the University in 1857.

From 1852 onwards he occupied a place in the national literature at the side of his brother, Miguel Luis, publishing a series of historical works—*The Spanish Reconquest, The Island of Juan Fernandez, South American Poetry and Poets, The First Three Years of the Revolution in Chile.* In 1862 his own treatise on the poet Pedro de Oña and the latter's *Arauco Domado* appears; four years later his *Life of Captain Bernardo Alvarez de Toledo*, and in 1869 his *Biography of Manuel Antonio Tocornal.*

According to Vicuña Mackenna, "Gregorio Victor Amunátegui constantly collaborated with his brother. Though of different characters their beliefs and ideals were the same."

The masterpiece of the brothers Amunátegui is their biography of Andrés Bello. Every one of its pages breathes with the affection and admiration felt for him by his favourite pupils.

V

BARROS ARANA

DIEGO BARROS ARANA, born at Santiago on August 16th, 1830, is the most eminent and accomplished of the national historians. He became a student at the Instituto Nacional in 1843, but was obliged to break off his studies six years later, owing to the precarious state of his health. A great lover of learning, he was incapable of remaining inactive and devoted himself enthusiastically to literary tasks and historical researches. In 1850, encouraged thereto by the illustrious politician and *littérateur*, Antonio García Reyes, he published his first essay, entitled *Historical Studies on Vicente Benavides and the Campaigns in the South.* Two years afterwards he published a biography of General Freire, the product of that thoroughness in research which was characteristic of all his literary work. Nothing better has been written concerning that political and military leader of the first period of Chilean independence.

In a literary periodical called *El Museo*, founded in 1853, he published his history of the last years of the colonial period and the struggle for independence. That work covers the period from 1807 to 1819. The University commended the work and defrayed part of the cost of printing it. In 1856 a treatise dealing with General Freire's campaigns in the Archipelago of Chiloé, where the Spanish forces made their last stand, saw the light of day.

A man of fervent political convictions Barros Arana founded a periodical to attack the administration of President Manuel Montt. Compelled to leave the country, his departure was beneficial to the historical literature of the nation, for in all the countries he visited he diligently collected documents of the greatest importance for the national history.

His patient and exhaustive researches in the Library and Archives of Simancas and Sevilla and in the colonial archives at Madrid led to his discovering, among other things, the manuscript of Captain Fernando Alvarez de Toledo's poem, *Purén Indómito,* which he afterwards published in Leipzig.

He collected valuable data in the British Museum, and General O'Brien, who had fought with San Martin and who procured his admission to the Museum, related to him highly interesting episodes of that campaign.

In Paris the daughter of General San Martin gave him first-hand information regarding the life of the famous Liberator. On his way back to Chile he visited Perú and obtained the papers of the renowned English General Miller, who fought at Ayacucho.

Being in possession of such complete material, Barros Arana was better qualified than anyone else to write the general history of Chile, as he subsequently did. It is a standard work in the Chilean literature. The author reveals a profound acquaintance with all branches of human knowledge; an unlimited patience in the collation of contradictory narratives of events and the correction of errors in dates, which were very usual among the earliest chroniclers, the majority of whom were men who had very little education and were greatly swayed by their prejudices; a love of truth so strong that he was able to rise above his own political passions and form an unprejudiced judgment of men and events, whether they attracted or repelled him; a wonderful method of exposition, event following upon event almost as if the personages and the happenings had followed a preconceived plan; and an exacting taste which led him to reject anything that might impart a flavour of coarseness to the pages of the work. Barros Arana has been criticised on account of the abundance of details and the absence of synthetic appreciations of the development of the country in his work. But what Barros Arana desired to do was not to write on

the philosophy of history, but only to deal with its chronology. In his work one sees him as a teacher imparting to his pupils sound knowledge and reliable data on any desired epoch or subject, with full knowledge of the facts. It is the complete story of three centuries, related with a minuteness which reveals on every page the astounding diligence in research of a savant and a scholar. The style is simple. There is great profusion of dates and names and complete absence of descriptive passages. As an historian, it was not his desire to be a kind of prophet with his head turned backward, but rather to bear witness to what had actually happened during three centuries and to be the standard-bearer of truth. In his monumental work he appears in the character of a conscientious teacher rather than in that of a brilliant writer. And he was a teacher, for he not only wrote history but also published a large number of works of a didactic nature, such as his *Literary History*, his *Elements of Literature*, his *Manual of Literary Composition*, his *Physical Geography* and his *History of America.*

His appointment as Rector of the University was the logical culmination of his career. His indefatigable activity caused him to introduce great reforms into the curriculum, by which he sought first and foremost to bring about specialisation among the professors.

His fervent political sentiments, suppressed when he was writing historical works, sought an outlet in journalism and he frequently resorted to the columns of the Press for the purpose of vigorously attacking any form of government in which he believed there was a trace of tyranny. And when doing that his style was incisive, pungent and derisive.

No one has ever left more marked traces of his influence upon public education than Diego Barros Arana, but his activities in that connection do not come within the scope of the present book. It will suffice to say here that he was one of the most notable and prolific writers to whom America has given birth.

VI

DON JOSE TORIBIO MEDINA

THE only man who can be compared with Barros Arana as an historian and bibliographer is Medina, who has devoted fifty years of his life to historical investigations.

The Aborigines of Chile, one of his first works, is the result of scientific research work which enabled him to reach remarkable conclusions. On its publication in 1882 it received enthusiastic praise from Barros Arana. Medina, who was another lover of truth, lived among the Araucanians and collected the material for his work at the very source.

He is undoubtedly the most notable bibliographer that Spanish America can boast of. Owing to the historical value of the innumerable volumes and documents which it comprises, his library is a national treasure, and, regarding it himself in that light, the illustrious savant and scholar, who is still alive and enjoys the respect and affection of all his fellow-countrymen, has presented the fruit of his fifty years' patient labour to the Nation. In the National Library there is a room to perpetuate his name.

All the works that Medina has published are renowned for their historical accuracy and show his mental capacity for dealing with, and probing to their depths, the most varying subjects.

His works on numismatics—one treating of the medals and the other of the coins of Chile—are the only ones of their kind; and there will be no more, for Medina exhausted the material.

His treatise on the art of printing in Mexico is equally complete. The same may be said with regard to his books, *The Inquisition in Lima*, *Juan Fernandez*, *Sebastian Cabot*, *The Discovery of the Pacific Ocean*, his *Dictionary of Colonial Biography*, his *Collection of*

Historians of Chile, and, finally, his magnificent edition of *La Araucana*, preceded by the life of Ercilla and followed by elucidations which make this book the classical work *par excellence* on the subject of the first Chilean poem and its author.

Moreover, Medina possesses a merit rare among the world's writers. Just as Shakespeare himself produced on the stage the dramas he wrote, so also Medina printed many of his works in his own house.

VII

DON CRESCENTE ERRAZURIZ

THE aged and venerable man who is now the Archbishop of Santiago and the Primate of the Church in Chile, is a fine and brilliant historian. He has made the sinister period of the sixteenth century his speciality and he portrays his characters with the vigorous touch of a Velasquez, gives to the events he relates the colouring and harmoniousness of ancient tapestry, and passes judgment with all the serenity and large-mindedness of a man of high character who is able to rise above the prejudices and narrowness of any particular set of doctrines. Upon Mgr. Errázuriz has fallen the mantle of that other eminent Prelate, José Ignacio Eyzaguirre, who bequeathed to us in his *Historia Eclesiástica, Política y Literaria de Chile* a priceless source of information.

But Mgr. Errázuriz is more of a philosopher and thinker than Eyzaguirre was, his pen is more fluent, and in his style and appreciation, there is a degree of literary refinement that borders upon fastidiousness.

The best of his works is undoubtedly his *Pedro de Valdivia*. On reading it, one has the impression that it is the one that he had the most delight in writing. Its pages show that he was profoundly moved by the noble character of the Conqueror of Chile. It is probable

that patriotic pride inspired him to write it. No other country in America had a Valdivia.

The other works of Errázuriz, on Villagra, García de Mendoza, García Ramón, Merlo de la Fuente and Jaraquemada, and, finally, his *Seis Años de la Historia de Chile* (Six Years of Chilean History), are all historical works fit to serve as models for those who wish to devote themselves to that class of literary work.

No description of the intellectual personality of Don Crescente Errázuriz would give a complete idea of its vigour and eminence if it failed to make mention of his *Pastorals*, which are perfect exemplars of this class of literary work, perhaps the most difficult of all, for the writer can with ease lose himself in the dark and tangled thicket of theological disquisitions. From the First Pastoral, which he addressed to his diocesans on assuming the dignity of Archbishop, to the most recent ones, all of them display a dignity of tone, a mental vigour, a clarity in exposition and a Christian gentleness of sentiment which make them pleasing to all believers, no matter what their degree of intellectual development may be, and even to those who are not members of the Church of Rome.

His *Collective Circular Letter of the Episcopate of Chile* on the subject of civil marriage is a real treatise on sociology imbued with sentiments of true Christian charity and common-sense.

Mgr. Errázuriz has besides issued an equally fine Pastoral on the subject of *Social Activity*, one entitled *Concerning the Church and the Political Parties*, which reveals him as a statesman as well as an historian and sociologist, and two others on *The Separation of Church and State* and *The Estimates for Public Worship*. As is indicated by their titles, they dealt with burning questions of party politics. And so great was the tact and magnanimity with which he treated those questions that no angry voices were raised in opposition to the principles, highly contentious for a large body of public opinion,

which the illustrious Prelate upheld and recommended for the guidance of his diocesans. The fact is that, as he himself eloquently explains in the Pastoral, *On the Preaching of God's Word*, perhaps the finest of all of them, his views regarding the duties of ecclesiastics are ultramundane. Speaking of the evangelical mission of the priest, he says :

"Let them" (he is referring to politicians) "fight in order that the laws and government of nations may be inspired by their ideas and principles ; but let the other (the priest), standing aloof from the clamour, look only to Heaven, let him instruct the faithful in the Gospel and let him forget the injustices committed against him, in order that he may serve, attract to the fold and save those who hate and misjudge him."

VIII

DON GONZALO BULNES

AMONG the modern Chilean writers there are many who have devoted themselves to the study of special periods of the national history. The best-known among these is Gonzalo Bulnes, who, in addition to other historical essays of greater or lesser importance, wrote the best history of the War of the Pacific (1879–1883).

No one has portrayed more faithfully the essential nature of his work than Bulnes himself does in the preface to this excellent History. These are his own words :

"There are various ways of evoking the past. Both the historian and the photographer can focus upon the bright portion of the landscape and produce an impressionist picture full of light and colouring, suppressing the details which would connect it with the grosser material of the piece of land that is being photographed or the period that is being recorded, but history presented in that form is not instruction, because it is not the

truth. I have endeavoured to focus the camera upon events and men as they were in real life, in order that posterity may comprehend what obstacles the chariot of Victory encountered in its progress in 1879, and thus be able to make use of the lessons taught by those events if the country should ever again be in a similar situation, which God forbid.

" I could have placed before the public a book which would have been more pleasant to read, refraining from describing the events with a minuteness of detail which will, perhaps, appear excessive in some parts, but I believed it to be my duty to follow the example of the husbandman who supports the branches of each vine with poles in order that air and light may reach all its parts, that is to say, I considered myself bound to support every statement by the proofs and evidence confirming it, in order that the History, in which likewise the light penetrates to all parts, may later on be ratified by posterity. I acted in that way because I considered that the War of the Pacific took place during a period of which there are documentary records and regarding which it is necessary to establish the true facts, which has not yet been done."

Bulnes divided his chronological and authenticated narrative of events which brought such profound moral and material changes in Chile into three volumes: Volume One deals with the causes of the rupture, the hesitations during the earlier stages, the preparations for the mobilisation of the fleet and the army, the naval operations which gave Chile the mastery of the sea and the first battles in the arid plains of Tarapacá up to the conquest of that territory; Volume Two begins with the political bifurcation of a war waged simultaneously against Perú and against Bolivia, describes the march of the Chilean army across the desert, the assault and taking of Arica, the campaign at the gates of Lima and the occupation of the Capital of Perú after the battles of Chorrillos and Miraflores; Volume Three gives an account of the lengthy and tedious peace

negotiations, of the Peruvian leaders who carried on guerrilla warfare, of the short-lived and feeble Peruvian Governments and, in conclusion, of the final settlement by means of the Treaty of Ancón of 1883 and the Pact of Tregua concluded with Bolivia in 1884.

Bulnes had previously written four works of indisputable merit, namely, *Historia de la Campaña del Perú en* 1838 (History of the Peruvian Campaign of 1838), *Historia de la Expedicion Libertadora del Perú* (History of the Expedition for the Liberation of Perú), *Ultimas Campañas de la Independencia del Perú* (The Concluding Campaigns in the Peruvian War of Independence) and *Chile y la Argentina: Un Debate de* 55 *años* (Chile and Argentina: a Fifty-five Years' Dispute). But it was his *War of the Pacific* which placed him in the front rank of Chilean historians.

Owing to his plain style, his systematic method of setting out his facts, his calmness of judgment and his powers of description, Bulnes makes pleasant reading even for foreigners who are not interested like the Chileans in the vicissitudes and details of a war that lasted four years.

IX

DON TOMAS GUEVARA

ANOTHER modern historian who has not only revealed his capabilities as such but has also displayed a rare and wonderful capacity for scientific research is Tomás Guevara, who has made the Araucanian race his speciality. His *Historia de la Civilización de la Araucanía* (History of the Civilisation of Araucania) is of interest to the whole world and is written with a profound knowledge not only of the men who have played a part and of the events which have occurred since 1541 up to our own days, but also of the psychology and mentality of the Spaniards and the natives.

In addition to this, his principal literary work, Guevara has written a series of works on the folk-lore, the customs and the psychology of the Araucanians, which entitle him to be regarded as a scientist as well as a man of letters. His love of his country and the affection he feels for the aborigines—quite natural in a man who has lived among them for a lifetime—do not render Guevara blind to the facts or prevent him from portraying things and people as they really are.

The devouring process of the absorption of that one among the native American races which is most refractory to the civilisation of the Whites unfolds before the eyes of the reader of the *History of the Civilisation of Araucania* like a great drama embracing three and a half centuries, in which each actor comes upon the stage and bares his soul ; and on each page of this work and of his other books Guevara reveals himself as an ethnologist, an anthropologist, an archæologist, a psychologist and a philosopher, without ever lapsing into the dry scientific style of writing which is usually the result of great learning.

X

AMUNATEGUI SOLAR

KEEPING up an honoured family tradition, Domingo Amunátegui Solar has published a series of historical studies of very great value and considerable merit. His *Encomiendas de Indígenas* (appr. Grants of Native Serfs to Settlers) and his *Mayorazgos y Títulos de Castilla* (appr. Entail and Titles in Castile) shed great light upon the process of the formation of landed estates in Chile and the origin of present-day Chilean society. His *History of Literature* is likewise an excellent work and he has recently published another work entitled *Bajo la Dominación Española* (Under the Rule of Spain), in which, as is indicated by its name, life in Chile during the colonial period is portrayed.

XI

THAYER OJEDA

THE admirable works of Tomás Thayer Ojeda, the fruit of so much patience and erudition, may be compared with the Rosetta Stone, which rendered it possible to interpret the enigmas of Egypt. The almost incredibly laborious investigations he undertook in order, after the lapse of centuries, to identify the exact family relationships and dwelling-places of persons and to determine the precise situations of streets, estates and buildings, would have daunted any man not impelled, like Thayer Ojeda, by an irresistible passion for searching out the minutest details.

His *Los Conquistadores Españoles* (The Spanish Conquistadores) and his *Las Antiguas Ciudades de Chile* (The Ancient Towns of Chile) are, perhaps, the most notable of his works.

It seems fitting to conclude the list of Chilean historians with the name of one who will, no doubt, be the future source of information for those who desire to complete the work of the writers who have shed such lustre on the national literature in the immense and diversified field—now brilliantly illuminated, now plunged in the deepest obscurity—of the history of that land of Chile which the Spanish poet Marquina describes in the following words:

> " Between the lofty mountains and the sea
> The semblance of a sword God gave to thee—
> A sword suspended from the Andes' belt
> As from a suit of armour at whose side
> Thou art the ready blade. The ocean wide
> Lies outspread like a cloak just thrown aside
> And Araucania is the trusty hilt
> Which through the ages hardest blows defied
> And still unbroken guards the hand inside."

CHAPTER XX

NOVELISTS AND SOCIOLOGISTS

I. Blest Gana—II. Orrego Luco—III. A Group of Young Novelists—IV. An Eminent Sociologist—V. Fuenzalida Grandón.

WITH very few exceptions, the works of fiction, or novels, which have seen the light in Chile are the product of the present generation.

During the first half of the nineteenth century, the art of novel-writing was not much practised, except among certain of the disciples of Lastarria, who then began to try their hand at portrayals of social life and historical episodes.

I

BLEST GANA

IT is, perhaps, no exaggeration to say that during the whole of the nineteenth century there was only one novelist of note in Chile, namely, Alberto Blest Gana, who is the real father of that class of literature. His first attempts began to be published round about 1858.

In Blest Gana, who was the son of an Irish physician and a lady belonging to one of the patrician families of Santiago, the imagination of the Celt and the fire of the Spaniard were combined with a serene and well-balanced temperament which enabled him to keep within the limits of perfect propriety even in his most unvarnished portrayals of social life, which he depicted with the hand of a master, revealing acute powers of observation, a wonderful feeling for local colour and a profound acquaintance with the mentality and vocabulary of the humbler classes.

Although he was originally destined for a military career and was sent to France to study military engineering, Blest Gana ended by being one of the best diplomats that Chile has ever had. But above all he was a great novelist.

Of great culture and intellectual refinement he possessed a wonderfully retentive memory. Owing to his vivacity, which he retained to the end of his life, and to the inexhaustible store of episodes, anecdotes and recollections of persons and events which he had gathered in the course of his long career and preserved in his memory, and which he quoted, enlivened by the play of his humour, with wonderful aptness, his conversation was extraordinarily fascinating.

Of the men living in Paris at the time when Blest Gana was serving as Minister to France, perhaps none maintained such a close and cordial friendship with him as the celebrated *Times* correspondent Blowitz, who for so many years held in his hands the invisible threads of the network of political intrigue in which the Europe of the epoch of the "balance of power" lived.

Blest Gana's first work was *El Pago de las Deudas*, which he published as a feuilleton in the Chilean press; but the works of fiction which made his reputation, and were even found worthy of being translated into other languages, were *Martin Rivas*, *El Ideal de un Calavera* and, many years later, after his retirement from diplomacy, *Los Trasplantados*. The latter is perhaps his masterpiece. When he wrote it, Blest Gana had refined his taste in the intellectual atmosphere of Paris, perhaps the most suitable for the novelist. The subject he selected was one with which he was familiar, namely, the degeneration of the transplanted offshoots of old South American stocks. After an absence of nearly half a century, Blest Gana still preserved fresh the memory of the home-life of the people of his native country and thus he was able to depict in the scenes of his novel the idiosyncrasies of the native Chileans and

to portray the simple-minded people living a life of artificiality and ostentation in a world to which they did not belong and finally being swept away by the great stream of cosmopolitanism.

Blest Gana's books will endure because they depict customs which are the product of the inborn character of a race, scenes which time does not change and personalities that change their names but not their natures.

II

ORREGO LUCO

LUIS ORREGO LUCO is the continuator of Blest Gana's work. He is a member of a family of artists and writers, has devoted himself to literature from an early age and has distinguished himself as a writer of short stories. That is, by the way, the title of one of his best known and most popular books, which was written in Europe. Shortly afterwards, round about 1896, he published another collection of tales and novelettes under the title of *Pandectas*.

But the novel with which Orrego Luco obtained his greatest success was *Casa Grande*. In that work he shows himself to be an acute and ironical observer of social life.

His literary career has not yet come to an end and it is not yet possible to form a judgment of it as a whole. But in the meantime the books which he has already published entitle him to a place among the best Chilean novelists of the end of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth century.

III

A GROUP OF YOUNG NOVELISTS

DURING the last twenty years, various writers gifted with vivid imagination, great descriptive powers and remarkable psychological penetration have become prominent in Chilean literature. It is no

exaggeration to say that in the domain of literature a revival is in progress in Chile similar to that which began in 1842 in other intellectual spheres.

In witness of this we have, among others, Baldomero Lillo, who, in his *Sub-Terra*, has described the arduous life and cheerful disposition of the miners ; Pedro Prado, whose *Alsino* was so full of music and poetry that it inspired a composer to write one of the most beautiful musical works which have seen the light in Chile ; Mariano Latorre, who might be called the " landscapist of the pen " in view of his wonderful descriptions of the countrysides, forests, lakes and mountains of the country ; and, finally, Eduardo Barrios, perhaps the most notable of all, who made his name known by an affecting study of child psychology which he called *El Niño que enloqueció de Amor* (The Love-smitten Boy), which has had the honour of being included in an edition of selected modern works published in Spain.

Shortly after writing that work, Barrios wrote another novel to which he gave the name *Un Perdido* (A Waster). In this book he gives an unvarnished and extraordinarily realistic description of the country in Northern Chile.

And as a demonstration of his artistic versatility he recently published a book which is the antithesis of the previous one. This is *El Hermano Asno* (Brother Ass), a book full of poetic feeling, mysticism and audacity which has procured for Barrios not only a great reputation but also the enmity of the Franciscan Friars. His hero plays his part amid the surroundings of a Franciscan monastery and the thesis which Barrios develops is that it is permissible to commit a sin with the object of discrediting a Saint who contravenes the precepts enjoining the humility, aloofness from the world and simplicity which are the essential virtues of the Order founded by St. Francis, who called the human body " Brother Ass."

Fernando Santiván has acquired a sound reputation in this class of literature, surely the most difficult in

which to attain fame because of the abundance of second-rate production. In his books, *The Crucible* and *Robles, Blum and Co.*, he shows exceptional aptitude as a novelist. Hernán Diaz Arrieta has also enriched the fiction of Chile by *The Restless Spirit* and, lastly, Augusto d'Halmar has given us creative works which show the Ibsenite tendencies so reminiscent of his Scandinavian origin and his Bohemian temperament, further exemplified by his works, *La Sombra del humo en el espejo* (Smoke dims the Mirror), *Pasión y muerte del Cura Deusto* (Passion and Death of Father Deusto), *Gatita* (Kitten).

IV

AN EMINENT SOCIOLOGIST

VALENTIN LETELIER, who was born at Linares in 1852, was the intellectual light of his generation. Philosopher, jurist, educator, investigator and journalist, Letelier was perhaps the most learned man of his time.

While he occupied the Chair of Literature and Philosophy at the Liceo in Copiapó, he began to study positivism in 1875 and shortly afterwards, in 1877, he added to his activities the task of editing *El Atacama*, the most important journal in the district. Later on he lived in Germany, as Secretary of the Chilean Legation in Berlin, and on returning to his own country he commenced the work of collecting and arranging the Reports of the Sittings of the National Congress, from the first sitting, held in 1811, up to 1845. His work, which appeared under the title of *The Sittings of the Legislative Bodies*, is the best and most valuable contribution made to the history of the first thirty-four years of Chilean independence. It represents an amount of research work which would have daunted any man not endowed, like Letelier, with an intellect of the temper of steel.

Whilst, as Professor of Administrative Law at the State University, he left behind him a reputation for lucidity and erudition such as are rarely met with, as Rector of the highest educatory institution in the country he displayed a philosophical conception of education, a breadth of judgment and a tolerance as regards doctrines which caused the country to recognise him as the most eminent educator that had ever frequented the halls of the University.

His whole life was spent in continuous study and in no less assiduous labours to impart to others, from love of learning and truth, and unstintingly, the fruits of his work. His contributions can be read not only in all the Chilean journals and reviews, but also in the French and Spanish reviews. Among the latter, that which contains the largest number of his contributions is the *Revista de Sociología y Legislación* (Sociological and Legislational Review) of Madrid.

Letelier's output, prodigious as it was, was confined to the domains of law, philosophy and, above all, sociology. His *Filosofía de la Educación* (Philosophy of Education), his *Lucha por la Cultura* (Struggle for Culture) and his *Ciencia del Derecho Administrativo* (Science of Administrative Law) are all didactic works which reveal in him a lofty spirit and extraordinary mental power.

But the work which most fully entitles Letelier to be called the most learned man of his time is his masterly *Génesis del Estado y de sus Instituciones Fundamentales* (Genesis of the State and of its Fundamental Institutions), published in 1917, and part only of a larger work, entitled *Ciencia del Derecho y de las Instituciones* (Science of Law and Institutions), which he had been composing since 1882 and was writing when overtaken by death. Letelier's "Genesis of the State" is a felicitous attempt to give a scientific character to juridical teaching and to furnish a practical demonstration of the possibility of studying institutions by the inductive method. The

book is throughout inspired by sociology. As he himself says in the Introduction, the novel feature in his work "consists essentially in having completed the sociological theory of the State by resuming and developing the immortal teachings of Aristotle."

This book of Letelier's will always have a place among the classical works of the same nature. As one peruses its pages, the outlines of public institutions, rudimentary in their beginnings, assume more and more distinct a form, and the development of what to-day appears to us to be new and original can be traced through the ages.

The death of Letelier in the prime of his intellectual vigour was a great misfortune for literature and for Chile.

V

FUENZALIDA GRANDON

THIS distinguished Professor of History at the Instituto Nacional is one of the few who have followed in the footsteps of Letelier in the study of sociology. Alejandro Fuenzalida was born at Copiapó in 1865, and is now in the prime of life, and at the height of his career as a writer.

He has published a large number of works. Thirty-five years ago he published his first book, *El valor histórico de la novela contemporánea* (The Historical Value of the Contemporaneous Novel), and in 1903 and 1906 respectively he published his two best works, his *Historia del desarrollo intelectual de Chile* (History of the Intellectual Development of Chile) and *La evolución social de Chile* (The Social Evolution of Chile). Both works deal with the period of two and a half centuries lying between 1541 and 1810.

As Fuenzalida himself says in his Preliminary Observations, the *Historia del desarrollo intelectual de Chile* deals with the intellectual development of Chile, from

the time of the Conquest up to the attainment of independence, in the spheres of education, theology, jurisdiction, medicine, geography, mathematics, the natural sciences and the mining industry. Thus the reader sees pass in review before his eyes the foundation of the University of San Felipe, with its archaic organisation and its naïve and pedantic ceremonies; the religious colleges of the eighteenth century with their theological curricula and their monastic rather than scholastic rules and regulations, and their special dress of "becca," long cassock and caps; the foundation of the Academy of San Luis, of which mention has already been made in Chapter XIX, and the influence of Manuel de Salas in the intellectual development of Chile; the educational rivalries between the Dominicans and the Jesuits and the moral condition of the regular and secular clergy; the education, if one may call it such, of women; the functioning of those strange foundations called "beateríos"; the coming into existence of the body of native-born lawyers and of that of the physicians and surgeons, with all the prejudices and superstitions of the period; the activities of the first geographers, naturalists and engineers; and, finally, the primitive beginnings of the mining and metallurgical industry from the first gold-washes of Valdivia's time to the working of gold, silver and copper mines, and even saltpetre deposits, during the last years of the colonial period.

To a certain extent, *La evolución social de Chile* is the complement of the foregoing work. In it Fuenzalida Grandón begins with an examination of the onomatology of Chile, in which he analyses the aboriginal names and nicknames and the changes made in family names of foreign origin, and goes on to deal with the infiltration and activity of the Jews; the arrival of the first Greek and Italian families in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, of which the Gallos and the Casanovas survive to the present day; the violent restrictive measures taken against foreigners; the arrival

of Portuguese, French, Anglo-Saxon, Slav, Scandinavian and German families; the intellectual influence of the Argentine students who studied at the University of San Felipe; the predominance of the religious Orders in university education; the development of the municipal services; and, finally, the development of the means of communication.

The two works of Fuenzalida Grandón with which we have just been dealing are sufficient to make his reputation as a writer. It is to be hoped that he will complete his work by a study of the intellectual development of Chile from 1810 to the present day, as Barros Arana requested him to do.

CHAPTER XXI

THE NATIONAL JOURNALISM

I. Its Birth.—II. Its Character—III. Blanco Cuartín—IV. Rodriguez—V. Arteaga Alemparte—VI. Fanor Velasco—VII. Isidoro Errázuriz—VIII. Augusto Orrego Luco—IX. Vicente Grez—X. Diaz Garcés—XI. Silva Vildósola—XII. Some Rising Journalists.

I

ITS BIRTH

JOURNALISM is, in Chile, a class of literature which belongs exclusively to the era of independence. From the foundation of the first periodical, *La Aurora*, on February 13th, 1812, until 1828, Chile was flooded with sheets published more or less periodically and all of them more or less violent and passionate in the expression of their political ideas, and bombastic, emphatic and declamatory in their tone and language. That was, by the way, an evil of the times.

José Miguel Carrera brought the first printing-press to Chile and started *La Aurora* under the direction of Camilo Henriquez, the Friar of the Order of the Buena Muerte who had been indicted before the tribunal of the Holy Office and imprisoned on account of his heterodox views. Henriquez was a Chilean by birth and besides defending his country's cause he satisfied his own revolutionary impulses by becoming an intrepid and aggressive champion of the ideas of the French philosophers of the eighteenth century. In the eyes of the Spanish reactionaries and monarchists of the time, Camilo Henriquez was not a follower of Christ and a Minister of His Church, but an "Apostle of Satan," as they frequently called him. Henriquez's activity was so great that in the course of ten years he edited twelve

important periodicals, among them being one called *El Censor* which he published in Buenos Aires when compelled to take refuge there after the defeat of the Patriot forces at Rancagua.

"Camilo Henriquez," says Barros Arana, "began his career as a writer late in life. He had not exercised his pen in his youth, nor did he know the resources of our language, having carried on his studies in the artificial Latin of modern writers and having widened his knowledge by reading such foreign books as he was able to obtain. His method of expression, usually laboured, did not give full prominence or clearness to his thoughts, and although he was able to bring conviction to minds of moderate education he did not possess the vigour and sense of 'colour' which makes writers popular."

Nevertheless, and in spite of those defects, Camilo Henriquez was perhaps the most eloquent advocate of the cause of liberty and by his innumerable proclamations and articles he contributed to the awakening of the sentiment of nationality.

In his first proclamation, which he signed under the pseudonym of Querino Limachez, the following lines appear:

"We have already in our hands the great and precious instrument of universal education. Sound principles, the knowledge of our eternal rights and salutary and useful truths will become disseminated among all classes in the country."

This, Henriquez's first literary production, urged the Chilean people to obtain complete independence and made such a sensation that it was printed and circulated in London on June 30th, 1811.

As Amunátegui says in his work, *Los Precursores de la Independencia* (The Precursors of Independence),[1] Camilo Henriquez was the most capable and intrepid thinker of the Chilean revolution. He lived and died in poverty, his only capital being a few books and his only

[1] Miguel Luis Amunátegui, Vol. I, p. 23 et seq.

instrument for attaining greatness his pen. He was educated in Lima in a monastery and became a member of the body of monks there, but nevertheless he left the cloister as a philosopher who concealed beneath his monk's cowl a head filled with the ideas of the French freethinkers. And Amunátegui adds that "it was impossible for a man who had seen such an extraordinary revolution take place in himself to doubt that the same thing was possible in society."

It was, perhaps, with a recollection of his own doubts and hesitations that Henriquez wrote in *La Aurora* on January 7th, 1813:

"Liberty has to overcome many obstacles and to pass through dense shadows."

From February 13th until May 28th, 1812, Henriquez published the periodical *La Aurora* every Thursday, and in the sixteen numbers which appeared during that time he does not make even the remotest allusion to the ideals of independence which he cherished. On the contrary, in the prospectus of the new periodical, the following phrase, very disconcerting for those who were fighting for those ideals, can be read:

"Long live the Union, our Country and our King."

But in No. 17, in a leading article entitled "A Memorable Example," he faces the problem resolutely, alluding to the great political achievement of the English colonies in America in emancipating themselves from the Mother Country.

In order to appreciate what great importance the Patriots attached to having a press of their own, it suffices to recall the fact that a scion of one of the most distinguished families, Manuel José Gandarillas, worked in the humble printing-office as a printer in order to aid in the production of Camilo Henriquez's paper.

One of the most illustrious contributors to *La Aurora* was Manuel de Salas. His writings are didactic in nature and led to the foundation of many institutions such as the Academy of Mathematics, the National

Library and the Instituto, or to social reforms of the utmost importance such as the abolition of slavery and the rehabilitation of criminals.

Some famous foreigners of immortal memory, such as Egaña and Irisarri, were also among the contributors to *La Aurora*.

II

ITS CHARACTER

THE history of journalism in Chile has no dark pages but, on the contrary, is a record of integrity born of the high conception which Chilean journalists have at all times had of their mission. We have had hot-headed, unjust and even, perhaps, virulent journalists, but we have never had either venal journalists or a venal press. In the first half of the nineteenth century, journals devoted to controversy and personal discussions predominated. Informative and impersonal journalism, which was confined to one or two publications during the second half of that century, is predominant in Chile in the twentieth century. Discussions of the private life of individuals no longer find a place in its columns and only the public activities of public men, such as politicians, writers or business-men, are discussed more or less impartially and with greater or lesser acrimony.

There are vulgar journals in the country at the present day, but there are none lacking in patriotism or integrity.

In Chile the journalistic press has been, ever since its birth, the great rostrum from which many of the men who have played a prominent part in politics, and all of those who have distinguished themselves in literature, have made their moral and intellectual personality known. There is no Chilean author who has not been a journalist at some period of his life.

Domingo Faustino Sarmiento, the renowned Argentinian whom the tyranny of Rosas compelled to take refuge in Chile repeatedly, exercised a great influence upon the development of journalism. With his gifts as an educator, which have made his name immortal, he combined the fire and ability of an experienced controversialist and, when settled in Chile, he entered the arena for the purpose of vehemently defending the most novel doctrines and the most daring forms of thought. Sarmiento was imbued with a dynamic reforming energy which made him more than a political revolutionary, in fact, an intellectual revolutionary. It was inevitable that he should come into conflict with Bello, the apostle of classical culture.

Sarmiento's mentality and temperament were best suited to journalism and he was the founder of a school in that branch of literature just as Bello was the founder of a school in the other classes of literary work.

The coming on the scene of Sarmiento marked the beginning of a new stage in the development of journalism and shortly afterwards, when the journals had already to a great extent lost their local and vulgar character, men of great literary attainments began to take up journalistic work and finally converted journalism into a real national force.

III

BLANCO CUARTIN

AMONG these, the first in chronological order and the foremost in journalistic ability was Manuel Blanco Cuartín. He was born in Santiago on December 22nd, 1822, and was the son of the Argentine poet and *littérateur* Ventura Blanco Encalada.

From his childhood he had been brought up in the love of literature and he entered upon his career as a writer when twenty years of age, displaying a great perfection of style and much wit and grace in expression.

He was not carried away by the current of French and Spanish romanticism, so much in vogue at that time. His writings, composed in the purest of styles, sparkle with the flashes of a fresh and youthful intellect unfettered by the chains of classicism.

In his articles in the Press, Blanco Cuartín clothed the satire and irony which were his favourite weapons in political warfare in a perfect style and refined language.

As sole editor of a literary periodical named *El Mosaico*, Blanco Cuartín set an example of purity of style and loftiness of conception, but when, in 1866, he took over the editorship of *El Mercurio*, of Valparaiso, which he held for twenty years, he revealed himself as the foremost journalist of his time.

In that journal he published a notable work entitled *Memoria sobre la Historia de la Filosofía y la Medicina* (Notes on the History of Philosophy and Medicine).

On becoming a member of the Faculty of Philosophy and the Humanities in 1876, he read a highly original paper entitled *Lo que queda de Voltaire* (What is left of Voltaire), which gave rise to a storm of protests on account of the sharpness and biting sarcasm with which he tore that philosopher's works to pieces. He asserted that all that was left of them was "two teeth and an ankle-bone."

The Italian writer Teófilo Mostardi Fioretti challenged Blanco Cuartín's audacity in the columns of the Radical journal *El Deber*, and the debate was so interesting and carried on with so much ingenuity that it had the distinction of being published in two pamphlets entitled respectively *Lo que queda de Voltaire* (What is left of Voltaire) and *La Herencia de Voltaire* (What we have inherited from Voltaire).

In *El Mercurio* can be read, among others of his contributions, his articles entitled *El Arte dramático español* (Spanish Dramatic Art), *Nuestros Literatos* (Our Literati), *Los bohemios del talento* (appr. The Bohemians

of the World of Talent), and *Justo Arteaga Alemparte,* which are models of journalistic literature.

In 1885 Blanco Cuartín founded the *Chilean Academy* and on joining it he read a notable critical paper on modern lyric poetry. He died five years later in Santiago.

IV

RODRIGUEZ

ZOROBABEL RODRIGUEZ, who has with good reason been called the Chilean Villemain, appeared on the stage of journalism during the period when Blanco Cuartín was filling the columns of the *Mercurio* with the fruits of his genius, although he was seventeen years younger than Cuartín. Rodriguez was a redoubtable controversialist. His sincere religious faith made of him a real journalistic crusader setting forth to persecute unbelievers.

Rodriguez was born in 1839 at Quillota, where he retained an estate until his death, and from a very early age he gave proofs of the versatility of his talent. He was a born journalist and had a profound knowledge of philology and literature.

He made his entry upon the field of politico-religious controversy in a periodical called *El Bien público* (The Public Welfare), which appeared in 1863, and whilst fighting spear in rest for his convictions, he published his original novel dealing with Chilean social life, *La cueva del loco Eustaquio* (The Cave of Eustace the Madman) as a feuilleton.

He accomplished his greatest journalistic work as editor of the Conservative paper, *El Independiente,* which he himself founded in May, 1864, to serve as the organ of the Conservative Party. During twenty years he fought hard to overcome the resistance of his own party to certain politico-social reforms and vigorously

combated socialistic propaganda and rationalistic doctrines.

In 1872 Rodriguez published a study on religious, economic and political subjects entitled *Francisco Bilbao, su vida y sus doctrinas* (Francisco Bilbao, his Life and Teachings), which gave rise to a violent controversy. For a man of the temperament of Rodriguez, such a result was an incentive to go on writing similar works.

His most enduring and forceful work is his *Diccionario de Chilenismos* (Dictionary of Chileanisms), in which he reveals his profound knowledge of philology. This book may be ranked among the most notable of its kind.

In the Conservative journal, *La Unión*, which was started in Valparaiso in 1885, Rodriguez left deep traces of his doctrinarianism, his noble enthusiasm for what he believed to be good and true, and his powers of subtle irony for the castigation of what he believed to be evil and false.

His literary personality was versatile and flexible. He was able, without doing violence to his nature, to cast aside the pen of the controversialist in order to become a calm, erudite and constructive critic. Few writers have attained to greater amenity, simplicity and lightness of style.

In 1901 Chilean literature lost in Rodriguez one of its most capable standard-bearers.

V

ARTEAGA ALEMPARTE

THIS name covers in reality two brothers, Justo and Domingo, each of whom was the complement of the other, as was the case with the brothers Amunátegui.

Justo was a distinguished journalist. He was born in Concepción in 1834 and in 1857, when twenty-three years of age, he entered upon his literary career by contributing to *El País*, *La Actualidad* and *La Discusión*. He was of

very strong liberal convictions and the distinguishing features of his articles are pointed conciseness and a refined style.

In 1859, in conjunction with his brother, who was his junior by one year, he founded a literary periodical called *La Semana*, which had a great influence upon the intellectual development of the period.

With their incisive style and their sparkling diction, the brothers Arteaga Alemparte gave a novel and distinctive cachet to journalism.

Blanco Cuartín said of the brothers Arteaga Alemparte that with their unrivalled talent for popularisation they made the most important and complicated questions intelligible to the public.

The best-conceived work of the brothers Arteaga Alemparte is their treatise entitled *Los constituyentes chilenos de* 1870 (The Chilean National Representatives of 1870). And among Justo Arteaga's works that which best displays his originality, erudition and wit is *Diógenes*, which he published in pamphlet form in several parts.

VI

FANOR VELASCO

IN 1843, nine years after the birth of Justo Arteaga, another distinguished journalist was born in Santiago, namely, Fanor Velasco. From his childhood he gave proofs that journalism was his vocation, and at school he wrote manuscript leaflets which were the delight of his juvenile companions.

Being poor, Velasco was compelled to give up the study of law and devote himself to journalism. His is one of the cases in which poverty has been the incentive to the accomplishment of great things.

He began his career on the staff of an unimportant and ephemeral journal called *La República*, and a little later on he joined the staff of the great Santiago daily paper,

El Ferrocarril, which for so many years kept up the best traditions of the national journalism.

He contributed successively to various journals and literary reviews articles distinguished by his ironical and light-hearted style.

On one occasion Velasco held Benjamín Vicuña Mackenna up to ridicule and the latter prosecuted him. Velasco defended himself in verses which moved the members of the jury to laughter and put an end to the danger to which his audacity had exposed him.

During the civil war of 1891 Velasco was Under Secretary at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. His capacity for acute observation was afforded extensive opportunities of gathering information, which his son subsequently published under the title of *La Revolución de* 1891 (The Revolution of 1891).

VII

ISIDORO ERRAZURIZ

TO class Isidoro Errázuriz solely among the journalists would not be doing justice to him. He was more—much more—than a mere journalist, but he left deeper and more extensive marks of his talents in the columns of *El Mercurio* and *La Patria* than in the Reports of the Sittings of Congress or on the shelves of the libraries. The golden voice, the elegant gestures, the moving eloquence full of unexpected turns of speech, which made Isidoro Errázuriz the most notable of Chilean orators, are gone for ever.

Of small stature, with flashing eyes, a broad forehead burnished like old ivory, an aquiline nose and an imperial—such was the appearance of the man at whose slightest sign of an intention to speak there was a hush of silence and a movement of expectation. And gradually the little man came to seem a giant, his flashing eyes were like two searchlights and the listening multitude was

loath to lose a single syllable of his speech or miss the slightest of his gestures. When he was delivering an address everything about him had its significance, even his sudden pauses and intervals of silence at certain moments.

He could be terrible in parliamentary debates. On one occasion when a politician turned against his own party, Errázuriz thundered at him : " It is a dirty bird that fouls its own nest ! "

Having been educated in Germany and the United States, Errázuriz had acquired a store of knowledge and a culture which were to his intellect what good seed is to a fertile soil.

He was born in 1835 and completed his education in 1858, in which year he returned to Chile, and he was therefore twenty-three years of age when Vicuña Mackenna, who was himself only twenty-seven at that time, requested him to join the editorial staff of the periodical, *La Asamblea Constituyente*, which he was editing. Both of them, the fieriness of their temperaments enhanced by their youth, violently advocated constitutional reform. And the Government of the time caused them to be imprisoned and shortly afterwards expelled them from the country on account of their revolutionary activities.

With his mind enriched by life in European surroundings and his character strengthened by adversity, Errázuriz returned to Chile in 1861, when the amnesty law was promulgated. A year later he resumed his journalistic activities and became editor successively of *La Voz de Chile*, to which Blanco Cuartín and Barros Arana, among others, contributed, and *El Mercurio*.

But the talent and energy of Errázuriz demanded that he should have a journal of his own and in 1863 he started *La Patria* in Valparaiso and kept it going for more than thirty years.

Errázuriz took part in the campaign against Perú and Bolivia (1879–1883) as Secretary to the Minister of War in the Field, Don José Francisco Vergara, and after the

occupation of Lima he satisfied his journalistic instincts by publishing in the city of the Viceroys a journal to which he gave the name *La Actualidad*. Later on he assembled his memories of that campaign in a volume entitled *Hombres y cosas de la guerra* (Men and Matters in the War).

His best book, his *Historia de la Administración Errázuriz* (History of the Errázuriz Administration), which he began in 1875, remained unfinished. What he did succeed in publishing of it reveals his wonderful gifts as an historian, and, what is more, his artistic temperament, which, therefore, found expression in his books as well as in his speeches and articles in the Press. That is not surprising, because he was a poet and composed excellent verses. A great admirer of the German classics he spoke German with as much fluency as his own language, whilst he also had a thorough knowledge of English and French.

Being a Sybarite in intellectual as in material things, Errázuriz did not attain that degree of influence and dominion over the men and affairs of his country to which his talents and culture would have entitled him. People always applauded him, but seldom followed him.

VIII

AUGUSTO ORREGO LUCO

THE Doctor of Medicine, *littérateur* and politician who bears this name was born fourteen years later than Errázuriz and, fortunately for his native country and for the lustre of the national literature, is still living and in full enjoyment of the affection and admiration of his friends, among whom are included all those who take an interest in the intellectual progress of their native Chile.

Orrego Luco made his début in journalism by writing for Isidoro Errázuriz's journal *La Patria*.

His intellectual activity has been extraordinary and has embraced journalism, the scientific studies proper to his profession, parliamentary and academic oratory, the translation of English poetry, a professorship, literary criticism and even active participation in political warfare.

Diseases of the nervous system and the brain have been the favourite subject of his scientific studies and he has specialised in that branch of the medical profession. The elegant literary form in which he discusses his subject and the philosophical and psychological turn he gives to it make his works interesting to a much wider circle than that of men of science alone.

In 1875, after a memorable controversy with Domingo Arteaga Alemparte, Orrego Luco succeeded in bringing about the abolition of Latin instruction in the schools of the country.

There was a time when he was writing in three journals simultaneously, taking an active part, in conjunction with Isidoro Errázuriz, in the debates in the Chamber of Deputies and, in addition, carrying out the duties of City Physician of Santiago.

Orrego Luco was one of the best editors the *Mercurio* has had, and he is still one of its most eminent and most constant contributors.

IX

VICENTE GREZ

LIGHT-HEARTED, sparkling and witty, Grez was a *dilettante* in journalism, but for many years he enlivened several of the Santiago journals, among them *La Epoca*, the journalistic home of many brilliant writers such as Rubén Darío, Pedro Balmaceda and Alfredo Irarrázaval Zañartu. Grez was an artist in satire. With short but energetic strokes of his brush he brought out the lights and shades of the ridiculous with the hand of a master.

Although good-hearted and sentimental by nature, Grez retaliated when he was attacked and he was a living example of the French saying: "*C'est un animal méchant, quand on l'attaque il se défend.*" (That's a wicked animal, when it's attacked it defends itself.)

On one occasion a writer, who was angry with Grez because the latter had published an article in which he (the writer) believed himself to be held up to ridicule, met Grez walking along the same footpath in the street and refused to give way to him. "I do not make way for riff-raff," he said, with a threatening gesture, and Grez, who stuttered a little, stepped down into the roadway and, with an indescribably ironical expression in his mischievous little eyes, replied simply: "But, *I* do."

Grez distinguished himself, above all, as an art critic. His book *La Historia del Paisaje en Chile* (The History of Landscape Painting in Chile) reveals his great knowledge of painting and his artistic perception. Some years afterwards he published in Paris, in the French language, a notable treatise on the subject of the Fine Arts in Chile.

He made his reputation as a journalist at the age of twenty years by writing on current events in a section of a journal called *La República* set aside for that purpose under the heading *El Día* (The Day), in which his pen dealt caustically and light-heartedly with the daily happenings in Santiago. In 1893 he took over the editorship of Isidoro Errázuriz's paper *La Patria*, but before that he had edited a satirical periodical called *El Charivari* jointly with Orrego Luco.

And that witty and brilliant man, a lover of art and the embodiment of fantasy and good humour, ended his life as Director of Statistics. The ironies of destiny are often finer than those conceived by the most brilliant minds.

X

DIAZ GARCES

BY the death of Diaz Garcés in the prime of his life, when scarcely more than forty years of age, journalism lost one of the acutest and most brilliant minds which have been connected with it in modern times.

He commenced his career as a journalist in the columns of *El Chileno*, a popular journal with a Conservative tendency which, thanks to his contributions and those of his then colleague Carlos Silva Vildósola, attained the largest circulation in the country. Light-hearted and full of drollery, he achieved his first successes without being conscious of the fact that he had taken up the sceptre of the writers on social life which had not been wielded since the death of Jotabeche. His pen glided lightly, gaily and naturally over the pages. His genius lay more in the conception than in the construction of his writings. The most admirable thing about Angel Pino (that was the pseudonym he adopted) was the naturalness with which he laughed at the ridiculous or portrayed a personality or painted a picture of social life. The obituary article published by *El Mercurio*, to which journal he had contributed for more than twenty years, says in that connection :

"He was as a rule a good-natured humorist ; his jests, sane and cheerful as the laughter of a man who is content with life, are without offence and without venom ; the sound of his hearty laugh is the same whether he is dealing with the common run of politicians, or with the puppets of literature or art whom he causes to dance with such infectious gaiety."

But Diaz Garcés was also capable of showing tenderness, delicacy and sentimentality in his writings. And in the columns of *El Chileno*, *El Mercurio* and *El Diario Ilustrado*, the three journals which absorbed his life as

a publicist—the first at its commencement, the second at its prime and almost throughout its course, and the third during its last years—one can see how he sympathised with suffering, how he hastened to the aid of misery, how he opened his heart to every kind feeling and to every hope.

Good humour, sensitiveness, patriotism and an intimate understanding of the Chilean soul are the salient characteristics of his work as a journalist.

XI

SILVA VILDOSOLA

IT is difficult to speak in these pages of Carlos Silva Vildósola, the most vigorous and fertile Chilean journalist of our time. For a quarter of a century he has lived and written in close contact with the author of this book. But if it is difficult to speak of him, it would be impossible to pass over his name in silence in a discussion of Chilean journalism.

His influence in the direction of the modernisation of journalism has been immense and in the direction of the elimination of personal and abusive polemics, so common up to 1900, it has been decisive. His artistic temperament has always kept him aloof from anything that appeared to him to be common and gross. During the years he spent in England he imbibed the impersonal spirit found in the columns of *The Times* and acquired standards which were wonderfully suited to his temperament and corresponded fully with his ambition of raising journalism to the level of a priesthood of the religion of patriotism.

One day an old friend of his said to Silva Vildósola, regarding his personal appearance, that he did not know whether it was Dante or Mr. Punch that stood before him. The acute old man had, also, at the same time penetrated the secret of his mentality. At times, im-

pelled by his lightning-like inspiration, he rises to heights of a true poetry of journalism and at other times he indulges in satire of such wit and intensity as would almost make his readers believe themselves to be looking at one of the cartoons in which *Punch* portrays a personality or an action.

Vibrant, ardent, sometimes aggressive and sometimes tender and benignant, classical and scientific in his method of dealing with literary subjects or educational problems, gay and fantastic when it is a matter of ridiculing weaknesses or simply of entertaining his readers, and always interesting—Carlos Silva Vildósola is perhaps the most versatile journalist that Chile has given birth to.

As he himself says, the journalist must write to impress the imagination of his readers with magnetic force for twenty-four hours. No matter if, at the end of that time, the public forgets what he has written. It is his business to repeat the dose for the next twenty-four hours.

The letters he wrote as correspondent during the Great War will survive in the history of the journalism of Chile. In those letters he displayed a wonderfully clear and profound prevision of the outcome and end of the event he was narrating. When war broke out he predicted that it would be a long one and that the cause of the Allies would be triumphant, because it stood for the preservation of the Public Law in Europe. Throughout the four years and three months for which the war lasted, he depicted with the hand of a master its horrors, its ups and downs and its heroisms, preserving all the time a confidence in the final triumph of the Allies which almost seemed to be due to sheer obstinacy and blindness. He felt that he was fulfilling a high mission, championing a cause which, if it lost, would be the tomb of civilisation, and if it triumphed would be the cradle of a new era in international relations. And he never lost courage, even in the darkest and saddest hours.

Eager for sensations which would satisfy his desire

to share the feelings of the soldiers of the Allies, he visited all parts of the French, Belgian and Italian fronts and made a flight above the German lines in a French aeroplane.

After the armistice of 1918 he returned to Chile and has since then pursued his journalistic career there, filling the pages of the *Mercurio* with the fruits of his inspiration and enriching the intellectual life of Chile with his personality—vigorous as an oak of the forest, varying as a Fregoli, fine and flexible as a Toledo foil, inexhaustible as an encyclopedia, brilliant as the colour of the *copihues* which kissed the stones of the Fort of Arauco in which he first saw the light of day.

XII

SOME RISING JOURNALISTS

THE relative prosperity attained of late years by journalistic enterprise has considerably widened the group of men who have adopted journalism as a profession. It would indeed be difficult, within a few lines, to do justice to all those who give daily the best of their talent to feed the voracity of the public; filling hurriedly, at high pressure, the transient life of a sheet that has to be written and printed in a few short hours. But, in Chilean journalism, there are names which cannot be overlooked. Among them in the first rank there must occur to the mind the name of Jenaro Prieto, to whom, among the family of literature, one may assign the place of intellectual grandson and son of Jotabeche and Diaz Garcés respectively. He is more trenchant than they in his humour and satire. He seeks rather to amuse than to wound. On rare occasions, nevertheless, he attains the former without the latter. His writings, like wine, improve with time. The literary merit of his articles stands out the clearer in measure as the men and events which he has laughed at fade into

the shadow of forgotten things. Prieto is of the school of Rabelais and is reminiscent of him in the prologue of Gargantua:

"It is better to write to make people laugh than to make them cry, because laughter is the natural function of man."

It is a good thing that he is never serious in his writings because, as Addison said, that "is the first step to boredom."

. . . . . .

Impossible would it be to omit, among the wittiest journalists of recent times, the name of Galvarino Gallardo Nieto. Versatile, caustic, brilliant, few have a greater command of the rich Castilian language. Lawyer by profession, Cabinet Minister at one time, journalist always and foremost, his wide knowledge of people and things enables him to write, at a moment's notice, vividly and deeply on any subject. Events never take him by surprise nor can they disturb him even if they touch him personally; and, every time, he rises to the occasion, never failing to interest his readers.

The most arid subjects seem to gain life and romance at the touch of his magic wand.

. . . . . .

Another writer, Enrique Tagle Moreno, made a great name for himself in journalism under the pseudonym of Victor Noir. His natural inclination is to be carried away by his imagination. Ponson du Terrail and Conan Doyle appear to be his models. He is, however, sufficiently a journalist not to be led away from the realities of things nor from the prosaic life of the people for whom the newspaper is as their daily bread. His articles are read with eagerness, applauded and even kept to add to other collected cuttings and so saved from the usual fate of newspapers in a country in which wrapping paper pays a very high customs duty.

. . . . . .

The legitimate heir of the brilliant qualities of his father and of the traditions of Don Zorobabel Rodriguez is Rafael Luis Gumucio. A formidable and passionate fighter, he has fenced in the columns of the *Diario Ilustrado* with the sharp foil of his talent, and without mercy against all that contradicts his political doctrines or seems to combat his ideals. The vigour of his pen and the impetuosity of his generous temperament have brought upon him troubles and pain. The late Lord Oxford, better known under his original name of Asquith, in an address to the students of the University of Aberdeen, gave this advice to those who aspired to rise:

"Keep always with you, wherever your course may lie, the best and most enduring gift that a University can bestow—the company of great thoughts, the inspiration of great ideals, the example of great achievements, the consolation of great failures. So equipped you can face, without perturbation, the buffets of circumstance, the caprice of fortune, all the inscrutable vicissitudes of life."

This advice is equally opportune and equally true at the time when a group of ignorant youths, full of enthusiasm, start out on the battle of life, as it is equally true at the moment in which a journalist and a leader in a political cause encounters "the buffets of circumstance, the caprice of fortune, all the inscrutable vicissitudes of life."

. . . . . .

Carlos Dávila has just left the ranks of journalism after a rapid and brilliant career. *La Nación* became, thanks to his vigour, a formidable political weapon which stirred to its depths the inert but ductile mass of Chilean public opinion. His journalistic work was more dynamic than literary. His forceful personality was more in evidence than his pen. Action, rather than articles, was the salient characteristic of his journalistic career. His policy, followed with enthusiasm by some,

hated by others, always discussed passionately, dominated all sections of the paper he directed.

In *El Mercurio*, in which he made his first appearance as a journalist, he left pleasant memories. At that time, as foreign editor, he was concerned with foreign news. Now, as Ambassador, he is the source of such news in Washington.

. . . . . .

At the head of the paper which Dávila edited is Hugo Silva, a young journalist of indisputable talent. He comes of an intellectual stock. He and his brothers, Victor Domingo and Jorge Gustavo, form a trio of writers of which he is the Benjamin. He began his career on the journal *Los Tiempos*, revealing notable aptitudes for comment on customs and the events of the day and for imparting local colour to the most trivial happenings. At the touch of his pen, matter which seems inert acquires movement. He has only recently commenced his career and may go far if he does not burn his wings at the fires of political controversy.

. . . . . .

Don Emilio Vaïsse, better known under his pen name of Omer Emeth, is a rare example of a bilingual writer. He handles with the same dexterity and classical purity the language of Molière and the language of Cervantes and occupies unchallenged the place of honour among the literary critics of Chile. His great erudition and marvellous memory have permitted him to adorn now for many years the columns of the *Mercurio* with bibliographic studies which would do honour to any of the great newspapers of the world.

In his articles he seems like a confessor who drags the secret of his literary sins from a penitent rather than a censor who hurls lightning shafts and bolts at a literary criminal. He rather adopts an attitude of guiding and stimulating than of chastising and crushing. He reasons and helps instead of attacking and shaming.

He is perhaps the journalist who has done most

for education in the Chilean press. Born in France, he has lived for the greater part of his life in Chile, and has plumbed to its depths both Chilean mentality and Spanish literature.

If he had come to Chile in those times when Don Andrés Bello fought fiercely against the romantic tendencies indulged in by Sarmiento, he would have been on the side of Bello and the latter could have counted with a formidable ally.

No one knows better than Don Emilio Vaïsse that classic writing consists in moulding with words chosen with severity and grouped by art the transparent truth ; in fact, truth personified in words.

CHAPTER XXII

FOLK-LORE AND CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLE.

I. Beliefs and Superstitions—II. Myths—III. Fables—IV. The Influence of Latin—V. Some Popular Sayings.

"THERE is no reason to think that the humbler classes of Chile are more superstitious than those of other countries, it being a noteworthy fact that they neither took over from the aborigines nor absorbed from elsewhere the barbarous conceptions which tradition keeps alive in some of the most civilised countries of the Old World." In these words Vicuña Cifuentes expresses his views regarding the beliefs of the humbler classes, in his treatise on mythology and superstitions.

The people, especially those living in the country districts, are deeply religious and invoke the intervention of the Saints in order to attain their desires. The soul of the ordinary Chilean is a mixture of the fanaticism of the conquistadores and the superstitions of the Araucanians.

I

BELIEFS AND SUPERSTITIONS

WHEN they desire the restoration of their own health or of the health of someone dear to them, or when they wish to obtain some material benefit, they enter into what is known among them as a "manda," that is to say, the believer makes a bargain with a Saint. If he has invoked the aid of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, he offers to clothe himself in coffee-coloured clothes for a certain period, or he will promise to burn

a number of candles in honour of some other Saint if he attains his desire.

If a girl fails to find a lover, she invokes the aid of St. Anthony and stands his image on its head until the longed-for gallant appears.

Special devotions are paid to the souls of those who have been murdered on the deserted tracks of the immense Chilean champaign, or have met with some other tragic death, hundreds of candles being lighted on the scene of the tragedy and protected against wind and rain by a kind of small kiln made of clay and tiles.

The people call them "souls in pain," and attribute miraculous powers to them. The devotees of this cult assert that they have seen them haunting the place in which they left their earthly body. Sometimes the fame of some of the souls extends over an entire district and believers come from the most distant places in it to make them offerings.

The cult of the "Cross of May" is perhaps that which best reveals the mixture of Christian faith and Araucanian superstition in the souls of the people.

The first crosses around which this festival was held were erected by the missionaries on hills and on the premises of the brotherhoods they founded for the purposes of the cult of the 3rd of May. On Saturday evenings the people thronged to dance at the foot of the cross, bedecked with gew-gaws, beating drums and sounding fifes, and accompanied by a man disguised as a devil holding a whip and carrying a fox's tail.[1]

In former times the ceremony of "decking the cross" was tedious and complicated. It consisted in hanging on it pieces of canvas bearing representations of the instruments of the Passion which the missionaries distributed among the Indians for the purpose of conveying to them objectively a conception of the Passion of Christ. During the ceremony the Indians sang and

[1] The Andacollo dances described in chap. iv of this work are really these same dances on a large scale.

danced under the direction of a captain or "devil" wearing, as if it were his own tail, a fox's brush such as the Araucanian warriors used to wear upon their persons in order to acquire by contact the valuable qualities of speed and cunning possessed by that animal. The ceremony of "decking the cross" was also performed in private houses, the same dancers gathering together there.

In some houses it was the custom to set up a veritable idol dressed in breeches, a poncho coat and a "chupalla."[1]

The singers moistened their throats with a kind of punch known as "gloriado," and on the last day of May, when the time came to divest the cross of its trappings, they remained up all night and the festivity lasted until dawn.

When a baby is born, care must be taken to see that the neighbours do not "overlook" it (cast the "evil eye" upon it). In order that this shall not happen, it is sufficient if people curious to see the child exclaim "God keep it!" Then their glances will not affect its health.

The death of a child forms the pretext for the holding of a funereal feast called a "velorio" (wake). The "innocent" or "little angel" is dressed in white garments and surrounded with flowers, candles and paper wreaths picked out in pretty colours. Throughout the night the persons invited to the "velorio" (wake) pray, sing and drink deeply.

The tricks of witchcraft practised by the Araucanians have survived among the people, and it is the custom for a girl whose lover has been unfaithful to her to fix the portrait of the faithless one to the wall of her room with pins. By magic transmission the deceiver will suffer the pain of the pin-pricks just as if they were inflicted upon his real flesh. A pin thrust into the eye of his picture will blind his corresponding real eye and if thrust into the hair will cause his real hair to fall off as if by enchantment. Only a medicine woman can supply

[1] The common name given to a large straw hat.

the antidote for these bewitchments. The medicine women prescribe for the patients liniments composed of the queerest ingredients, for instance, lizards' tails mixed with hairs from a black cat. To remove the spell it is sufficient to rub this wonderful mixture lightly into the afflicted parts of the body. In serious cases the patient usually vomits a black toad or an immense snake after the treatment. Such a result eradicates the evil altogether.

The Devil is not a tragic and terrible personage in Chilean mythology. He plays a foolish and even ridiculous rôle. With the aid of the opportune intervention of a Saint he is tricked and beaten. In the "compacts with the Devil" the latter always gets the worst of it. He has the reputation of being a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, and he has been seen to dance the "cueca"[1] and to get drunk.

In those "compacts" the person desirous of acquiring riches binds himself by a bond written in his own blood to surrender his soul to the Devil at the end of the time stipulated. The individual who has obtained money by such evil means spends it without stint. When the fatal date arrives he trembles with horror, and the only effective way to avert the danger is to seek out a priest who will keep guard over him throughout the night. It is a matter of common knowledge that if he succeeds in finding such a priest the latter is able to drive away the Devil with holy water, relics and orisons, even if the Fiend assumes every possible and conceivable form in order to escape the vigilance of the priest and attain his object. But nothing he can do avails him, because if the person who has entered into the compact with him succeeds in finding the priest (a fairly uncertain matter) the Devil disappears at the first cockcrow, leaving behind him the now worthless bond.

[1] A popular Chilean dance.

II

MYTHS

AMONG the myths which still survive, the most popular are that of the "calchona," a woman turned into an inoffensive sheep of nocturnal habits similar in appearance to a dog with very long hair dragging along the ground, and that of the "colo-colo," which, according to some, is a lizard that sucks people's blood whilst they are asleep, according to others is a little mouse that drinks people's saliva until they become exhausted, or, finally, is a great bird of sinister appearance with the membranous wings of a bat. This latter creature is no other than that which is called a vampire in other countries. There is another mythical animal, the "chonchon," which takes the form of a human head with such well-developed ears that they serve it as wings for flying. It is dangerous to molest "chonchons." The only known and effective method of driving them away is to recite a paternoster backwards, to draw a Solomon's cross upon the ground or to spread out a vest arranged in a special way. This myth is essentially Araucanian in origin.

Another very widespread myth is that of the Basilisk, which springs from an egg laid by a cock in its old age. When the egg is emptied out on to a plate to be eaten, a snake issues from it, which usually kills the person whom it sees unless the latter has seen it first. That is the Basilisk. It hides itself by gnawing out a hole in some dark corner, but it can be killed by placing a mirror in front of it so that it sees its own reflection. If this is done it dies immediately.

III

FABLES

MANY of the fables and popular sayings are of Spanish origin, but nevertheless there are some of genuine Chilean derivation. They circulate from mouth to mouth on the isolated *ranchos* and even in the so-called *conventillos* [1] in the large towns. The person relating a fable usually begins by reciting, by way of exordium, the following phrases:

"Para saber y contar y para contar y saber, estera y esterita para secar peritas; estera y esterones para secar orejones; no l'eche tantas chacharachas porque la vieja es muy lacha, ni se las deje de echar, de too ha de llevar: pan y queso pa los tontos lesos; pan y harina pa las monjas capuchinas; y pan y pan pa las monjas de San Juan."

("To know and to relate and to relate and to know, a mat and a little mat to dry little pears; a mat and large mat to dry apples; do not chatter too much because the old woman is very cunning, and do not fail to talk of everything that has to be brought: bread and cheese for perverted fools; bread and flour for Capuchin nuns; and bread and bread for the nuns of St. John.")

Some of the popular fables are really beautiful, as, for instance, that called "La Tenquita" (The Little Tenca).[2] The Tenca, sallying forth in the winter to seek food for her little ones, burns one of her feet in the snow and says to the snow:

"Why are you so wicked as to burn my foot?" And the snow replies:

"The sun that melts me is wickeder."

The Tenca then turns towards the sun and asks it

[1] *Conventillos* is the name given to dwelling-houses for the poorer classes built in order to be let off in apartments, which open upon a court-yard or a passage-way common to the whole building.

[2] This is the name of a song-bird which occurs in Southern Chile and Patagonia.

why it is so wicked as to melt the snow, and the sun replies:

"The cloud that hides me is wickeder."

And the little Tenca interrogates, one after the other, the cloud, which accuses the wind of blowing it along; the wind, which complains of the walls that obstruct it; the walls, which accuse the mouse of gnawing holes in them; the mouse, which thinks that the cat that devours it is wickeder; the cat, which thinks that the dog that is always seeking a quarrel with it is worse; the dog, which thinks that the stick that beats it is wickeder; the stick, which says that the fire that burns it is wickeder; the fire, which replies "The water that extinguishes me is wickeder"; the water, which says that the ox that drinks it is wickeder; the ox, which declares that the knife that kills it is worse; the knife, which says that the man who made it is worse; and, finally, the man, who replies:

"Ask the Creator who made me."

The little Tenca then goes to the place where God is, according to the fable received by Vicuña Cifuentes from the lips of an old peasant-woman, and kneeling down before Him until her beak touches the ground, says to Him:

"Lord, why didst Thou create man, why did man make the knife, why does the knife kill the ox, why does the ox drink the water, why does the water extinguish the fire, why does the fire burn the stick, why does the stick beat the dog, why does the dog chase the cat, why does the cat eat the mouse, why does the mouse gnaw holes in the wall, why does the wall stop the wind, why does the wind drive the cloud along, why does the cloud hide the sun, why does the sun melt the snow and why does the snow burn me?"

And the Tenca begins to weep pitiably. . . . And then the Lord says to her:

"Go thy ways in peace, Tenquita, to look after thy little ones, who are very cold and very hungry."

The little Tenca, being a good Christian, obeys at once, and when she reaches her little nest she finds that her burnt foot has become sound and well.

An ingenuous and most beautiful philosophy of the mutual dependence of all human activity and the harmoniousness of the Universe!

IV

THE INFLUENCE OF LATIN

THE influence of Latin upon popular Chilean literature has been very considerable. During the three centuries for which the colonial period lasted, the culture of the country was concentrated, as we have seen, in the monasteries, and from 1756 onwards in the University of San Felipe, where Latin was the basis of education.

Teachers of the old stamp used to say to their pupils, with reference to the declensions and their difficulty:

> " Quis vel qui
> Los burros no pasan de aquí."
> (" Quis vel qui
> Donkeys get no farther than that.")

The aphorism *Errare humanum est* was travestied in Chile with the following couplet:

> " Equivocatio non est erratio
> Sed est magna burricatio."

(The word *burricatio* is a pseudo-Latin word, consisting of the first part of the word *burrería* = "piece of stupidity" with a termination added to give it a Latin appearance and make it rhyme with *erratio*. An English schoolboy wishing to write a similar verse might render it thus:

> " Equivocatio non est erratio
> Sed est magna asinatio,"

the latter word being intended as a Latinisation of

"asininity.") And in the following popular verse Latin again appears:

> "Sacristán que vende cera
> Y no tiene colmenar,
> ¿ De dónde peccatas meas ?
> De las velas del altar."
>
> ("Sacristan who sellest wax
> And hast no apiary:
> Whence come my sins ?
> From the candles on the altar.")

V

SOME POPULAR SAYINGS

AMONG the purely Chilean sayings published by Ramon A. Laval, from whose works those quoted here have been culled, there are many that are imbued with a subtle irony. When a man has been courting a girl and another man comes on the scene and wins her affections, the jilted swain exclaims:

"Some boil the water while others drink the tea" (= "One man reaps where another has sown").

The addiction of the common people to drink has given rise to numerous sayings designed to veil in humour the weakness of that vice:

"If you wish to live jolly and bright, you must take a drop after every bite."

"Jenny, Jenny, bring more, make haste; the more I drink the better the taste."

"After the soup a wineglassful, after the stew a tumblerful and after the joint enough to make you full. He who made the hand also made the elbow, so lift your elbow and drink to the last drop."

According to Laval the saying "Inés, Inés, put the funnel in my mouth again" is to be explained as follows:

"A woman named Inés was lamenting the fact that her husband was such a drunkard that he was seldom fit to be seen. A gossip of hers who was a bit of a witch

and a believer in the principle of 'similia similibus curantur' advised her to place a funnel in her husband's mouth and pour about ten quarts of wine into it the first time he got drunk again, assuring her that the remedy was infallible because the patient, being surfeited with so much drink, would come to hate all liquor. The woman did as she was told, and one can imagine the state of the poor man after having swallowed so much liquid on top of what he had already imbibed. Inés took the funnel out of his mouth and, seeing that he lay motionless, thought he was dead. For two or three minutes Inés was in a terrible state of mind, believing that she had murdered her husband and was now a widow, when all at once the man opened first one eye and then the other, moved his lips and said to his wife, in a feeble voice: "Inés, Inés, put the funnel in my mouth again."

The fatalism of the Chileans displays itself in the very frequently heard saying: "We were born to die."

CHAPTER XXIII

POETRY

I. The Revival of Poetry—II. Contreras—III. Vicuña Cifuentes—IV. Dublé Urrutia—V. Pezoa Veliz—VI. Luis Felipe Contardo—VII. Magallanes Moure—VIII. Victor Domingo Silva—IX. Gabriela Mistral.

I

THE REVIVAL OF POETRY

WITH the arrival in Chile of Rubén Darío, the greatest of Latin American poets, a real poetic renaissance began in that country.

The spirit of youth began to express itself with greater freedom, to throw off the trammels of metre, and to rebel against the grammatical rules and the pseudo-classicism and romanticism which were so alien to its nature. Giving free rein to the impulses of their own hearts the young poets, like Ercilla in the sixteenth century and Sanfuentes at the beginning of the nineteenth century, began to seek their inspiration in the panorama of their own country. Darío brought to Chile a new esthetical conception, drawing its inspiration, it may be, from the French symbolists, but nevertheless aiming at creating a specifically American poesy. In his first book, *Azul*, to which a poet of the old romantic school, Eduardo de la Barra, wrote an enthusiastic introduction, Darío wrote beautiful prose poems on the people and scenery of Valparaiso.

With few exceptions the poesy of the romantic school was buried in oblivion and the artificial style of the poets of a former epoch sounded strange in the ears of the youthful generation.

De la Barra was probably the only descendant of a

vanished literary generation to revivify his style and rejuvenate his muse.

II

CONTRERAS

FRANCISCO CONTRERAS was perhaps the most ardent disciple of the new school. In 1898 he published, under the title of *Esmaltines*, some poems dedicated to imaginary personages. He was born in 1877 and devoted his life to literature. In Paris, where he lived amid a large circle of contemporaneous French artists, he was for a long time at the head of the Spanish-American section in the *Mercure de France*, and he published a large number of works in Spanish and French. His long absence from his native country did not deaden his affection for, and memories of, Chile, and in his exquisite poem *Luna de la Patria* he expresses his feelings in this wise :

" Luna de la patria, luna
única, lánguida y grata
cuya luz bendita es una
polvareda azul de plata.

Luna que cual sol magnífico
más puro tu rayo expandes,
que la espuma del Pacífico,
que la nieve de los Andes."

(" Moon of my country, moon—solitary, languid and graceful—whose blessèd light is a—cloud of silver-bluish dust.

Moon, who like a splendid sun—dost spread thy rays which are chaster—than the foam of the Pacific—than the snow of the Andes.")

And farther on he adds :

" Amo a la patria que adversa
Me desconoce o me olvida :
para ella será mi fuerza,
para ella será mi vida.

Amo á la tierra hosca y rancia
de breñales y de espinos :
en ella mi clara infancia
soñó sus sueños divinos.

Amo a la montaña eterna
que hacia los cielos se exalta :
á su sombra mi alma tierna
aprendió á ser firme y alta."

(" I love my country, that, adverse—disowns me or forgets me—for her shall be my strength—for her shall be my life.

I love the land, stern and o'ergrown—with wild heath and brambles thorny—in it my pure childhood—dreamed its divine dreams.

I love the eternal mountains—which raise their heads towards the heavens—in their shadow my tender soul—learned to be strong and lofty.")

III

VICUÑA CIFUENTES

JULIO VICUÑA CIFUENTES is a poet who has changed his style with each new stage of esthetic evolution and therefore he is reckoned at the present day among the poets of the younger school, just as he was during the past generation. The son of a poet of the romantic school, Benjamin Vicuña Solar, he is distinguished for his classical elegance of style. But he nevertheless displays wonderful elasticity and freshness in his compositions. There is a great deal of philosophy at the bottom of the poetical works of Vicuña Cifuentes and they are written in a serious style.

He is the author of one of the most beautiful sonnets ever written in the Spanish language, although the subject he selected, the ass, is one of those least calculated to inspire a poet. Here are the wonderful stanzas :

" En la dehesa, sátiro, en el corral asceta ;
Paciente como Job, como Falstaff deforme,
Con gravedad de apostol, sobre la frente quieta
lleva los dos apéndices de su cabeza enorme.

Ni la hartura le halaga, ni el ayuno le aprieta ;
con su destino vive, sinó feliz, conforme,
y prolonga su efigie de contrahecho atleta
en una innumerable generacion biforme.

Vivió noches amargas, tuvo días lozanos,
le cabalgaron númenes, le afligieron villanos
unas veces la jáquima, otras veces el freno.

Honores y trabajos tiempo ha los dió al olvido;
pero siempre recuerda su pellejo curtido
la presión inefable del dulce nazareno."

("In the pasture a satyr, in the corral an ascetic—patient as Job, misshapen as Falstaff,—with the gravity of an apostle on his calm fore head—he wears the two appendages of his immense head.

Neither spoilt by feasts, nor distressed by fasts,—he lives, if not happy, resigned to his fate—and, perpetuates his misshapen athlete's form—in a countless distorted progeny.

He has endured bitter nights, enjoyed luxurious days—has been ridden by gods and tormented by rabble—at times with a halter, at times with a bridle.

Honours and hardships he has forgotten long ago—but his weather-beaten hide always remembers—the ineffable pressure of the gentle Nazarene.")

St. Francis, the subject of so many poems, inspired Vicuña Cifuentes to write a most beautiful poem entitled *La perfecta alegría.* It begins with these stanzas:

"El enamorado de todas las cosas,
hermano del lobo, del agua, del yermo;
el enamorado de todas las cosas
de amor está enfermo.

Temblando de frío bajo la capucha
Van dos mendicantes camino de Asís:
el abrigo es poco, la inclemencia mucha
y hay fieras hambrientas en el campo gris."

("The lover of all things—brother of the wolf, the water, the desert;—the lover of all things—is sick from love.

Trembling with cold beneath their cowls—two mendicants pass along the road to Assisi;—shelter is scanty, the weather inclement—and ravenous beasts roam the grey fields.")

St. Francis and Brother Leo, who is accompanying him, arrive at an inn and after having warmed themselves at the fire the Saint speaks, and says:

"Si el fraile menor distingue los rastros
que dejan dos aves volando a la vez
y el curso adivina que llevan los astros,
y sabe el origen del bruto y del pez.
Si tiene del arbol concepto seguro,
y el antro conoce, medroso y oscuro

que habita el diamante que acendra en carbón,
si ha visto el oasis que oculta el desierto,
hermano León
tu fé no se engría,
y escribe que en esto, no existe por cierto
perfecta alegría."

(" If the young friar can distinguish the tracks—of two birds flying at the same time—and can divine the course of the stars,—and knows the origin of beasts and fishes.—If he has a sure understanding of trees—and knows the cavern, terrible and dark—where dwells the diamond that burns in coal,—if he has seen the oasis hidden by the desert—Brother Leo—thy faith is not exalted—and he writes that verily perfect joy lies not therein.")

Whilst the two pilgrims proceed on their journey St. Francis returns to the discussion of his theme, perfect joy, and says to Brother Leo :

" Si el fraile menor, cual lluvia temprana
redime las almas de esterilidad,
purifica el lecho de la cortesana
con el fuego amable de su castidad
y el mundo ignorante le llama ¡ perjuro !
o le dice " loco " o le grita " impuro "
y el fraile bendice su tribulación,
y en ella piadoso su celo acrisola,
hermano León
ya has mejoría
y escribe que en esto reside la sola
perfecta alegría."

. . . . . .

" Temblando de frío bajo la capucha
los dos mendicantes llegaron a Asís :
la limosna es poca, la miseria es mucha,
la celda está obscura y el huerto está gris.
León junto al fuego su túnica seca,
Francisco la cara rugosa y enteca
oculta en sus manos. Del pecho doliente
se exhala un gemido.
¿ Qué nuevos pesares anublan su frente ?
¿ Qué aflige al ungido ? "

(" If the young friar, like early rain—redeems souls from barrenness—purifies the bed of the courtezan—with the gentle fire of his chastity—and the ignorant world reviles him as forsworn—or calls him ' Madman,' or cries out to him ' Shameless one '—and the friar blesses his afflictions—and in them refines his pious zeal—Brother Leo—then there is already betterment—and he writes that the only perfect joy lies in that.")

. . . . . .

("Trembling with cold beneath their cowls—the two mendicants arrive at Assisi;—alms are scanty, their misery is great—the cell is dark and the garden is grey.—Leo, close to the fire, dries his tunic,—Francis hides his rugged and tired face—in his hands. From his suffering breast—issues a groan.—What fresh sorrows cloud his brow?—what afflicts the holy man?")

It is, as Vicuña Cifuentes says in the introductory verse with which he begins his poem:

> "El enamorado de todas las cosas,
> hermano del lobo, del agua, del yermo,
> el enamorado de todas las cosas
> de amor está enfermo."

IV

DUBLE URRUTIA

ALTHOUGH he has dedicated himself to a diplomatic career, Dublé Urrutia is first and foremost a poet with a profound appreciation of the beauties of the landscapes of the South of Chile, and he deals with a free touch and with grace and emotion with the vicissitudes of life on the sea and in the coal mines on the wild coasts of Arauco.

His lengthy absences from Chile have not caused him to forget the scenery and the idiosyncrasies and language of the people. He writes what he feels and feels what he writes, without using rhetorical artifices, without despising grammatical construction for the sake of the metre and without forcing his rich vocabulary. And his verses flow on rhythmically like versified prose. Describing the coal mines, he says:

> "Ante el eterno y vago rumor de las mareas
> australes, bajo un cielo que enormes chimeneas
> mantienen siempre oscuro y en la ribera endonde
> bajo las verdes ondas el Nahuelbuta esconde
> sus ya domadas cuestas occidentales, medra
> la tierra en cuyo seno vive el carbón de piedra."

("Facing the eternal and restless murmur of the tides—of the South, beneath a sky which tall chimneys—keep constantly darkened and on the river-bank—where beneath its green waters the Nahuelbuta hides—its tamed western slopes, lies—the land in whose bosom dwells the coal.")

In the following five lines he describes the lives of the miners:

> "Es triste y miserable, como la muerte, triste
> la vida de las minas: el hombre allá no existe;
> la pobre bestia humana, gastada y sudorosa
> arrastra allí sus miembros entre la luz dudosa
> de míseros candiles, como cualquier gusano. . . ."

("It is dismal and miserable, like death, sad—is life in the mines: there man does not exist;—the poor human cattle, exhausted and sweating—drag their limbs along in the uncertain light—of feeble lamps, like worms.")

The old custom followed by the fishermen of Talcahuano, of marching in procession to San Pedro (St. Peter's) on June 29th of each year, and of passing around the bay with the image of the Saint and blessing the sea, in order that it may yield up its treasures at the call of heaven, gave Dublé Urrutia the inspiration for one of his finest compositions. He describes the image of the Saint in the following lines:

> "Sobre unas andas de oro San Pedro viene
> entre cuatro banderas con flechas de oro;
> feliz la cofradía que la sostiene
> sobre sus musculosos hombros de toro. . . .
>
> En la siniestra mano dos llaves lleva
> el portero del cielo: la llave grande
> y otra con que ha de abrirles la puerta falsa
> á los hijos del pueblo que el mar le mande,
> y como va á la pesca, por cumplimiento,
> ya que salir sin redes fuera desdoro,
> entre sus sucias manos columpia el viento
> una malla luciente de plata y oro."

("Upon a golden litter Saint Peter comes—between four banners with golden arrows;—happy the men who bear him—upon their muscular bull-like shoulders. . . .

In his left hand two keys he holds,—the gate-keeper of Heaven: the great key—and another to open the secret door—to the sons of the people that the sea sends him—and as he comes to the fishing, to complete his equipment—as it would be wrong to set out without nets—between his soiled hands there sways in the wind—a shining meshing of silver and gold.")

V

PEZOA VELIZ

CARLOS PEZOA VELIZ, an incorrigible bohemian, died before completing his thirtieth year, a delicate muse which drew its most profound inspirations from sadness and suffering thus being prematurely lost.

Like Verlaine, he spent long and bitter hours in various hospitals, and he wrote this, his last, poem in the common ward of a hospital :

> " Sobre el campo el agua mustia
> cae fina, grácil, leve ;
> con el agua cae angustia,
> llueve. . . .
>
> Y pues solo en amplia pieza
> yazgo en cama, yazgo enfermo,
> para espantar la tristeza,
> duermo. . . .
>
> Pero el agua ha lloriqueado
> junto a mí, cansada, leve,
> despierto sobresaltado ;
> llueve. . . .
>
> Entonces, muerto de angustia,
> Ante el panorama inmenso,
> mientras cae el agua mustia
> pienso. . . ."

(" On the fields the dreary moisture—is falling, fine, icy and light ;—with the moisture anguish falls—it is raining. . . .

And as, lonely in the spacious ward,—I lie in bed, lie sick—to drive away sadness—I sleep. . . .

But the water has been weeping—beside me, wearily, lightly,—I awake with a start ;—it is raining. . . .

Then, exhausted with affliction—in face of the vast scene—whilst the dreary moisture falls—I meditate. . . .")

He also found inspiration in pastoral scenes, as is shown by these stanzas from his poem *La Poda*.

> " Cantando va el alegre carretero
> frente a sus bueyes mustios y cansados ;
> en su carreta lleva el limonero
> que me daba en las tardes de Febrero
> la sombra de sus ganchos inclinados."
>
> . . . . . .

"¡ Oh rústico feliz ! sigue el camino
conduciendo tu carro a la leñera,
esos nervios del bosque donde el trino
más de una vez a desgranarse vino,
llevan mi sueño a la chispeante hoguera."

("Singing the cheerful wagoner wends his way—in front of his sad and weary oxen ;—in his wagon he carries the lemon-tree—which gave me on the February evenings—the shade of its sloping branches.")

. . . . . .

("O happy rustic ! The road goes on—taking thy wagon to the wood-yard ;—those branches of the grove where the grain—often came to be threshed—carry my thoughts to the crackling hearth.")

VI

LUIS FELIPE CONTARDO

CONTARDO is the Fray Luis de León of Chilean poetry. He lived in humble reclusion in the town of Chillán, where the monastic atmosphere of the eighteenth century still prevails. He found the inspiration for his poems in Our Lord and in the scenery of his native country. He was born in 1880 and died when forty-one years of age.

In his *Misterium Sacrum* he gives full vent to his mysticism in the following fine lines :

"Campos de Galilea, campos llenos de espigas,
Laderas en que medra la viña secular ;
vosotros recogisteis de Jesús las fatigas,
Seguido de las turbas le mirasteis pasar . . .
Vosotros le ofrecisteis imágenes amigas
que, hechas después parábolas, enseñaban á amar.
¡ Oh dulce Galilea, tanto recuerdo abrigas
en tu seno sagrado, que eres como un altar !
De tus suaves colinas en que el trigo ya es oro ;
de tu vida que guarda en germen tu tesoro,
de esta tierra bendita, donde mis pasos van,
se elevan entre ardientes fulgores celestiales
por sobre los sarmientos, por sobre los trigales
hecha vino su sangre y su cuerpo hecho pan ! . . ."

("Fields of Galilee, fields full of corn,—slopes on which flourish the age-old vineyards ;—ye absorbed the sorrows of Jesus,—ye watched Him pass followed by the multitude.—Ye offered Him friendly pictures,—which, afterwards made into parables, taught us to love.—O sweet

Galilee, what memories thou shelterest—in thy sacred bosom, thou who art like an altar!—From thy gentle hills on which the wheat is already golden;—from thy life which guards in the bud thy treasure,—from this blest land, to which my steps are directed,—arise amid celestial brilliance —above the vines and above the wheat-fields—His blood made wine and His body made bread! . . .")

And in these verses from his *Rincón Isleño* (An Island Corner) he paints a masterly picture of scenery on the channels of Chiloé:

"El barco lentamente por el canal marino,
desplegadas las velas con alburas de lino,
como un pájaro boga bajo el sol vespertino.

El verdor se obscurece de la colina isleña;
unos corderos bajan al plan; sobre una peña,
recogidas las alas, una gaviota sueña. . . .

Mientras el barco avanza, en un parage umbrío
del monte costanero, se muestra un caserío
y hay un pequeño valle junto a un pequeño río."

("Slowly along the sea-channel the bark,—its sails outspread in a cloud of white canvas—floats beneath the evening sun like a bird.

The verdure of the island slope darkens;—a few sheep come down to the strand; upon a rock,—with folded wings a gull is dreaming. . . .

Whilst the bark swims on, a shady spot—on the hill on the shore, a hamlet is seen—and there is a little valley with a little stream.")

VII

MAGALLANES MOURE

ON reading the best verses written by the poets of the new generation during the last thirty years, one must admit that there is no justification for saying, as does a celebrated Spanish critic, that Chile is "The land of lawyers and historians."

Poetry began with the arrival of Darío and has flourished among a group of contemporary poets. Manuel Magallanes Moure belongs to this generation. He was both a poet and an artist, which, although the two arts harmonise, is not such a common thing as it might appear. His verses and his pictures have the

same basis of sweetness and spontaneity. His art criticisms show that he not only had understanding for the esthetic beauty but also for the philosophical beauty of artistic creations.

His calm and grave countenance and his long Nazarite beard gave him to a certain extent the appearance of an Apostle of Art.

His poem *La casa junto al mar* (The House by the Sea), written in Valdivia, is a fine specimen of Chilean poetry. In these verses he portrays an old ship :

> " Allá en aquel paraje solitario del puerto
> se mece el viejo barco á compás de las ondas,
> que tejen i destejen sus armiñadas blondas
> en rededor del casco roñoso y entreabierto.
>
> De la averiada proa cuelga un cable cubierto
> de líquenes que ondulan cuando pasan las rondas
> de los peces, clavando sus pupilas redondas
> en el barco que flota como un cetáceo muerto.
>
> Y el barco que fué un barco de los que van a Europa,
> y era todo un barco de la proa á la popa,
> ahora que está inválido y hecho un sucio pontón
> sus amarras sacude, y rechina y se queja
> cuando vé que otro barco mar adentro se aleja
> mecido por las ondas en blanda oscilación."

(" There in that solitary part of the harbour—the old ship rocks to the heave of the waves,—which weave and unweave their snowy fringes—around the fouled and broken hull.

From the ruinous prow there hangs a cable covered—with sea-weeds which undulate when pass the patrols—of the fishes, fixing their round eyes—upon the ship floating like a dead whale.

And the ship which was once one of those sailing to Europe—and was a real ship from stem to stern—now that she has been laid aside and turned into a dirty pontoon—strains at her moorings, and creaks and groans—when she sees another ship sailing out to sea—rocked by the waves in gentle movement.")

An old log of wood gave him the inspiration for another of his best poems :

> " Era una triste cosa el leño carcomido ;
> era una triste cosa en un rincón.
> Nadie al verlo pensara que aquel tronco roído
> vivió y abrió en el campo, como un dosel florido
> su flexible y graciosa ramazón.

Una mujer, el tronco que olvidado yacía
descubrió, lo echó al fuego, lo hizo arder.
Y él nunca como entonces sintió tanta alegría,
porque mientras la llama fatal lo consumía
soñó que al fin a florecer volvía
y que de luz era este florecer."

(" The decayed log was a sorrowful object ;—it was a sorrowful object in a corner.—No one on seeing it would think that that worm-eaten trunk —had lived, and spread out in the field, like a flowery canopy—its supple and graceful branches.

The trunk which was lying forgotten a woman—discovered, threw it on the fire and made it blaze.—And it had never felt such joy as at that moment—because whilst the fatal flame was consuming it—it dreamed that it was flowering again at last—and that its flowers were made of light.")

VIII

VICTOR DOMINGO SILVA

IN this ardent poet the arid and burning regions of the North, the labourers in the saltpetre works, and revolutionary ideas, found their singer. A bohemian who was at home in every social sphere and had participated in every kind of activity, he became the champion of the cause of the downtrodden.

In his poem *La nueva Marsellesa* (The New Marseillaise), he cries out to the workers :

" Hermanos en la vida y en el trabajo ! Hermanos
en el dolor y en todo : estrechemos las manos
y, pues marchamos todos por un mismo camino,
vamos á la conquista de nuestro gran destino."

. . . . . .

" En esta gran catástrofe hasta el verbo de Cristo
se pierde extrangulado por la pasión. . . . Yo he visto
allá en la lejanía de mis viejas montañas
á muchos pobres hombres desgarrar las entrañas
de las ásperas sierras y hundirse en lo más hondo
como el reptil, hundirse hasta tocar el fondo
y con el heroismo de a quien nada le arredra
a tiros y combazos hacer parir la tierra. . . .

Yo he visto en el bochorno de aridez de la pampa
al roto, a pecho abierto junto a la abierta rampa,
hendir el vientre enorme de esa opulenta tierra
que llenó de cadáveres otro tiempo la guerra ;
hendir aquella tierra pródiga de tesoro
y arrancarle el salitre que vale más que el oro."

. . . . . .

"Yo he visto allá en las minas del sur, en las cavernas,
en ese horrible imperio de las sombras eternas,
bajar tambien los hombres al fondo del abismo,
gastar allí sus vidas de oprobio y heroismo,
ser hijos de la noche, y arrojar hacia el día
el carbón redimido que es luz y es alegría."

("Brothers in life and in labour! Brothers—in suffering and in all things: let us clasp hands—and then let us all follow one road—let us proceed to the conquest of our great destiny."

. . . . . .

"In this great catastrophe even the Word of Christ—is lost, strangled by passion. I have seen—there in the remoteness of my ancient mountains—multitudes of poor men rending the bowels—of the rugged ranges and burrowing in the depths—like reptiles, burrowing until they reached the bottom—and with the heroism of those who are daunted by nothing—forcing the earth to bring forth by dint of mining and blasting. . . .

"I have seen in the scorching dry heat of the plain—the ragged worker, with breast uncovered, at the opened pit—cleaving the immense belly of that rich soil—which war filled with corpses in olden times;—cleaving that soil, prodigal of treasure—and wresting from it the nitrate which is more precious than gold."

. . . . . .

"I have seen, there in the mines in the South, in the caverns—in that horrible kingdom of eternal gloom,—men also descend to the depths of the abyss,—spend there their lives of ignominy and heroism—become sons of night, and hurl to the surface—the coal they have won, which is light and joy.")

IX

GABRIELA MISTRAL

THE most remarkable voice in the domain of Chilean poetry, and perhaps of that of the whole of Spanish America, made itself heard, feebly at first, in a remote corner of the Andes. Gabriela Mistral was a humble schoolmistress in a small town in the North when her poems began to be talked about in the American World.

Her *Sonetos de la Muerte* (Sonnets of Death) gained the first prize in a literary competition. That was the beginning of her celebrity and she aroused with those sonnets the admiration of Rubén Darío and Amado Nervo.

Her real name is Lucila Godoy and she was born at Vicuña in 1889. For a long time her poems were only to be found dispersed in the columns of periodicals and reviews. It was not until 1923 that they were published in collected form, in a volume bearing the title of *Desolación* (Desolation).

The critic Armando Donoso says that Gabriela Mistral is a "poetess of the truth, forceful, sad and original; the pure muse of this extraordinary woman bursts out from her words as from fragile vessels inadequate to hold her passionate accents, which reach the very essence of things in her restless intensity. . . . A pillar of fire amid the indifference of the lukewarm, of the complacent and of the weak-spirited, she inflames with her denunciations."

Audacious and courageous, Gabriela Mistral has broken all the classic moulds and has developed an original style peculiar to herself.

At the bottom of all her poems, there is a trace of bitterness, as if disillusionment and a purified Christian mysticism were mourning.

Having been invited by the Mexican Government to establish modern schools in that country, Gabriela Mistral went there to diffuse in her own harmonious language her artistic doctrines and her philosophical conceptions.

The variety of emotions expressed by Gabriela Mistral is infinite. Her poem *El Angel Guardián* (The Guardian Angel) is of affecting tenderness. Here is a part of it:

> "Es verdad no es cuento.
> Hay un angel guardián
> que vé de tu acción y vé de tu pensamiento,
> que con los niños va doquiera van.
> Tiene cabellos suaves
> de seda desflocada,
> ojos azules y graves
> que dan la paz con solo la mirada,
> Ojos de alucinante claridad.
> (No es un cuento, es verdad)
> Tiene una mano hermosa

para proteger hecha.
En actitud de defender, piadosa
y levantada, acecha.
¡ Mano gracil de suma idealidad !
(No es cuento, es verdad)."

. . . . . .

" Hace más dulce la pulpa madura
que entre tus labios golosos estrujas ;
rompe a la nuez su tenaz envoltura
y es quien te libra de gnomos y brujas.

Gentil, te ayuda a que cortes las rosas,
vuelve más pura la linfa en que bebes,
te dice el modo de obrar de las cosas :
las que tú atraigas y las que repruebes.

Llora si acaso los nidos despojas,
y si la testa del lirio mutilas,
y si la frase brutal que sonroja
su acre veneno en tu boca destila.

Y aunque ese lazo que a tí le ha ligado
al de la carne y el alma semeja,
cuando su estigma te pone el pecado
presa de horror y llorando se aleja."

(" The Guardian Angel—it is the truth, not a fable.—There is a guardian angel—who watches over thy actions and thy thoughts—who goes with children wherever they go.—He has soft hair—like unravelled silk,—blue and serious eyes—which give peace by their glance alone.

Eyes of enchanting clearness—(It is not a fable, it is the truth).—He has a beautiful hand—made to protect.—In a protective posture, kind—and poised, it is in readiness.—Graceful slender hand, ideally perfect !—(It is not a fable, it is the truth.)"

. . . . . .

" He makes sweeter the ripe fruit—which thou crushest between thy eager lips ;—he breaks the tough covering of the nut—and it is he who saves thee from gnomes and witches.

Kindly he aids thee to cut the roses—makes purer the water thou drinkest—tells thee how things act—which thou mayest accept and which thou must reject.

He weeps if perchance thou robbest nests—and if thou harmest the flower of the lily—and if unkind words and shameful—distil their sharp poison in thy mouth.

And although the tie binding him to thee—is like a bond of the flesh and of the spirit—when sin brands thee with its stigma—he flees, a prey to horror and weeping.")

Her poem *Ruth*, inspired by a biblical theme, concludes with the following sonnet :

" Y aquella noche el patriarca en la era
viendo los astros que laten de anhelo,
recordó aquello que a Abraham prometiera
Jehová, más hijos que estrellas dió al cielo.

Y suspiró por su lecho baldío,
rezó llorando, e hizo sitio en la almohada
para la que, como baja el rocío,
hacia él vendría en la noche callada.

Ruth vió en los astros los ojos con llanto
de Booz llamándola, y estremecida,
dejó su lecho y se fué por el campo. . . .

Dormía el justo hecho paz y belleza.
Ruth, más callada que espiga vencida,
puso en el pecho de Booz la cabeza."

(" And that night the patriarch, in the threshing-place,—gazing at the stars quivering with desire—remembered what was promised to Abraham—by Jehova, more sons than He placed stars in the sky.

And he sighed for his empty couch—praying with tears, and made room on the cushion—for her who, as the dew falls—should come to him in the silent night.

Ruth saw in the stars the tearful eyes—of Boaz calling her and, trembling—arose from her bed and went into the fields. . . .

The pious man slept, all was peaceful and beautiful,—Ruth, more noiseless than the reaped ears of corn—laid her head on the bosom of Boaz.")

Gabriela Mistral has done more than anyone else to raise the level of Chilean lyric poetry. The fame she has gained justifies her being placed in the same rank as the Nicaraguan Rubén Darío, the Mexican Amado Nervo and the Argentines Lugones and Capdevila.

Quoting, at random, some of her beautiful lines, this first book on *My Native Land*, which is also hers, closes, indeed, with a precious jewel.

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